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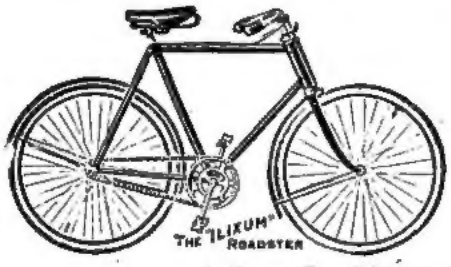

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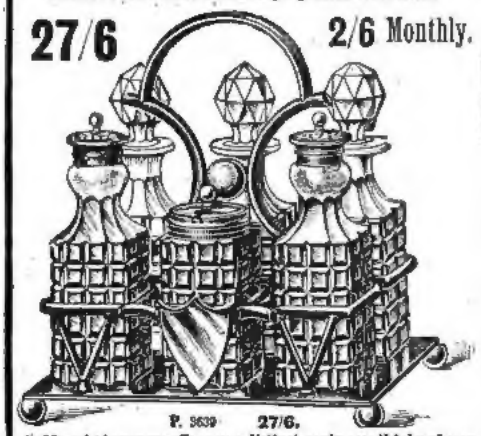

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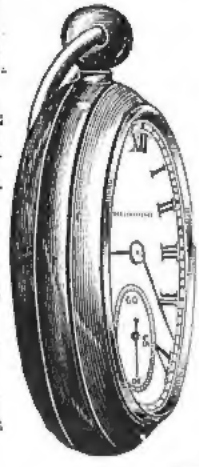

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"THE CAPTAIN" CALENDAR.

MAY, 1901.

			Cycle Lamps to be Lighted.
1.	*Wednesday* ...	*Queen Victoria proclaimed Empress of India, 1876*	8.20
2.	*Thursday* ...	*Thames Embankment opened, 1878* ...	8.22
3.	*Friday* ...	*Jamaica taken, 1655*	8.23
4.	*Saturday* ...	*David Livingstone died, 1873*	8.25
5.	**Sunday** ...	*Fourth after Easter*	8.26
6.	*Monday* ...	*Crown Prince of Germany born, 1882* ...	8.28
7.	*Tuesday* ...	*Lord Rosebery born, 1847*	8.29
8.	*Wednesday* ...	*H. D. G. Leveson-Gower, cricketer, b., 1873*	8.30
9.	*Thursday* ...	*J. M. Barrie, novelist, b., 1850*	8.31
10.	*Friday* ...	*Outbreak of Indian Mutiny, 1857*	8.33
11.	*Saturday* ...	*London Bridge opened, 1820*	8.35
12.	**Sunday** ...	*Rogation Sunday*	8.37
13.	*Monday* ...	*Sir Arthur Sullivan born, 1842*	8.39
14.	*Tuesday* ...	*Old May Day*	8.40
15.	*Wednesday* ...	*Miss Florence Nightingale born, 1820* ...	8.42
16.	*Thursday* ...	*Ascension Day*	8.43
17.	*Friday* ...	*King of Spain born, 1886*	8.44
18.	*Saturday* ...	*Mafeking relieved, 1900*	8.46
19.	**Sunday** ...	*Sunday after Ascension*	8.47
20.	*Monday* ...	*Christopher Columbus died, 1506*	8.48
21.	*Tuesday* ...	*Gordon Stables, M.D., R.N., author b., 1840*	8.50
22.	**WEDNESDAY JUNE "CAPTAIN" PUBLISHED** ...		**8.51**
23.	*Thursday* ...	*Lord Loch born, 1827*	8.52
24.	*Friday* ...	*Queen Victoria born, 1819*	8.54
25.	*Saturday* ...	*H. T. Hewett, cricketer, b., 1864*	8.56
26.	**Sunday** ...	*Whit Sunday*	8.57
27.	*Monday* ...	*Bank Holiday*	8.58
28.	*Tuesday* ...	*Habeas Corpus Act, 1679*	9.0
29.	*Wednesday* ...	*Restoration Day, 1660*	9.1
30.	*Thursday* ...	*Johannesburg occupied, 1900*	9.2
31.	*Friday* ...	*Earl of Glasgow born, 1833*	9.3

Calendar Events for July are invited.

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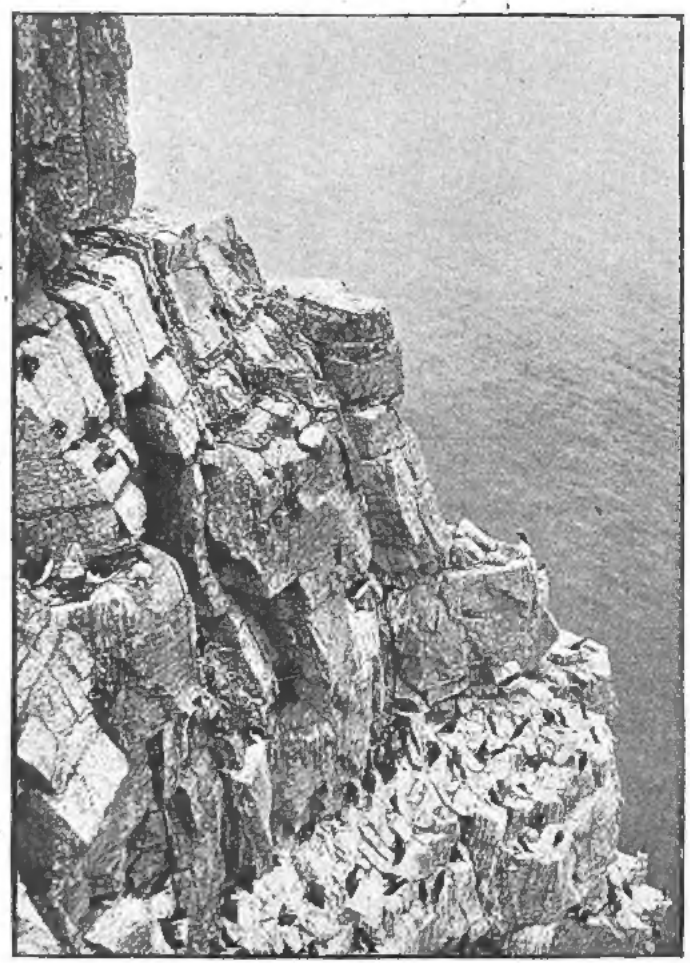
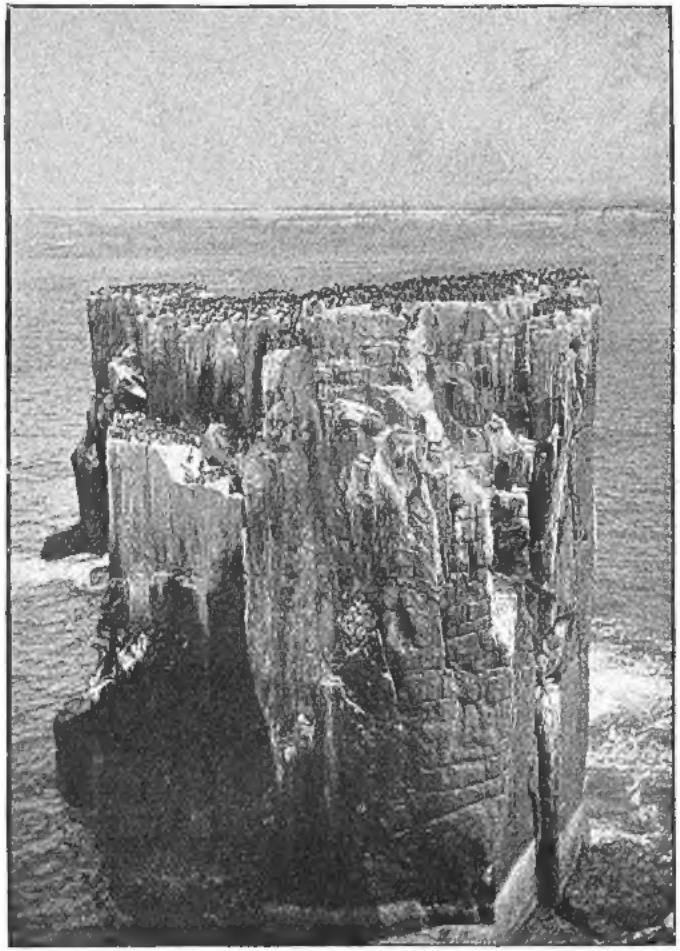


A BIT OF CLIFF WHERE SEABIRDS NEST.
Handa Island, Sutherlandshire, N.B.



PUFFINS ON "THE PINNACLES," FARNE ISLANDS.

Photographs by H. Monro, Esq.

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BIRDSNESTING BY PHOTOGRAPHY

Written and Illustrated by A. Williams.

PART II.

HAVING dealt in our last article with what may, for convenience' sake, be called the inland birds, we now turn our attention to marsh and sea-fowl. For some reason which I cannot quite analyse, the winged inhabitants of the fens and shores have for me a fascination even greater than that of their more land-lubberly relations. Perhaps this is due to their association with places in which Nature is seen in her wilder, more solitary, and more romantic aspects. Perhaps the birds themselves attract by their strong, bold flight, their amphibiousness, their strange, musical cries and restless habits. Taken as a whole, they seem to be a hardier, more adventurous and roving race than that which occupies our fields and hedgerows. And it is not impossible that the very inaccessibility of their nests lends them an additional charm. I can at least say this much with confidence, that some of the pleasantest of my experiences have been connected with the wild-fowl of the marshes.

One hot day last April I went down to the fens armed with my camera in the hopes of securing a sun-picture or two. I knew my ground well, and it was not long before I descried a dark mass in a reed-bed, fifteen yards or more from the edge of a large fen. Experience told me that this mass was a coot's nest, and that if I wanted to take the eggs, either with my hands or my camera, I must tuck up my trousers and wade boldly in. My tripod was fortunately provided with an extra length to each of the legs, so that there was not any danger of the camera being submerged. The greatest obstacle in my path was, not the water, but the deep slimy mud underneath it, which caught my feet in its clammy grip, and threatened to engulf me if I did not move on quickly. Add, too, the sharp stumps of broken reeds which are quite strong enough for the naked foot to lean upon with considerable discomfort. However, in due time I was able to erect my machine and make a picture, which is not reproduced here for the sufficient reason that my friend, the Rev. B. Hutton, subsequently made a much better one.

COOT'S NEST TAKEN ON ESSEX MARSHES BY REV. B. HUTTON

YOUNG LANDRAIL—FULLY FLEDGED.

Though the coot is an old acquaintance, I am on more familiar terms with the moorhen, which is often content to leave its marshy home for quiet inland pools, and there deposit a clutch of those well-known greyish eggs flecked with dark brown speckles. There is something peculiarly inviting about a nestful of these eggs, and probably many a country boy has been led by them into the fallacious conscience-salving argument: "Well, if I don't take them somebody else will." This is what the foreigners declare John Bull says about the lands of the heathen. I remember very clearly the unusual energy which drew me from my bed at half-past four one misty morning last year to tackle a moorhen's nest. The nest was on the further shore of a small island in the River Loddon. To reach this island I must cross a partly submerged tree of a very unstable character. The water on each side was deep, and a slip would mean a cold bath for myself and my photographic outfit; so I took the precaution of cutting two poles long enough to touch bottom, and, after slinging my camera securely over my back, I grasped one pole in my right hand and one in my left, and thus ferried myself over in safety. The light was feeble, and so heavy a mist rose from the river that I had considerable difficulty in focussing. But, thanks to the nature of photography, a correct exposure is merely a matter of time, and my negative was as strong as if it had been made at mid-day.

Though the moorhen haunts human habitations with comparative boldness, it is a shy bird in many respects. It resents the approach of anyone while it is incubating, and

REDSHANK'S NEST AND EGGS.
From negative by Rev. B. Hutton.

MOORHEN'S EGGS IN NEST ON BANK OF LODDON.

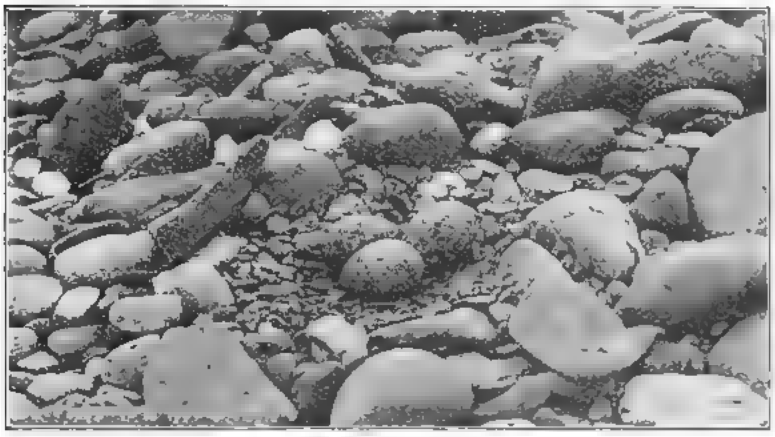
quickly makes off. Though I lay for several hours behind a bush commanding a nest, and waited for the hen-bird to return and submit to the ordeal by photography, I waited in vain, and had to content myself with a picture of the eggs alone. Perhaps with the aid of a long-distance lens I may have better luck at some future date.

Among bird ventriloquists the corn-crake takes first place. Its power of making its cry appear to proceed from any desired spot is, indeed, marvellous. The most

experienced ear is completely baffled by a bird that may be but a few paces away. Walk due north and the noise appears to be due south; walk south, and lo! it comes from the north. The nest is as hard to discover as the bird. This is greatly due to its being built in standing crops, whither the nest-hunter may not penetrate. Last summer a young landrail was brought me, and I thought that a picture of Mr. Longlegs might be of value. He struggled and kicked so that at last I had to grip him firmly with one hand and present him to the camera while I pressed the shutter-ball with the other. In the one-nine-leth of a second exposure the little creature has managed to move his head enough to make it appear blurry.

MOORHEN'S NEST.
Taken at Shinfield, Berkshire.

Most of us must know the peewit and its strange, melancholy cry as it wheels around on quickly-flapped, blunt-ended wings. A most artful bird is the peewit, and it will lead the egg-hunter on many a fruitless quest if he allows himself to be led. When a peewit sees a human being it takes great care to avoid its nest, though it will settle temptingly in a hundred other places. The best way to find the nest is to beat up and down a field or moor systematically, and then very likely you will suddenly stumble upon a clutch of four eggs, laid in a slight depression, with the small ends to the centre. When the bird finds that the game is up it often gives in and flashes about, uttering despairing cries. One evening I found some young ones just hatched out, and knowing that they would have disappeared by the morning I borrowed them for the night, and placed them in a snug hamper full of hay, in readiness for operations next day. When I opened the hamper in the morning they were apparently lifeless, but the heat of the fire soon revived them into activity. I photographed them twice and returned them to the nest, where the parents were awaiting them. Alas! both pictures had been made on the same plate, so that my trouble went for nothing. This sort of accident will happen sometimes!



OYSTER-CATCHER'S EGGS.
Notice how well the eggs harmonise with their surroundings.
Photograph by H. Monro, Esq.

The redshank's egg much resembles the peewit's in shape and markings, but is of a more reddish hue. We are able to give a picture of a nest, cunningly hidden in a tuft of grass. My first discovery of a redshank's nest was consequent on accidentally kicking up the old bird, which sat so tight that only the

PEEWIT'S NEST IN FIELD, WITH SAME SHOWN ON A LARGER SCALE.

Observe how all the eggs are arranged with their small ends inwards, so that they cannot be blown out by the wind.

violence of a sudden boot overmastered her fidelity. When disturbed the bird flies far away, and can be seen wheeling on the horizon, to an accompaniment of clear and shrill, but musical cries, somewhat resembling those of the curlew.

It may appear paradoxical to say so, but often the most cunningly concealed eggs are those which are not concealed at all—that is to say, those whose only defence lies in their colouring. Look at the photograph of oyster-catcher's eggs. They are deposited on the shingle without as much as a straw underneath or over them; and a person might pass them over many times, even though he knew to a few yards where they were. There is a fine case in the Kensington Museum which illustrates this colour-protection very strikingly.

The wild duck and smaller grebe are careful householders, that take care to lock the house up when they leave home. This must be rendered into more literal language to signify that they cover their eggs over before going in quest of food. The duck often employs dead leaves and herbage; the lesser grebe, or dab-chick, a clotted mass of water-logged rushes. To the uninitiated the lump of apparent rubbish floating on the surface of a ditch would not suggest a nest. But remove the top layer with a stick, and perhaps you will see as many as half-a-dozen dirty-white eggs. And very likely all the while the old birds are watching you, with their beaks and eyes stuck up out of the water, under cover of some overhanging rushes. I secured a nice picture of such a nest, uncovered, as the birds had probably been scared off before they had time to draw the curtains. What a careful snipping of reeds there was, and adjusting of slipping camera legs on slippery mud, ere I had things to my satisfaction! The sight of those two eggs in their shallow, sodden bed brings back memories of a brilliant sun shining hotly on my back, and a strong, salt, southerly wind whistling in the reeds, and a feeling of sloppy shoes filled with water and liquid mud, and the wonder how those very marshes, smiling in the April sunlight, could be the same as the grey, dismal expanses of winter days.

Ducks, both common and eider, line their

RING-PLOVER'S NEST.

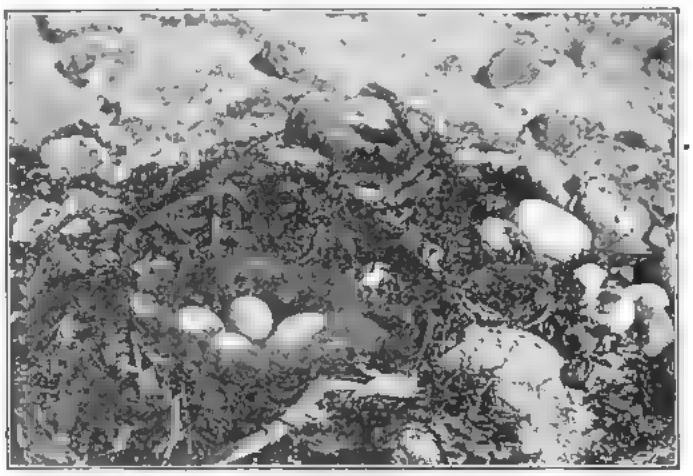
Photographed by H. Munro, Esq.

nests at the expense of their wardrobe. The eider-down is bestowed so lavishly that it has become an article of commerce. The common duck, though it lives in the fens during the summer, autumn, and winter, often repairs inland to nest. Nor does it confine itself to the ground for a building site, as it often occupies the summit of a pollard, and has even been known to use a deserted crow's nest. How does it bring its young to earth in such a case? By carrying them on its back! Curious, but true! As soon as ever the ducklings are out of the shell, the parents lead them to water, and sometimes the tiny, fluffy things are seen making a forced march across country to some well-known feeding place. It is remarkable how quickly they manage to hide themselves in the grass as soon as an alarm is given.

WILD DUCK'S NEST.
Lined with feathers from the bird's breast.
Negative by Rev. B. Hutton.

In order to secure sun-pictures of sea-fowl and their nests, not only must long journeys often be made, but also considerable risks run. The nests of many species are built in such a position on craggy rocks that they cannot be reached without the aid of a rope and trustworthy assistants. I have not as yet indulged in this kind of pastime, but I have it on the authority of one who has, that to dangle over 500ft. of nothingness at the end of a rope is at least an exhilarating experience. Many of the larger sea-fowl, such as the gannet and shag, do not appear to resent the advent of man, and will remain quietly on their eggs while the camera does its harmless work; thus rewarding the adventurer for his toil. On the Farne Islands, off the coast of Northumberland, and on Ailsa Craig, an island ten miles west of Ayrshire, the sea-birds breed in prodigious numbers, and on them many beautiful pictures have been made. The Farne Islands are now under the protection of an association formed to preserve the birds from ruthless destruction during the nesting season, when they become an easy prey to the barbarian. It is good to hear of practical measures being thus taken to carry out the spirit of the somewhat ineffective Wild Birds Protection Act.

A few practical hints for those who intend to take up this delightful branch of photography. A half-plate camera is a very convenient size, as it does not form an unduly heavy burden to carry about the country, and yet permits of a picture large enough to be very effective. Of course, a quarter-plate may be more within the means of many of the younger readers of THE CAPTAIN, and undoubtedly good work may be



EIDER DUCK'S NEST.
It will be observed that the nest is lined with feathers from the bird's breast.
Photograph by H. Mouro, Esq.

ARCTIC TERN'S NEST: FINDHORN RIVER.
Photograph by H. Munro, Esq.

done with one. The most important part of an outfit is the lens. Inferiority in this accessory is the cause of countless failures among beginners, and if some of the money that ordinarily goes into the tuck-shop were utilised to capture a really good lens it will have been well spent. It must be remembered that the cheaper the lens the more it must be "stopped down" to give sharpness, and the more it is "stopped down" the less light it admits, and the less light it admits the longer must the exposure be. So that for quick work you must have a good lens. Avoid cheap hand cameras for nest-taking—I had almost said for all purposes.

Before a nest can be photographed it must be found. The happy-go-lucky method of hunting at random may suit some purposes, such as exercising the legs, well enough; but quiet watching and waiting lead to more discoveries. A good pair of field glasses I have found invaluable while tracking birds to their nests, as it enables me to keep far enough away not to scare the bird, while having it in plain view. Always walk down the shady side of a hedge or bush, as a nest will then appear silhouetted against the light. A gentle tap here and there often disturbs a bird from a nest that is quite invisible. Mark the place, and see whether another tap at a later period again scares out a bird, and then you may be pretty sure that it is worth your while to hunt the place thoroughly. Since many pairs of eyes see more than one pair, enlist as many friends as possible in your service. Farmers are the best of fellows, and will give a great deal of help if they see that you are really keen and do not abuse their kindness. In the course of their daily work they accidentally stumble across nests which are not of any particular interest to them, but which will afford joy to the photographer. People whose nesting expeditions are marked by a trail of broken fences and open gates soon cease to find their visits appreciated. On the other hand, a little care and consideration will always be rewarded. The gamekeeper's society is to be cultivated.

Don't be in a hurry to get on from one nest to another. Just because a wagtail keeps you waiting about for two days, don't strike camp on the third and essay a robin's. *Festina lente.* In nest photography the results are valuable in proportion to the trouble necessary to secure them, and a series of common nests in ordinary situations should not be the goal of the real devotee, though it will do well enough as a commencement.

The term "nest photography" should be understood to include bird photography as well. Wherever possible, make a study of the bird itself, whether sitting on eggs, or feeding its young. Mr. R. Kearton, in his "Wild Life at Home"—a book to be strongly recommended to Nature-lovers for the beauty of its photographic illustrations—describes several "dodges," such as artificial tree-trunks and rubbish heaps,

SMALL GREBE'S, OR DABCHICK'S NEST.

by means of which he was able to approach the camera quite close to the nests of shy birds. Our readers will doubtless have plenty of ingenuity to exercise in the same direction.

One great advantage of nest-photography is that the watcher learns such a lot about the manners and customs of his quarry, as he is compelled to take greater notice of their movements than he would under ordinary circumstances. I believe that the more one uses the camera the more content one becomes to leave the eggs and nests unmolested. In this way photography makes for humanity, and it will be a matter for sincere rejoicing among our feathered friends if the one method of "taking" is substituted for the other—the more primitive and destructive. "The quality of mercy," as Shakespeare says, "blesseth him that takes"; we would add, especially when the taking is confined to the operation of a sensitive plate.

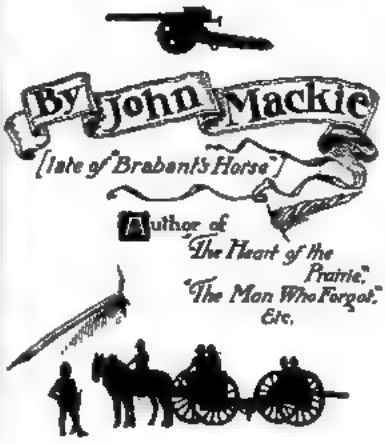
I cannot conclude without thanking the Rev. B. Hutton and Mr. H. Monro for their great kindness in allowing me to reproduce their beautiful pictures, the results of much hard work, for the benefit of readers of THE CAPTAIN. Their photographs are in themselves an eloquent sermon on my text—that the camera may be a faithful friend to those who would record the doings of birds in a manner that admits of no dispute.

Archibald Williams.

HERRING GULL'S NEST, ARRAN.
Photograph by H. Monro, Esq.

Tales of the Trenches

THE AUTHOR OF THIS TALE IS THE SOLDIER WITH THE WHITE HANDKERCHIEF.
From a snapshot by C. R. Prance, B.H.



Illustrated by
J. Macfarlane.

I.—A MIDNIGHT RAID.

I.

IT was the twelfth day of the bloody siege of Wepener, and the Boer army of eight thousand men, under De Wet, De la Rey, and Grobeler, with sixteen big guns, still completely invested the low, bare, circular ridge of kopjes which the hardy Colonial division, consisting of about 1,500 mounted men all told, with seven guns, held against such tremendous odds. It was their proud boast that they had never hoisted the white flag, and never would do so. All their horses and cattle had been shot down in that wild infernal fusillade of cannon, pom-poms, and Mauser fire with which the Boers had opened the ball on that memorable Monday morning in April, and as cooked food was extremely difficult to obtain, and, indeed, any kind of food could only be brought with difficulty at night time to the drenched, wearied men in the trenches, it may be imagined that their pluck and powers of endurance were undergoing a very severe test.

But still, in the narrow trench close by the Hotchkiss gun, on the high rising ground at the north-east of the battle-field, overlooking the Caledon River, one would not have imagined that grim Death had been busy in the ranks of M Squadron of II. Brabant's Horse, judging by the chaff and seemingly light-hearted laughter that went up from it. There were fifteen men in that trench, and fifteen more dilapidated-looking specimens of humanity it would have been difficult to find anywhere. Two or three were mere boys, some of whom had been gently nurtured, and whose introduction to the stern reality of life had been the screeching of the shell ere it burst like a thunderbolt right overhead, the hollow and ominous rattle of the pom-poms, and the sharp tick-tocks of the Mauser. Some again belonged to that great Lost Legion which Kipling speaks about—the Brotherhood of Adventurers—men who roved this world so wide for the love of it; who bore good fortune or ill fortune, took their pleasures, and starved and fought with equal equanimity.

All were equally dirty. They fought in their shirt-sleeves, which were torn and soiled with blood and mud. It had rained nearly every day for over a week, none of them had washed for ten days—of course none of them had shaved; yet, despite the fact that the long-looked for relief columns seemed as visionary as ever, and starvation and annihilation stared them in the face, they were as jolly as sandboys. And now, as some of the enemy had gone out to intercept the reliefs, the artillery and Mauser fire had slackened, and the men were enjoying a brief respite. Perhaps it was the traditional calm before the storm—another night attack—but with Brabant's it was, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

A shock-headed Scotsman, called Sandy McPherson, was gazing down the long gentle slope at a pumpkin patch about four hundred yards distant, midway between the trench and the Boer sharpshooters concealed under the

steep banks of the Caledon River and a sudden dip in the ground. He looked with longing eyes, for, like his comrades, he was very hungry just then, and he was very fond of pumpkin.

"Sandy," remarked MacNamara, the Irishman who would have his little joke if he knew he had to be blown into innumerable little bits two minutes afterwards, "shure an' it's no use of ye lookin' at all, at all. Them pumpkins are sour, me bhoy, and, supposin' they warn't, it's not game ye are to go down and fetch wan."

Now Sandy, though anything but a coward, had often been chaffed on account of his constitutional canniness. Unlike some of the others, he did not believe in taking unnecessary risks. It was pleasanter to preserve a whole skin.

"MacNamara," he replied testily, "ye're aye eggin' on others to do what ye'll no do yer ainsel. Perhaps if ye were in Dalgetty's place now, ye'd prevent the Boers from dragging that 15-pounder up Jammersberg there. They'll make mincemeat of us to-morrow morning right enough when they open fire."

"Mincemeat!" chipped in Bunner, who had the reputation of being a sort of drowsy misanthrope. "Who said mincemeat?" He had been, as usual, dozing off to sleep, but had struggled back to a state of semi-consciousness at the mention of the festive word.

The ironical laughter of the others brought him back to the hungry present.

"Well, I'm blowed!' he added, disgustedly. "Dreamt I was still down in the donga with the horses that were eating each others' manes and tails off through sheer hunger when——"

"Will you swear that was a solemn fact?" interrupted someone.

"Ask Reynolds if it ain't gospel truth!" replied the Misanthrope. "Did you never hear of sheep in a snowstorm eating the wool off each other's back?"

"Can't you duffers see what the Dutchmen are doin' wi' that gun?" demanded Sandy.

The men saw with not a little consternation that a big Boer gun had been moved from a certain point, and it was evident it was being taken up the high mountain across the Caledon River to a situation which would practically command their already sorely bombarded camp.

"By the powers and ye're roight!" exclaimed the Irishman, with a very sober look in his eyes. "I wonder Dalgetty doesn't make a sortie and try to stop them."

The others laughed, and a young lad who had a blood-stained handkerchief tied round his right forearm, chaffingly remarked:—

"It's a pity you're not in command, Mac—you'd have us out of this in two twos. But Dalgetty's not likely to call for volunteers, so you'll lose that chance of distinguishing yourself. But what about those pumpkins? I don't think there would be much danger in slipping down after dark and taking a few. I don't suppose the Boers will be about. I'm blowed if I don't have a shot at it myself!"

"Ye're not going wi' that airm, but Mac and I are," remarked the McPherson, calmly and confidently. He did not even look at the Irishman to see what effect his statement had upon him.

Pat was somewhat surprised and taken aback at the unexpected effrontery of his comrade. But there was no getting out of it, so he said "Right you are," as if he derived the greatest pleasure in the world from the anticipation of the risky expedition.

Just then there was an ominous cry of "Down!" from the man on the look-out, and deliberately they all squatted on their faces in the liquid blood-coloured mud, and pressed themselves against the sides of the trench. Then a great shell was heard travelling towards them through the air. It actually wailed and screeched in a weird diabolical fashion. The men held their breath, and mentally speculated as to whether this particular shell would find its way into their narrow trench and, exploding, blow them all into little bits in the twinkling of an eye; the quickness of the death was the one great consolation. It was an anxious, sickening sixty seconds, but not more so than these poor fellows had put up with at least a hundred times every day since the siege had begun. Suddenly, as if a thunderbolt had broken over their heads, the great shell struck and burst in the heaped-up earth and stones right on the edge of the trench. The ground shook, and an avalanche of débris rattled down on the backs of the long-suffering ones.

"What ho! she bumps!" exclaimed the boy with the blood-stained handkerchief round his arm, as he raised his head.

II.

NIGHT, and only a feeble starlight to relieve the grey darkness; one could not see more than a few yards ahead. Eight o'clock, and the boom of the big guns and the sharp *tick-tack* of the Mausers had ceased; only the murmuring rush of the Caledon River over its stony bed was to be heard. The blood and mud-stained men in the trenches settled themselves down for another night of misery; some of them wondered if they could manage to snatch an hour's sleep despite the gnawing in their stomachs. In the trench, by the Hotchkiss gun, there was evidently something afoot, for the supperless ones were holding earnest

converse together. The officer had gone down to the chaos of struck tents called by courtesy the camp, in order to get his supper if possible, and bring back some biscuits or bully beef, if he could get them, for his men. The sergeant in charge, who knew perfectly well what was going on, pretended to be asleep, and so the coast was clear.

Sandy McPherson was the first to leave the trenches; he was followed by MacNamara, who seemed to lack enthusiasm for the enterprise in hand; then quietly, as if to escape observation, the boy with the blood-stained handkerchief round his arm.

"You're not coming with us, Devine," remarked the Scot to the latter sharply; "you're handicapped too heavily wi' only one airm."

"I'll put both arms in a sling, run you for five hundred yards, and give you a hundred yards start whenever you like, Sandy," remarked the boy. He had his own way.

They took no rifles with them, for pumpkins require all the hands one has got, and started on their rather risky enterprise.

In Indian file, and about five yards apart, the three walked cautiously down the grassy incline, straining their eyes to discover, if possible, the whereabouts of an enemy. But they could see nothing ahead save the shadowy posts of a wire fence a few yards from them, and the black giant bulk of Jammersberg looming up on the right. Not a sound was to be heard save the never-ceasing murmur of the Caledon River.

Sandy produced a wire-cutter, for, as he whisperingly explained to his two comrades, they might have to come back in a hurry. A quick leverage of Sandy's strong arm, and the wire parted with a series of sharp pings.

"Begorra, an' I hope they didn't hear that!" remarked MacNamara, apprehensively.

"Wi' the water drumming in their ears close by, it's hardly likely," answered the practical one. So on they went again.

And now they were in the valley, and their nerves were in a very jumpy condition indeed, for if any Boers should be about it would be a very quick call for them, seeing they were unarmed. Would they never reach that pumpkin patch? It did not seem so very far off in the daytime.

"Here you are," at last whispered Sandy, as they suddenly came to a long, loose strip of ground which loomed up blackly. "Tak' big ones while ye're at it."

In another minute the three had forgotten the Boers, and with bent fingers were groping about with their faces turned to the earth. At the same moment Sandy and the Irishman secured a pumpkin apiece and straightened their backs. To their amazement and horror they stood face to face with three tall figures, and the strangest part of the situation was that each of those mysterious strangers carried a pumpkin before him in his two hands. Both parties stood as if petrified, and the truth flashed home to Britons and Boers at the same moment that each had come out on exactly the same errand. Moreover, the only offensive articles they possessed were the unwieldy vegetables which they held at arm's length. For a moment they looked into each other's eyes, and it is safe to say that each was equally afraid of the other. As they were midway between their respective lines, neither cared to shout or attract the attention of the sentries; an indiscriminate volley might have been awkward.

Sandy McPherson was the first to grasp the situation, and to act accordingly. He raised his pumpkin above his head with both hands, and launched it at the biggest Boer.

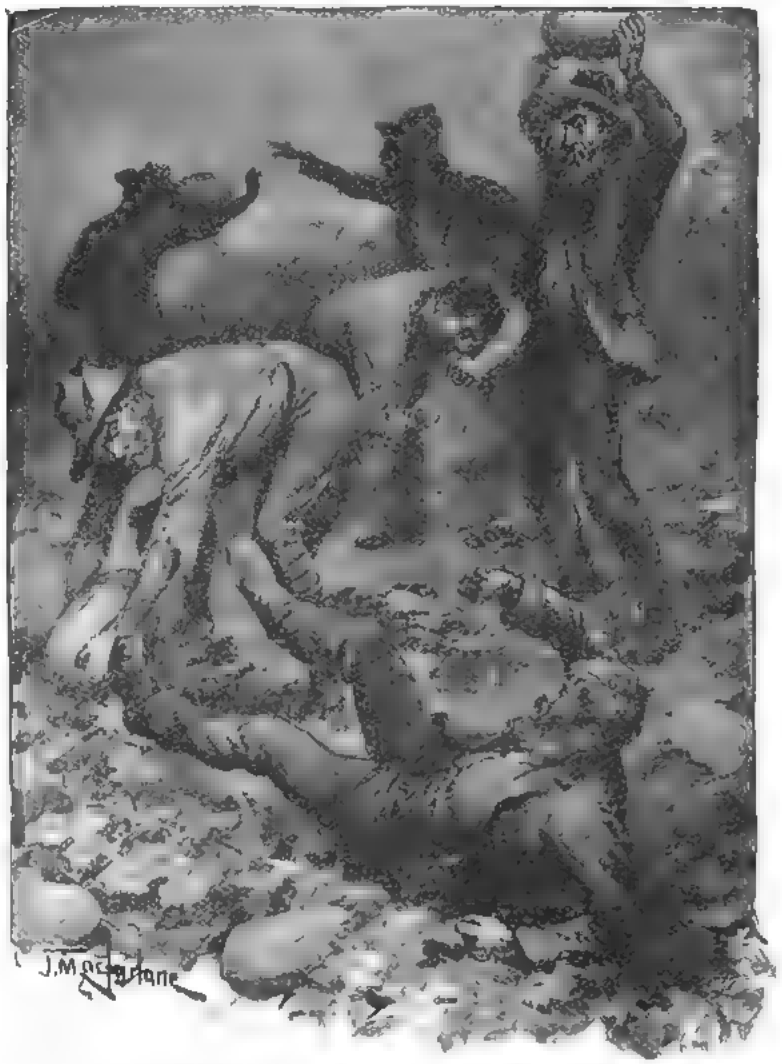
"Tak' that!" he exclaimed, and the Boer went down like a nine-pin.

But the second Boer was too quick for MacNamara, and in another minute the latter sat quickly and violently down on the damp earth, with a vague idea that a display of fireworks or a flight of shooting stars was in progress. Devine, with only one arm at his disposal, and being without a friendly pumpkin, skilfully ran his head full tilt into the capacious waistcoat of the third Boer, just as the latter had conveniently raised both arms above his head, so as to bring his gourd down crash on the skull of the boy. He doubled up like a steel trap, and wondered if the end of the world had come about. Then for the next three minutes one of the most unique battles in the history of modern warfare took place. It was fought with vegetables, and the combatants, when they realised that neither side meant to raise an alarm, and that the whole affair was absurd in the extreme, actually laughed at one another and themselves as they hurled pumpkins and Kaffir melons at each other's heads. To Devine, whose stout burgher had at last recovered his wind, and was ponderously making after him, the whole affair was delightful. He quite forgot his injured arm as he dodged about and waited for the moment when he would suddenly stop, and, putting out his foot, trip the fat burgher up.

At last he succeeded in his scheme, and Jan de Wet pitched heavily forward and lay still. At the same moment he caught sight of Sandy McPherson chasing another Boer, who seemed fairly fleet of foot, and joined in the pursuit. It was a pretty chase the Boer led them, and in

their excitement they flung prudence to the winds. He zig-zagged all over the field. At last the Boer jumped into a donga—a narrow, flat-bottomed watercourse about 10ft. deep—and into it his pursuers leapt also. For a hundred yards or so they followed close at his heels; then suddenly he disappeared as if by magic, and, blundering on, Sandy and Devine found themselves floundering in deep running water.

The "schlim" Boer had sprung aside, and the two realised that they were in the swift, cold current of the Caledon River.



THEN FOR THE NEXT THREE MINUTES ONE OF THE MOST UNIQUE BATTLES IN THE HISTORY OF MODERN WARFARE TOOK PLACE.

III.

When Sandy and the boy came to the surface the former gripped the latter under the right armpit, and cried:—

"Now then; ca' cannie and I'll tow ye safely across; the banks are too high to land on this side."

The swirling cold waters carried them swiftly down stream, and once, as Sandy looked over his shoulder, he fancied he could see tall dim figures against the grey sky upon the high bank which he had just left. If the tricky Boer did tell his comrades of what had occurred, they probably thought that the two must of necessity have been drowned, seeing they did not trouble further about them. The boy was weak, but the Scotsman, being a strong swimmer, held him up and steered for the opposite bank. At last their feet touched a gravelly bed; in two minutes more they had walked ashore with the water dripping from them, and their teeth clicking together like castanets.

"We're in for it now," remarked the Scot. "We canna go back; we must go on and try to get through the Boer lines. The Basutoland border is not more than sax miles away, and once there, we're all right."

"It's the getting there—that's the rub," observed Devine. "Besides, it's so beastly dark. We're sure to run into parties of Boers before we know where we are."

And they did, but Sandy, who had been some years in the country, had always a ready answer in Dutch at the tip of his tongue when they were challenged by some prostrate, sleepy Boer. Luckily no one thought that the British would try to pass through the lines in that direction. On these occasions their hearts were in their mouths, and they grew sick at the prospect of discovery. They knew that members of the Colonial division, particularly Brabant's men,

seldom found mercy when they fell into the hands of the enemy.

They blundered on in the darkness, stumbling over rocks, but gradually ascending the high lands that led to the Basutoland border. Sometimes they came across waggons and Cape carts in little hollows of the hills, and across parties of slumbering Boers. Then unexpectedly they came to a gun-pit.

"Hold hard," whispered Sandy, seizing Devine by the arm.

The next moment he was peering over the strongly constructed wall of rocks and earth. To Sandy's unspeakable delight he saw the dim bulk of the 15-pounder that had been working such devastation in their camps for some days back, and close to it was a Vickers-Maxim gun or pom-pom. And, best of all, there was evidently no one sleeping in the pit.

"The Lord has delivered them into our hands," remarked Sandy, with a Boer-like adaptation of Scripture, perhaps excusable under the circumstances.

He crawled over the breastwork, and for the next three minutes Devine saw that he was very busy doing something to the guns.

Then the Scot rejoined him, carrying something in his hands.

"It's all right," he whispered. "I've removed the breech-blocks of the guns — they're utterly useless now. This is the best night's wark we ever did in our lives—if we can get safely over the border. But it's God help us if they catch us now!"

But they were destined to do still more important work, and, emboldened by their success, they took risks that were doubly dangerous. They stumbled across one of the powder magazines of the Boers. A large number of boxes of Mauser ammunition were stacked so as to form a little square; inside it were shells and all kind of explosives. There was not even a sentry to guard them. Only on three sides were ranged some waggons and gun limbers.

"I say, man, take care!" whispered Devine as he saw the Scot lift some small packages of what looked like dynamite and place them in a keg from which he had removed the lid.

Sandy must have possessed eyes like a cat to do what he did in the dark. Suddenly their blood ran cold, for almost before they could throw themselves on their faces, close to the ammunition, two Boers came slowly towards them engaged in earnest conversation. The two Britishers could see that they carried their rifles in their hands, and wore bandoliers and belts. They were evidently on guard. They came and sat down on the gun limbers within a few feet of where the two lay quaking with fear. If the latter were discovered in their present position

A ROAR AS IF THE END OF ALL THINGS HAD COME

certain death would be their fate. But Sandy, now that he was face to face with an impending calamity, rose to the occasion. He actually pulled out of his pocket the little bottle in which he kept his last few precious matches dry, and prepared to send himself and the Boers into eternity if they discovered him. The loss of that powder magazine would be great work for his country, and Sandy was loyal. No one would ever know what he had done, but that did not matter.

Devine breathed a prayer of thanksgiving when at length those Boers rose and went away; it had seemed that they never would go. The moment they had disappeared in the gloom Sandy seized the rug one of them had left behind and tore a long strip from it.

"It was vera thoughtful o' them to leave us a fuse," he explained to the wondering Devine.

"Now tak' my hand and rin for yer life," said Sandy after he had carefully struck a match and applied it to one end of the rug—the other end was in the barrel of gunpowder and dynamite.

They ran as only men can run when death is at their heels. Fortunately they struck a pathway which seemed to lead right towards the Basutoland border. In less than an hour if they kept on they would be with friends.

Suddenly a roar as if the end of all things had come struck terror into their hearts. Looking back they saw a mighty column of fierce bright light shoot upwards into the heavens. The ground beneath their feet trembled. The gun limbers and waggons stacked round the magazine must have carried death right into the heart of the Boer laager, which they had just skirted and left behind. Boers, Britons, and Basutos for miles around heard, if they did not see, the mighty explosion, and wonderingly speculated as to its origin.

But the next morning two guns, which had been very grievous thorns in the sides of the British, were silent on Jammersberg, and it was noticeable that the hot rifle fire of the Boer sharpshooters had degenerated into a species of feeble sniping.

In the course of the forenoon Sir Godfrey Lagden, the British Commissioner in Basutoland, heliographed over to Colonel Dalgetty, commanding the besieged British force:—

"Two of your men, McPherson and Devine, arrived safely here this morning. They destroyed two Boer guns on their way, and blew up powder magazine—a magnificent service."

On April 27th, when one of the relief forces entered the besieged camp near Wepener, McPherson and Devine entered with them to receive the reward and congratulations their services merited, and also to receive no small amount of chaff in regard to their partiality for South African vegetable products.

"But we couldn't stop to bring the pumpkins," sighed Devine.

"Never mind, laddie," returned McPherson, a famous footballer in his day, "*we made our mark in the enemy's twenty-five.*"

John Mackie

Some of "Brabant's Horse" returning with pumpkins the day after the date of this story. Mr. Mackie is riding behind.

Photograph by C. R. Prance, of Brabant's Horse.

THE ATHLETIC CORNER

BY C. B. FRY

Constant Reader.—In spite of familiarity with such cases, and a great admiration for the wicket-keeper you mention, I am not able to vouchsafe an answer to your question. If you really want to know, ask the *Sportsman*.

Quisquam, an active player of games, is some seventeen years old and about six feet high, but draws only 9st. in weight. So he would increase his weight. It appears to me that "Quisquam" has committed the not uncommon error of growing too fast, or, as the poet has it, "*Astra petit juvenis sedulus ante diem.*" When he stops his upward growth, he will probably fill out and gravitate. No artificial remedy is known to me. Also he has lost his form at football for no accountable reason. Well, I should say his mistake above mentioned is the cause—overgrowth often spoils sport. But nature makes amends afterwards. Advice: Read the "Old Fag's" answer to "Goliath."

F. C. P. desires, like a wise lad, to grow up a strong, healthy man, not without muscle. He is addicted to cricket and football. Well, sir, keep on being addicted to all games and outdoor pursuits. There are no special tips on the point.

A. SHREWSBURY.—"STAY BACK, BILLY!"
From the "Book of Cricket."

H. D. K.—For general advice on training for sports consult articles in back numbers. Throwing the cricket-ball needs regular practice three or four times a week—half a dozen throws suffice at a time—do not attempt big throws till you feel your arm is well in; find out the correct trajectory, neither too high nor too low. For the mile and half-mile, run every other day—one day cover a brisk 600yds., another an easy 1,000yds., then a fast 400yds., then an easy mile. In fact, practise shorter distances for pace, and longer distances for style and stamina, more or less alternately.

H. L. M.—I am not in a position to give any reasons why or wherefore professional footballers should be abolished. You will find reading, as you call it, on the subject in the columns of certain bigoted and ignorant periodicals. There are two extremes of opinion—the one thinks amateur players are no good, the other that professionalism is an unmixed evil; both are wrong. There was an article from my pen on professionalism in THE CAPTAIN for October, 1900.

J. M. G.—Your bat should weigh from 2lbs. to 2lbs. 3ozs. You could use a full-sized bat, but be careful not to get one weighing more than 2lbs. 4ozs. at the outside.

L. S.—The bowler overstepped the crease, was no-balled, but actually did not deliver it—that is, retained it in his hand. The batsman that end was backing up too far; the bowler put the wicket down. Out or not out? Well, I am not very confident how the M.C.C. would interpret this. You might get the secretary of your club to write to the secretary of the M.C.C. for a ruling. Personally, I should give the man not out, on the ground that the ball was dead, just as though it had been bowled and returned to the bowler. But it is a difficult case.

E. F.—Suffers from swollen hand due to hard hitting at fives. The question is, how to harden the palm of the hand. This beats me. I can only suggest the propriety of spending some time in gentle knocking up, before indulging in hard hitting. Has "E. F." got a good glove? If you wrote to the Rev. J. A. Arnan Tait, Charterhouse, Godalming, who knows all there is to know about fives, he might help you with advice.

A. R. C.—There is no harm in running on roads, macadam or wood-paved, provided you take care not to go too hard before you have got your legs thoroughly in order and accustomed to the hard ground. Of course, you can never do as much work per diem on roads as you can upon grass, or even upon cinders. Dumb-bells not heavier than 2lbs. each are best in my opinion.

A. S.—Stitch soon ceases to trouble a boy who patiently practises running moderate distances; but it is a case of gradual training, you know. Never mind how fat you are; take all the outdoor exercise you can; boys should never trouble about their weight. Of course you should play football and cricket hard. Loafers are likely to be pulpy; not so gamesters.

W. W. T.—You had better write to the editor of the *Sportsman*, Fleet Street, London; he might be able to give you the information you require. I do not know of any book of the sort.

C. A. K. (Belfast).—(1) A mile is enough; yes, wet or fine. Wear flannels and a sweater or two. (2) Before, for about a quarter of an hour. (3) Cold bath immediately on rising. (4) Have never used it much, but consider it good—not so good as bells, though. You might do both, as you suggest, but then you must keep the work light. (5) No; this need not be too much. Glad to be of any service; also to hear from you. By the way, if you feel stale and off work you should knock off the amount you do for several days.

MR. H. W. BAINBRIDGE.—AGGRESSIVE.
From the "Book of Cricket."

Sallie.—(1) You might start practising now, two or three times a week. Easy work, though. Run 50yds. three or four times, full speed. (2) The exerciser is good because it develops you all over. Mind you do not overtrain.

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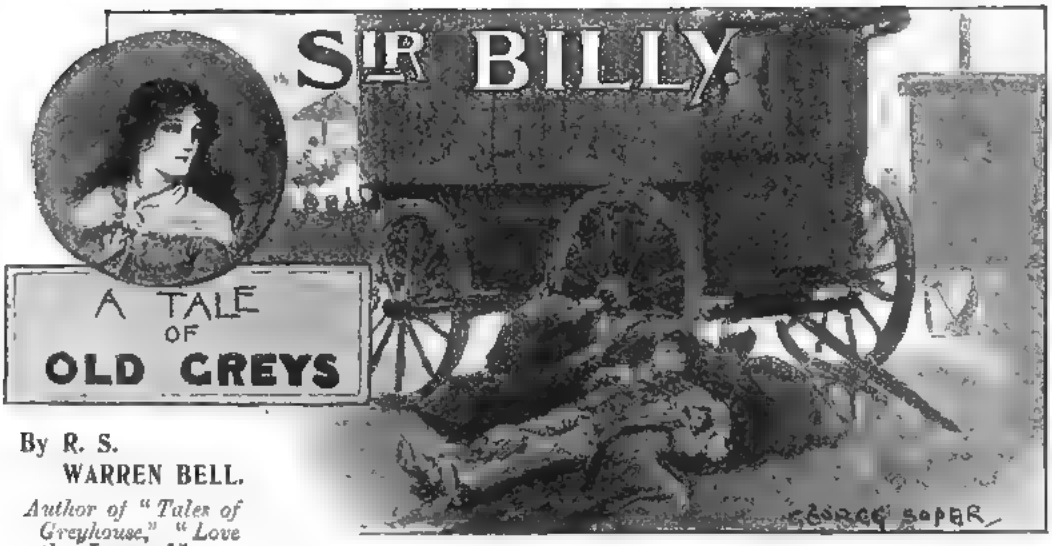
SO SHOULD WE!

SPINSTER PORCUPINE: "The brazen hussy! I should like to see the man who would dare to put his arm round MY waist."

Drawn by Hall Thorpe.



By R. S. WARREN BELL.

Author of "Tales of Greyhouse," "Love the Laggard," etc., etc.

Illustrated by George Soper.

SIR BILLY and Parsnip, accompanying Mr. Soames and his wife round the fair at Petershall, interfere in a fight between a showman and a tramp. Mr. Soames lodges the tramp and his daughter in a disused stable. Late that night Petershall is flooded. Sir Billy, having fought his way through the water to the stable, finds the tramp girl alone. Together they climb into the loft, and she then tells him that before the flood came her father went back to the fair to find the man who struck him.

CHAPTER IV.

A DREAM MEMORY.

AFTER this there was a long silence. Down below them the flood was steadily rising higher. Already the manger from which Sir Billy had rescued the girl was submerged, as could be seen by the dim light cast upon the restless waters by the stable lantern. The lane without was now a swiftly-flowing river. Little chance of life for the man or beast caught fast in the hug of that cruel torrent!

At the first alarm Mr. Soames's horses had been removed from the new stables by the groom and coachman, and led to a high and dry place of refuge locally known as "The Mount," to which position of safety hundreds of cows and sheep had fled from the low-lying meadows thereabouts. But the poor hens were forgotten, and drowned on their perches, and the pigs shared their fate. One sow, struggling dearly for life, was, however, borne along on the flood's breast, and flung bodily into a waggon that was awaiting repairs at the wheelwright's, and there she stayed, grunting dismally until day dawned and the waggon was dragged on to higher land.

But this was not yet. The flood, at midnight, was still rising, and the inhabitants of Petershall reminded each other that, on the occasion of the last big overflow, not the slightest abatement was noticed until two in the morning. And the good people who spoke thus—having dwellings on elevated sites—turned comfortably in their warm beds, and thanked their stars that their dwellings did not rest upon wheels.

"I am afraid," said Sir Billy, at last, "that we shall have to stay here some time."

"I do hope my father is safe!" exclaimed the girl.

"But just now you said——" he broke in.

"Yes—that I hoped—yes, I did say that, but I was not thinking. My father could not—would not do such a thing! Oh, I am sure of it—but I wish he had not gone!"

She buried her face in her hands and burst into a passionate fit of weeping—she was overwrought by many weary days tramping, weak and ill from want of nourishment, unstrung by the exciting events of the night—no wonder she wept!

Sir Billy endeavoured to soothe her, but, as he felt, very awkwardly, by murmuring words of comfort. For some minutes she took no notice of his lamely uttered consolations; then, of a sudden, she threw up her head and flashed a brave look at him through her tears.

"I am a coward!" she said, abruptly. "Do not heed me."

The young man considerately gazed upon the swirling waters below him. Very handsome the girl had appeared as she cast that glance at him, and Sir Billy, despite the fact that he had often laughed at Parsnip's susceptible nature, was not, being a mere young man, entirely insensible to feminine beauty.

He was wet to the waist when he clambered into the loft; now, having cooled down after his exertions, he began to shiver. The girl noticed his condition by the chattering of his teeth.

"You are cold," she said. "Oh, you must be very cold!"

"I'll run up and down a bit," answered Sir Billy, carelessly; "that'll warm me."

But already he was stiff and cramped, and even rising to his feet proved a matter of difficulty. Dashing about in a flood was one thing—and not a bad thing either, as a change—but sitting still in wet clothes was altogether another.

"Look," she cried, "here is a blanket. I held it above my head as you carried me to the ladder—wrap it round you, and then you will be warmer."

"Thanks awfully, but I don't want it, really," returned the young man, the off-hand speech proceeding curiously from his shaking jaws, "besides, you know, you'll want it."

But she wouldn't hear of using it herself, and got her way. Sir Billy wrapped the blanket round his legs, and then, as he still felt chilly, the girl suggested that he should roll himself in the hay that lay about.

"I suppose I'd better," he said, "as I do feel beastly cold. But you——"

"There's plenty more hay," said the tramp girl; "but I'm not at all cold—nor tired, only anxious—very anxious about——"

She broke down. Sir Billy made no rejoinder, for he knew she referred to her errant father. Huddling himself up in the hay, he lay down in a corner of the loft. Gradually the warmth returned to his limbs, and as a delightful sense of ease stole over him his eyelids drooped drowsily, and, do what he would to keep awake, sleep came upon him.

But the tramp girl remained seated by the square opening through which one reached the stable. There, with wide-open eyes, she sat all night—her heart full of such bitterness as would have made a strong man groan. There she sat, while her rescuer slumbered; sat there, motionless, while the water lapped the walls below; sat there, thinking sorrowfully upon many things, until the black of the night changed to grey, and the grey, in its turn, gave place to the glorious sunlight of a new morn.

Meanwhile, Sir Billy was dreaming—not, as one might reasonably have supposed, of floods and perilous situations and other nightmarish fictions of a perturbed brain, but of the days of childhood he had spent in the East. A face or a sound, or something he had been reading during the day, must have brought about, in his slumbering thoughts, a seemingly real re-happening of long past events.

He was in Egypt again, living with his father in a small hotel near the Nile. One can exist very cheaply and comfortably in Cairo, once one has decided to dispense with the luxurious divans, electric lights and bells, and, as some satirical traveller once remarked, "all the inconveniences" of the great hotels.

Where Sir Claude Travers and his little boy lived there were half a dozen Frenchmen and a sprinkling of other Europeans—all engaged in business in Cairo—but no other Englishman. Stay! There was—one other. Sir Billy was never likely to forget him, for at that childish time this one other Englishman was the little boy's bugbear—the hated being that loomed malevolently in his eyes.

This man, by name Dipper, was an adventurer of a low order, who acted as go-between in matters usurious, "arranging" loans for ladies and gentlemen whose expenditure was inclined to forge ahead of their incomes. It is an uncomfortable thing to be stranded without cash in a city like Cairo, in spite of the fact that there is a cable between Egypt's capital and Great Britain's; Mr. Dipper could generally procure a hard up tourist a temporary advance at a ruinous rate of interest, and so his services were frequently requisitioned, especially during those winter months which constitute the "season" in this particular metropolis.

Mr. Dipper became very intimate with the invalid baronet—in fact, he introduced him to this cheap hotel, procured him funds, played cards with him, and took him out driving after 6 p.m., when all the world at Cairo, fresh from the *siesta*, emerges from behind its shutters to breathe the cool evening air.

Little William was not beloved by Mr. Dipper, who regarded the lad as an encumbrance—a sort of living footstool, left carelessly about for people to stumble over. Mr. Dipper heartily wished that little William would fall into the Nile, and stay there. As has been said, little William cordially reciprocated Mr. Dipper's dislike, and so little William, in his boyish way, kept his big round eyes on Mr. Dipper whenever opportunity offered.

Mr. Dipper would often look up, with an uncomfortable start, to find little William gravely watching his every movement. Little William had a disconcerting way of walking softly into

MR. DIPPER WOULD OFTEN FIND LITTLE WILLIAM GRAVELY WATCHING HIS EVERY MOVEMENT.

the dreary smoking-room of the hotel, and as softly taking up his stand by his father's elbow. There, as he shuffled and dealt, Mr. Dipper would suddenly perceive the boy and, curiously enough, from that period on till the game ended Mr. Dipper's luck would desert him, and this in spite of the fact that he could cheat almost as cleverly as he could lie.

"Why, you're a regular young mascot, William!" the baronet would cry, as he took trick after trick, and Mr. Dipper would laugh unpleasantly as he added:—

"I notice your son never stands by *my* elbow, Sir Claude!"

Well, no — William hardly cared to take up that position. Besides, he liked his father to win from Mr. Dipper, because, as he had observed in his grave way, Mr. Dipper *generally* seemed to win from his father.

William spent a year at that Egyptian hotel, and Mr. Dipper was there most of the time. Sir Claude, always ill, gradually grew worse, and seemed, as the months ran on, to depend more and more on Dipper's company and conversation.

William, meanwhile, roamed the great capital, attended by a gigantic Arab servant who was devoted to the little fellow. Donkey hire was cheap; what splendid scampers these two enjoyed through the streets and over the desert, or along the six-mile road that leads to the Pyramids! They used to dispense with the services of the donkey boys on such occasions, as the great Arab was escort enough. Those were grand rides, and William never forgot them.

And often the boy would sit in the hotel garden of a night, listening to the barking of the huge frogs that congregated about the poor fountain which made a pretence of playing in the centre of that arid patch. It was very different to the green lawns and venerable trees of his childhood's home in the heart of England, and he sighed for the green lanes he had left behind him. The big Arab, lounging in the doorway, kept kindly watch and ward over his young master, while from within came the flick-flack of cards, the jingle of coins, and the tinkle of glasses, as Sir Claude and Mr. Dipper whiled away the hours in the manner they most loved.

These times came to an end quite unexpectedly. Sir Claude took a rapid turn for the worse, and died after a few days' acute illness. It must be said in Mr. Dipper's favour that he did all in his power to save the baronet's life—the baronet being a considerable source of income to him—but Nature would have her way, and the haughty English aristocrat breathed his last in this obscure hotel—a man, in his day, whose position was as high as his prospects were brilliant, but a man

who lost both health and hope at the gaming-table.

Before the life was quite out of Sir Claude's body, Mr. Dipper possessed himself of all the valuables he could lay his hands on, and got him away by the first possible train to Port Said, where he went aboard a P. and O. steamer, *en route* for France. And little William saw him no more—although little William's giant Arab made a strenuous, though unavailing, search for Mr. Dipper, when the latter's act of thievery was discovered.

So little William was taken over by kindly English people, bound for home, and by them—after a tearful parting with the faithful giant Arab—conveyed to London, where Mr. Soames met him, and——

Here Sir Billy awoke and stared round his unaccustomed quarters with bewildered eyes. Outside was broad daylight, but little of it illumined the loft. Slowly and still dreamily, Sir Billy discovered that the tramp girl was sitting precisely where he had left her—fixedly gazing through the trap at the stable below. She had gathered a heap of hay about her, and had probably passed the night as comfortably as he had done. She did not turn her head when he moved. Apparently immersed in thought, she continued to gaze through the square opening.

Sir Billy shook himself free of blanket and hay, and struggled to his feet. He was stiff all over, but otherwise little the worse for his wetting on the previous night.

He walked forward over the hay. Then the girl spoke:—

"He has not come!"

"Your father——"

"He has not come. I have been watching and listening all night and ever since it got light. The water has quite gone away, but—he has not come!"

The few sad words ended in a sob; her weary vigil was ended.

Commonplace words, intended to cheer her, rose to Sir Billy's lips, but he kept silent. Saying nothing often comforts more than saying much.

As he stood gazing at the girl's desolate, bowed form, there was a sudden rush and patter of many feet in the lane, and a sound of hoarse voices raised in unison, and the word most frequently used caused Sir Billy to grasp the girl's shoulder.

"Get back out of sight!" he cried. "Get back—quick!"

She rose and obeyed him, though with a puzzled face. But she was soon to comprehend.

CHAPTER V.

"WANTED."

Scoured by the rush of the flood, the lane which ran between Mr. Soames's house and the church presented, in the fresh daylight, the appearance rather of a river-bed than of a respectable road, for its surface seemed to consist chiefly of sand and pebbles. It had been cleansed of the muddy accumulations which the heaviest rains had been unable to disperse, and now, glistening in the sun, it reminded a beholder of the refreshing change that becomes apparent when the face of an habitually dirty boy has been forcibly washed.

The mob whose shouts had reached Sir Billy's ears, however, was in no mind to stop and reflect, philosopher-wise, on the effects of the unwelcome irrigation Petershall and neighbourhood had been submitted to; the mob had business of a more serious character in hand. The van of it was composed mostly of fair-people, with here and there an excited, white-faced urchin, bred in the town. At the tail of the crowd sauntered shop-folk and labourers, curious to observe the issue of the affair.

The reason of this unwontedly early morning call may soon be explained. When the flood had gone down, and the fair-people proceeded to the scene of the over-night junketings, it was observed that the one van which had not been drawn to the higher side of the street belonged to the man—Jeremiah Hopkins, his name was—who had attacked the two tramps with his whip. Why, when his brethren were engaged in the task, Hopkins had not put his horse in and dragged his caravan out of the flood's immediate course, was quickly apparent, for, lying between the back wheels of his movable home, face to the earth, lay Hopkins himself—lifeless. Upon examination by the nearest doctor, the actual blame of his decease was laid at the flood's door, there being no doubt that the man had been drowned; but a wound at the back of his head, evidently caused by a blow from a blunt instrument, seemed to indicate that he had been rendered insensible beforehand, and had thus proved an easy victim to the torrent which had ravaged the place. The doctor rose to his feet and threw a piece of tarpaulin over the body.

"The police must be informed of this at once," he said, addressing the showmen who were thronging round him, "for it looks to me very much like foul play. The blow might have been administered with a crowbar or a mallet. It is not the sort of blow that he would have received in a fight; it was, I should say, deliberately aimed at him when his back was turned. Of course, it is

just possible, but hardly probable, that a horse kicked him."

This latter suggestion was generally scouted as being highly unlikely. Already the showmen were talking angrily together, the centre of the circle being the fortune-teller—he who had pointed out the slumbering ones to the man who was now dead.

The murmurs grow louder; the fortune-teller had aroused a certain suspicion which seemed to have a strong foundation.

"That's it," said one of the cocoanut-shy merchants, with emphasis, "you're right, Sime. I'd wager my life that cove came back and slung Jerry one on the 'ead by way of gettin' even with 'im."

This idea seemed to meet with universal approval. Nobody had yet troubled to carry news of the tragedy to the police. All minds were occupied with a fierce desire to wreak vengeance then and there on the suspected tramp—if he could be found. The women, most of them in tears, added their acclamations to those of the men. Find the wretch who had done this thing! Rout the coward out of his hole! The fair-people weren't disposed to stand on ceremony—*where was he?*

"I can show you," said the fortune-teller softly. "Who'll come?—it's this way."

"Lead on, Sime—we're all with you."

"I'll show you—I saw where he was taken to. It's this way," repeated the fortune-teller, moving off.

And so, pressing close on his heels, the fair-people soon reached the little lane by the church.

"There," said the fortune-teller, "he was taken in by that large gate. The gentleman living in this house took him in—him and the girl. Shall we ring the bell and ask about him?"

"No fear," growled the cocoanut merchant. "Don't you see 'e's a lawyer?—the plate on the door says so. Let's find 'im ourselves."

"Aye, aye," cried the others savagely, "let's find 'im ourselves."

Headed, then, by the foxy-faced teller of fortunes, the showmen proceeded down the lane, and halted by the yard door.

They looked at one another. What now?

"Best catch 'im before he can cut. Up you pop, boys!" said the cocoanut merchant.

No need to make the suggestion twice. A dozen men were over the yard door in a twinkling.

"Now, where?" was the demand.

"This looks likely," said the cocoanut man, pointing to the open door of the stable.

They entered just as Sir Billy was hauling up the ladder which gave access to the loft. With a cry of triumph the leader of the mob dashed forward and grabbed at the ladder, which Sir Billy hoisted out of his reach not a half-second too soon. Having pulled it up, he laid one end of it across the opening.

"Never mind," cried the cocoanut man; "here's some boxes. Pile 'em up. We'll soon have him—'e can't get away now!"

For they fancied that it was their quarry himself who had drawn the ladder up.

It was evident to the showmen that they were on the right scent, for there were blankets, plates, and other remnants of the overnight meal still to be seen in the stable. And the lantern, unperturbed by flood or men's passions, still burned steadily on its staple.

As they began to pile up the boxes Sir Billy lay down and peered at them through the rungs of the ladder. It was as dirty and as formidable-looking a gang as he could have well beheld.

"What do you want?" he demanded.

They started and paused in their storming operations when they heard him, for his was hardly the voice of the man they were in search of.

"We want the blackguard who fought Jerry last night," said the cocoanut merchant.

"Why?"

"Oh," with a hoarse laugh, "only to do to 'im what 'e done to Jerry. Will you 'and 'im over, sir, or shall we come for 'im?"

"I can't hand him over, because he's not here."

"That's all my eye. You're kidding of us, young gentleman. Now, boys, no more waitin'!"

And they fell to again. Someone rolled a water-butt in from the yard, and that proved a tower of strength. It was turned bottom upwards, and the cocoanut man mounted it.

"He is not here," reiterated Sir Billy.

"Gammon—we'll see for ourselves!"

At that moment, whilst anxiously observing the crowd below, Sir Billy caught sight of a face which seemed repulsively familiar to him. It was the face of the fortune-teller. Of course he had noticed him at the fair the previous night, playing the *rôle* of informer—but where else? He had certainly seen that face before.

"Now then," exclaimed the ringleader, whose head was grazing the ladder, "are you goin' to let me come?"

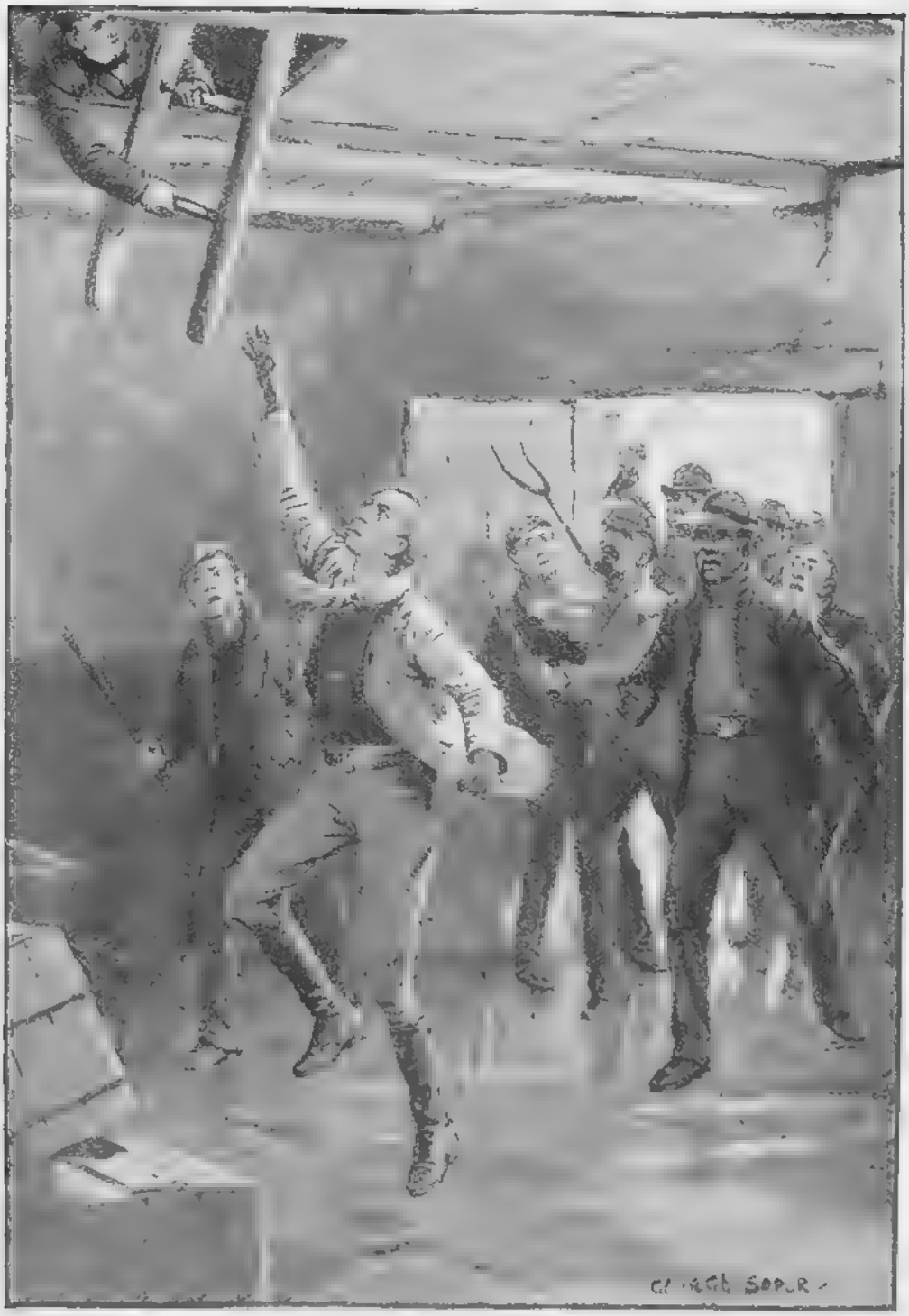
"No," said Sir Billy, "certainly not."

The cocoanut merchant was short and sturdy. He seized two rungs, and, exerting all his strength, pushed the ladder upwards.

Sir Billy had got hold of a piece of wood which lay handy to his reach.

"Look out!" he cried, raising his weapon.

The ringleader didn't like Sir Billy's determined tone, and left go of the ladder.



WITH A CRY OF TRIUMPH THE FOREMOST OF THE MOB DASHED FORWARD AND GRABBED AT THE LADDER, WHICH SIR BILLY HOISTED OUT OF REACH NOT A HALF-SECOND TOO SOON.

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"That's wise of you," said the defender of the loft calmly, "and now I have something to propose. I will allow one of your number to inspect the loft, so that you may be quite certain I am telling you the truth."

"That sounds fair, mates," observed the cocoanut man; "very well, sir, let *me* up."

"You agree to go down again directly I have allowed you to look?" bargained Sir Billy.

"Honour bright, I do."

"Very good!"

Sir Billy moved the ladder away from the opening, and even assisted the ringleader into the loft.

"You see," he said, "there's no man here."

The cocoanut merchant's eyes were fixed suspiciously on the girl, however.

"No, sir," he said. "The man we want has scooted, but this brat of his knows where he's hidin'."

"She does not."

"I say she do. Boys," he called down to the others, "the man ain't here, but the gal is!"

"That'll do for us, Jim. Hand 'er down. We'll soon find out where he is, if she's got a tongue."

"Excuse me," said Sir Billy politely, "but you seem to be forgetting the promise you made me."

"Promise be blowed! We want to ask that brat a certain question. Stand aside, mister!"

"Get out of the loft!" retorted Sir Billy.

For reply the cocoanut merchant made a dive at Sir Billy's legs, with the object of upsetting him; but Sir Billy, divining his object just in time, hopped nimbly back, and as the man, foiled in his purpose, straightened himself, Sir Billy hit him between the eyes. The blow was scientifically delivered, and the man fell, but bounded to his feet again like an indiarubber ball. Another showman scrambled through the opening at that moment, and a third. All three then made a combined rush at the loft's gallant defender, and it would have gone very badly indeed with Sir Billy had not a cry, raised by a voice below, caused the trio to halt irresolutely.

"*The police!*"

Taking advantage of the pause, and cheered by the welcome news, Sir Billy dashed in like a flash of lightning, and floored one of the new comers with a neat left on the jaw. The other two struck wildly at him, but he sprang back and stood defiantly on guard, waiting for them to come on.

But the three fellows did not wish to be caught up there, like rats in a trap. They made for the opening hastily, and dropped through it into the stable, Sir Billy hastening their departure with several well-planted kicks.

Now Parsnip, who, having been sleeping heavily, had only just arrived on the scene, saw the three men come down at double-quick time, and heard Sir Billy's voice above; so he gave the old Greyhouse "rugger" yell, and let fly at the showmen with such vigour that they all eventually left the stable yard looking considerably the worse for wear.

"Bravo, Billy!" observed Mr. Carew. "Come on down and help."

The cocoanut man was cursing in the straw—where Parsnip had flung him—and the other two were trying to edge round the long-armed athlete and get out of the door without being hit again. But Parsnip was enjoying himself, and sent them reeling against the white-washed walls before he finally let them go. Then he slammed the door to, bolting it securely as well.

"Stay where you are, Billy—they'll be at us again in a moment," he said, breathlessly. "That cry of 'Police' was spoof. *I* gave it! Quick! They're battering at the door—give me a hand up—right! Well, old man, how've you been?" as he joined Billy in the loft. "We couldn't get at you, so I trotted off to bed. Only just woke—hello! Listen! It *is* the police!"

It was, indeed. They heard the sharp, deep sentences of the Petershall inspector as he bade the fair-people begone out of the yard.

"I've a good mind to lock half of you up," they heard him say. "What right have you here—trespassing on a gentleman's property? Be off—the lot of you, and look sharp about it!"

The inspector was backed up by a sturdy body of constables, so the fair-people decided that it would be better to leave the avenging of Jeremiah Hopkins in the hands of the proper authorities.

Parsnip got down and opened the stable door.

"All right, inspector?"

"Yes, sir. I've sent them about their business. Is the man they want up there?"

"No—only the girl."

"Oh, I should like to see her. There's something in what these fair-people say; he may have had another row with Hopkins later on."

Sir Billy, leaning over the opening, called to the inspector.

"The man we gave shelter to left the stable before the flood came; that's all she knows. You can come up and question her if you like, but she has nothing to say except what I have told you."

"Very good, Sir William. We'll let it stay at that for the present. I must send my men over the country now, as that tramp is wanted."

The inspector turned to the constables and gave a brief order. They went as they had come—through Mr. Soames's front door. The inspector

followed them, after exchanging a few words with the solicitor, who had accompanied the police into the yard.

The hubbub was over; the showmen had gone their way, satisfied that the bird they sought to snare had flown betimes. Once again the yard was silent and empty.

"Now," said Sir Billy, turning to the girl, "I think you may safely descend. They have all gone."

His tone was very gentle, and there was a note of profound respect in it. Throughout the whole scene she had stood silently in the corner of the loft, not cowering, but upright—even proudly so.

The tramp girl descended the ladder. Seeing Mr. Soames, she went up to him.

"I thank you for giving us shelter, sir—I will go now. If my father ever comes back and asks for me, will you tell him I have gone——"

Parsnip jumped forward just in time to catch her as she reeled back in a swoon. Her spirit had kept her up through all these trying episodes, but now the danger was past, womanlike, she gave way. Hardship and suffering had been making constant calls upon her strength for many months; and even now only grief had conquered her—not hunger, not the harsh words of policemen, not homelessness—but a heart torn in anguish by the accusation which had been brought against her father.

"We must get her into the house," said Mr Soames, and if his voice was a little husky that was no shame to him.

They bore her gently to the kitchen, and delivered her over to the matronly cook, who, helped by the maids, quickly took measures to restore her to consciousness. They were women, and she was a woman—she needed no further claim on their sympathy. This waif of the highway, therefore, was tenderly cared for; sympathetic hands smoothed her pillow and soft voices spoke words of comfort to her. And it seemed to her that she was in heaven—for it was all so good.

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CHAPTER VI.

PARSNIP IS PLEASED TO JEST.

Sir Billy and Parsnip returned to town on the following day, having spent their brief holiday in a far more lively manner than they had for a moment anticipated they would do. Mrs. Soames intimated that she intended to look after the tramp girl. "I may be able," said she, "to get her a place of some sort."

The word "place" grated on Sir Billy's ears, but he made no comment. It was no business of his. It would, he told himself, be very kind of the "mater" to see the girl safely into a situation; many ladies in Mrs. Soames's position would not have troubled their heads twice about a ragged woman rescued from the highway, and, moreover, the daughter of a man suspected, if not of actual murder, at any rate of indirectly contributing to the violent death of a fellow-being.

Sir Billy's head was in a strange turmoil as he sat in the train and vaguely watched trees, meadows, and farm-houses appear and vanish as the express tore through the southern counties on its way to Paddington. A train is a good place to think in—and the quicker its motion the better. Parsnip lolled on the seat opposite, smoking a cigar and solemnly studying the poor jokes in a cheap comic paper. Sir Billy was born to worry a good deal. Parsnip troubled his head about few things. And so the two travelled to London—Sir Billy's brain busy with the events of the last two days—the flood, the girl, the mob; Parsnip's lazily occupied with low-flash humour, occasionally interrupted by a hunt for his match-box or the cutting of a fresh weed.

Presently he let his paper fall to the floor, stretched his long legs, and observed:—

"She ought to look doocid well in a cap and apron."

Sir Billy decided to ignore this remark. Parsnip, however, fixing his pig-eyes on his friend's face, insisted on an answer.

"*Oughtn't* she?"

"How do I know?" retorted Billy.

Parsnip gave a horse laugh, and picked up his paper again. As he turned over the pages he at intervals emitted a chuckle. He acted in this way with the direct intention of aggravating Billy, and he succeeded, for presently Billy said, quite savagely:—

"Look here, Parsnip, what's the matter? I don't think that girl's case is a laughing matter—whatever *you* do. Personally I'm very sorry for her."

"So am I," said Parsnip.

"Well, then," said Billy, "we'll agree not to discuss her."

"As you like," yawned Parsnip.

But when he got home he gave his sisters a highly coloured account of the whole adventure, causing Sir Billy to figure therein as a glorious and intrepid knight; he also referred in enthusiastic terms to the tramp girl's beauty, but tailed off his story rather unromantically by announcing that the young lady was going to be a housemaid as soon as her health permitted.

Much to his annoyance, Sir Billy was pestered

with questions about her when next he visited the Carews, and a temporary coldness sprang up between himself and Parsnip in consequence.

Of course, this was very absurd, as it was highly unlikely that either of them would ever see the tramp girl again; and, if they did, it was still more unlikely that they would become rival suitors for the hand of a housemaid!

Still, when a coldness arises between two young men friends, and the cause of it is a woman, it is only reasonable to suppose that one of them has a liking for that woman. Parsnip, in his nice way, had taunted Billy with being unable to get the tramp girl out of his head, a suggestion which Billy had indignantly repudiated.

"Then," demanded Parsnip, unconsciously thrusting home very hard, "why on earth do you lose your wool when I humbug you about her?"

Sir Billy having no immediate reply ready, Parsnip concluded with: "There you are—I'm right. You are still thinking of her—ha! ha!—and up to the time of that flood you were always chaffing me about being gone on girls!"

"Do you mean to suggest," demanded Billy, with a very red face, "that I have fallen in love with that poor creature?"

"She may have been a poor creature," returned Parsnip, in the tone of a connoisseur, "but she was a very pretty one. Did you happen to notice her eyes?"

"One couldn't help noticing them if one looked at her," said Sir Billy, indifferently.

"Ha! You acknoweldge that she had very fine eyes?" cried Parsnip.

"I don't acknowledge anything of the kind," replied Billy.

"Pooh! That won't wash with me. Now how about her hair? It was yellow, wasn't it?"

"It was black," said Sir Billy.

"Right—to match her eyes. And you wouldn't call her figure dumpy, would you? No—of course not! And she hadn't got bad hands for a housemaid—eh! Billy my friend," concluded Parsnip, with emphasis, "brief as was your acquaintance with the tramp girl, you fell in love with her."

"Parsnip," returned Sir Billy, whose cheeks were flaming, "you are an ass! Get out of my chambers or I'll kick you out."

But Parsnip, with a final laugh, preferred to go of his own accord.

Now the exchange of letters between Petershall and the Temple could hardly be called brisk. Mrs. Soames seldom wrote; Mr. Soames never. So quite six weeks elapsed before Sir Billy learned—in a casual postscript at the end of a letter from the "mater"—that the tramp girl was still at the solicitor's house.

"She is acting as a kind of companion to me, and I like her very much," was the conclusion of Mrs. Soames's postscript.

Sir Billy read those few lines over and over again. Then he put the letter in his pocket, and walked up and down the room in a most thoughtful manner. So the tramp girl had been metamorphosed into a "companion"—a young person who reads and talks and writes to order; who generally keeps herself very much in the background; and whose lot is not one to be universally envied, especially when her employer is a crochety invalid.

But, reflected Sir Billy, she was not, at any rate, a housemaid. He felt rather glad that she was not doomed to make beds and clean stairs for a living. He would see her again. Her home was his home! Well, what then? What difference would that make to him? Putting aside the rot Parsnip had talked, he admitted to himself that he admired the tramp girl—he meant Mrs. Soames's companion—not only because she was, well—good-looking, but because she had borne herself so bravely during the whole of the very trying ordeal she had passed through. Broke down once or twice, as any girl would have done under similar circumstances, but on each occasion had pulled herself together again very smartly.

"I suppose," was Sir Billy's concluding reflection, "that I shall see her again at Christmas."

Now it was all very well for Sir Billy to say that he—William Travers—had decided not to let his thoughts dwell upon this subject—meaning Mrs. Soames's companion—any more. A man, however strong his will may be, is not altogether master of his mind. He may fix his attention on his work, and do that work thoroughly; he may read a book, and enjoy that book; he may go to the play, and laugh as heartily as anybody in the house—but, whatever the efforts he may make to exclude some particular matter from his brain, that matter is bound to intrude itself on occasions.

The fact that this happened in Sir Billy's case indicated no weakness of character, or unhealthiness of mind on his part. He was going through a process that most men have to experience at least once in their lives. It was good for him, although, at the time, he did not feel that it was so; but it was—for it was helping to build him up and broaden his nature—helping, in brief, to make a man of him.

Mrs. Pix, his housekeeper, noticed a slight alteration in her master's demeanour. When she first began to wait upon him he was a particularly single-minded young gentleman, always sharp up to time for meals, ate well, and slept well.

"But lately," said Mrs. Pix, meeting Mrs. Vavasour in Garden Court one morning late in

November, "'is appetite's fell off a bit. Left a rasher yesterday, and 'arf 'is egg; to-day, only drunk 'arf a cup o' tea. If it goes on, Mrs. V., I shall speak to 'im on the subjick, for my feelin's towards that young gentleman are those of a mother—an' that I do assure you of, Martha Vavasour."

"An' wot," demanded Mrs. Vavasour, with a distinct touch of suspicion in her tone, "'ave you got in your bag this morning, Mrs. P.?"

"Wot's that to do with you?" returned Mrs. Pix, sharply.

"Nuthink—nuthink at all," returned Mrs. Vavasour, "on'y asked the question, like."

"That won't satisfy *me!*" exclaimed Mrs. Pix, angrily, "there was in your tone, Martha Vavasour, that wot would lead a stranger to suppose I 'ad in my bag that which I oughtn't to 'ave—which is a accusation I ask you to withdraw, Martha Vavasour, if you an' me is to remain friends."

"Harriet Pix," returned Mrs. Vavasour, touching her left eye with a corner of her apron, "why is it that you an' me so often 'as words! It ain't kind—it ain't good—it ain't nateral that two women of our age and 'sperience should fall out as we do."

"It is the fault, Martha," returned Mrs. Pix, "of yourself. You ask questions in a haggravating way, and there is the reason."

"Harriet," said Mrs. Vavasour, "I beg you'll forgive me. I know you 'aven't got nothing in your bag but what you came rightly by—just a bit of food that Sir William didn't want, bread that would go stale, milk that would go sour, and perraps a few cinders such as would otherwise be throwed away. I might 'ave knowed that before I asked. If you will forgive me, Harriet Pix, there is, not far from here, a 'ouse where the porter suits both our kinstitutions."

"Martha Vavasour," replied Mrs. Pix, not without emotion, "although you 'ave an unfortunit way of expressin' yourself, your 'eart is in the right place. And feelin' a little run down, I *will* just try a drop of porter, which it is very kind of you to perpose."

And so, though each woman knew the other to be, in her own small way, an accomplished stealer of trifles and teller of lies, they toddled out of the Temple side by side as if neither had ever, in the whole course of her life, said a single nasty thing about the other.

The dull pause that precedes the festivities of Christmas-tide was brought to an end by the hard frost that ushered in the morn of Christmas Eve. Then out came the enormous overcoats that give the wide platforms of Paddington such a seasonable appearance at this period of the year—together with the cosy coats and cloaks that dames and damsels don when the wind is in the east. Foot-warmers, rugs, big luncheon-baskets, brightly coloured periodicals, hampers, footmen doubling along in search of luggage, holly-berries in the refreshment-rooms, the pink noses of travellers, the jovial laughter and warm hand-clasps of bachelor uncles—are not all these Christmas-timely signs and tokens dear to those who love this annual festival?

Christmas sticks in the gullet of rogue, false friend, and traitor—this spell of peace and goodwill is not for such. If you can look back on your year and say that you have spent it well, having defrauded nobody, and done your duty like a man and a gentleman—then for you, good sir, Christmas shall be Christmas indeed, and your shadow shall never grow less if the world's good wishes can keep you well.

Mr. Soames, of course, did not know anything of the coolness that had arisen between his ward and his ward's chum, Parsnip. So, not wishing Sir Billy to be dull at Christmas time, he wrote and told him he might bring Mr. Carew down. Sir Billy conveyed Mr. Soames's invitation to Parsnip, who accepted it with alacrity. The Vicar of Petershall's second daughter was uncommonly good looking, and Parsnip had a great desire to bask in the bright sunshine of her eyes once more, he having met her in the summer.

"Well, we'll go down on Christmas Eve, old man," said Billy, with a tremendous attempt to be friendly. "By the 2.10, eh? Right! Meet you at Paddington at two."

They didn't find much to say to each other—these once fast friends—during the journey, and both felt relieved when they reached Petershall.

Mr. Soames was at the station to meet them. He called in at his office on the way home, and it was within thirty minutes of the dinner hour when they arrived at the house.

"Well, you'd better be off and dress," said the solicitor. "We've run it rather close, I see."

Both Parsnip and Sir Billy paid scrupulous attention to their toilet, and both quitted their bedrooms looking as if they had been turned out of band-boxes.

Sir Billy noticed in the drawing-room many changes for the better. Here and there, deftly arranged in pretty vases, were hot-house flowers; the ornaments on the mantel-piece were posed more artistically; even the cushions on the chairs seemed to have been arranged with an eye to dainty effect—a state of things absolutely foreign to Mrs. Soames's house management.

"I'm sorry to say that this must be an entirely male dinner party," observed Mr. Soames, as he joined the two young men. "But the fact is

Mrs. Soames has been very unwell all day, and Miss O'Malley is looking after her."

"Miss O'Malley?" Sir Billy looked inquiringly at his guardian.

"Certainly—Miss O'Malley—'Josie' we call her now—her full name being Josephine O'Malley."

"And who," asked Sir Billy, indifferently, "is Miss Josephine O'Malley?"

"Who? Oh, I suppose you have forgotten! Don't you recollect a certain young lady whom we discovered taking a nap on some sacks?"

"What—the tramp girl?"

reads well, and can talk about what she reads in an intelligent manner. I go up myself and hear a bit of the reading sometimes."

Sir Billy said nothing. He had observed that the tramp girl did not appear to belong to the usual run of such folk, but he never suspected her of possessing all these accomplishments.

"I told her I hoped she'd come down to dinner," said Mr. Soames, "and she promised she'd try. However, the time's going on—we'd better make a start."

THEN, WITH A BLUSH AND A SMILE, SHE TURNED AND SPED UPSTAIRS.

"Quite so. She has been reticent about her father, who, by the way, is still 'wanted'; but I have gathered from her stray remarks that he once held a commission in a cavalry regiment, and resigned it under rather peculiar circumstances."

"By Jove!" said Parsnip; "awfully romantic, eh?"

"I don't know," said Mr. Soames, "that sleeping under hedges and living on crusts is particularly romantic. It is, at any rate, a very undesirable way of passing the time, and so I am glad the girl is now safely housed. My wife has taken a great fancy to her—she can play and sing, and she

He opened the drawing-room door and walked into the passage. Billy and Parsnip followed him. As they passed the foot of the great oaken staircase there was a flutter of skirts, and somebody appeared just above them.

They both looked up and saw—a girl with jet black hair and black eyes, dressed as young ladies dress for dinner in quietly conducted country houses. She was pale, and still very slim, but singularly handsome.

Sir Billy hesitated, and then stopped.

She came down a little slowly. Mr. Soames stepped into the breach.

"You are going to dine with us, Josie?"

"No, I think I had better stay with Mrs. Soames. I was coming to make my apologies."

"Consider them made," returned Mr. Soames in his hearty way. "But mind—you must give us our breakfast."

"Oh, of course!"

She appeared to be uncertain as to what to do next. Sir Billy, therefore, ascended half a dozen steps and held out his hand.

"I believe we have met before, Miss O'Malley. How do you do?"

For a moment her fingers rested in his, though her murmured reply was inaudible. Then, with a quick blush and smile, she turned and sped upstairs.

Sir Billy did not talk much at dinner. Parsnip observed this.

"Fairly hit, by Jove!" murmured Mr. Carew over his coffee. "This is good. I must watch them. She will be on show in the morning, and so will he. I'll be down to breakfast early!"

R. S. Warren Bell

(To be continued.)

A Day of our Life at the "Shop."

By "G. C."

The Royal Military Academy, at Woolwich, or, as it is more familiarly known, the "Shop," is, as all the world knows, or ought to know, the training establishment for embryo sappers and gunners. The course extends over a period of two years, each year being composed of two terms. On joining, a cadet belongs to the "first term," and is vulgarly known as a "snooker." The senior cadets are in their fourth term of residence, and usually hold the rank of corporals. Both in summer and winter breakfast is at 7.15 a.m., when all the cadets take the meal together in the large dining-hall, with the exception of the corporals, who mess together in a separate hall. After breakfast comes study from 8.15 till 11.45, with a short interval of fifteen minutes at 9.45. The various subjects of study include Military Topography, Tactics, Artillery, Military Engineering, Mathematics, Electricity, Chemistry, French or German, and Freehand Drawing. From 12 till 1 p.m. the cadets take part in some out-door work, such as drills or riding. All the terms learn riding at the Artillery Riding Establishment, with the exception of the "snookers."

Lunch is at 1.15 p.m., and is followed by gymnasium, drill, or riding, though on Wednesdays everyone is free after lunch till 5.15, when there is more study till 7.15. After mess, which is at 7.30, there is nothing compulsory, and one can read, work, or play till "rounds," at 10 p.m., when there is a roll-call. All lights have to be out by 10.30 p.m., but this rule is relaxed in case of corporals, who can keep their lights on till 11 p.m. Two evenings in the week a portion of the Artillery Band comes up to the gymnasium and plays dance music for the benefit of those cadets who like to trip it. The sight must be droll to the outsider when two great hulking fellows waltz round the room together!

A curious rule at these impromptu "hops" is that no "snooker" may wear flannels, nor may he dance the Lancers unless asked to by a fellow in a senior term. Games are not compulsory, but in spite of this the football and cricket teams are quite up to playing good outside teams, such as Blackheath "A," Marlborough Nomads and London Scottish "A" at "footer"; and clubs like the Free Foresters and I Zingari at cricket. The Academy's greatest rivals at all sports are the Sandhurst cadets, with whom it can hold its own, despite their superior age. Corporals have the power of giving "hoxters" (defaulter drills) to any cadets in the first three terms. A "hoxter" means getting up at 6.30 a.m., and being drilled in full uniform till 7 a.m. Needless to say, it gives one a good appetite for breakfast, if it has no other advantages.

FROM FERRYBOY TO MILLIONAIRE

The Story of the VANDERBILTS

By A. de Burgh

HOW A POOR American boy made his family the richest in the world. That is the story we are going to tell.

At the dawn of the last century we might have observed, working hard on the farm of his father on Staten Island, a little boy, poor — very poor —but willing and ambitious. In this article we shall show what this little farm-lad, who became later on a ferryboy, accomplished during his life. The story is a true and noble one, and points a moral.

Some forty or fifty years after the discovery of the Hudson River, the Van Der Bilts (as they spelt their name then) came with the early Dutch to the New World. They settled by New York Bay, which then reminded them strongly of their home in the Low Countries—thousands of miles away.

Cornelius Vanderbilt was born in 1794, and as a boy used to assist his father in the primitive agricultural work on their farm. He was the second son, but, his elder brother having died when he had just passed his tenth year, he had the responsibility of an eldest son. He was fond of the water, but land work gave him but little chance to indulge his predilection. It is said "he was obstinate and disobedient, and hated to go to school."

COMMODORE CORNELIUS VANDERBILT.
Who made one hundred million dollars in sixty-five years.

He was certainly a remarkable youth, devoted to open air, hearty, hardy, and tall, a good oarsman and sailor. It is reported that he rode

an impromptu horse-race, bareback, before he was six years old. As he grew older he got to dislike farming more and more, and when sixteen years of age his mother gave him sufficient money to buy a boat. With this he commenced business as a ferryman between Staten Island and New York. He was now in his element, and his wonderful career begins from that time. After the first year of his work he returned to his mother the amount she had given him to buy the boat, and handed her besides $1,000 (£200) to take care of.

THE COMMODORE'S MOTHER.

In 1807 Robert Fulton launched the steamboat *Clermont* on the Hudson, and steamed toward Albany against tide and wind at the rate of five miles an hour. Simultaneously John Stevens successfully tried the *Phœnix* on the Delaware. With his wonderful foresight, Cornelius abandoned sails for steam, and soon we find him in command of one of the new steamers. He made a thorough study of the shape and equipment of the boats, found out and designed means to remedy their defects. His renown grew apace, and he made large sums of money. In 1853 the "Commodore" — by this name he was now generally known, being the head of a large fleet of steamboats—confessed to be worth eleven millions of dollars.

During the Civil War he distinguished himself by many patriotic actions, especially by the gift of the staunch steamship *Vanderbilt*, built at a cost of $800,000. A special medal was struck of solid gold bearing the words, "A grateful country to her generous son," and presented to him by Congress.

THIS IS WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT, WHO INHERITED NINETY MILLION DOLLARS.

In his sixty-ninth year the Commodore began to interest himself in railways. He invested a large part of his huge fortune in railroad shares, and bought the governing influence in various lines. When he went in buying right and left, the "knowing ones" exchanged pitying nods, and said: "His second childhood! This dabbling in railroads springs from the morbid, irrepressible activity of old age, and will end in his ruin."

But the prophets were entirely wrong. All his successes of former days were insignificant compared with those he had now. He found an excellent lieutenant in his eldest son, William, who, up to the present, had been farming. He acquired the New York Central Railroad and became its president. But we will not follow his fortunes any further; suffice it to say that he made $25,000,000 in five years, at the same time benefiting the community at large. The *New York Tribune* wrote of him: — "We fully recognise and pay tribute to his broad foresight, patient judgment, and resistless energy of will; and, in honouring him, we honour the commercial enterprise, commercial sagacity, and commercial success which make him the 'realised ideal' of more people than almost any other living American."

The colossal fortune the Commodore made was honestly come by, although he has frequently been accused, especially by socialists,

of having used sharp practices. We give here an anecdote which will show the opinion the public in general had of the richest man in the world.

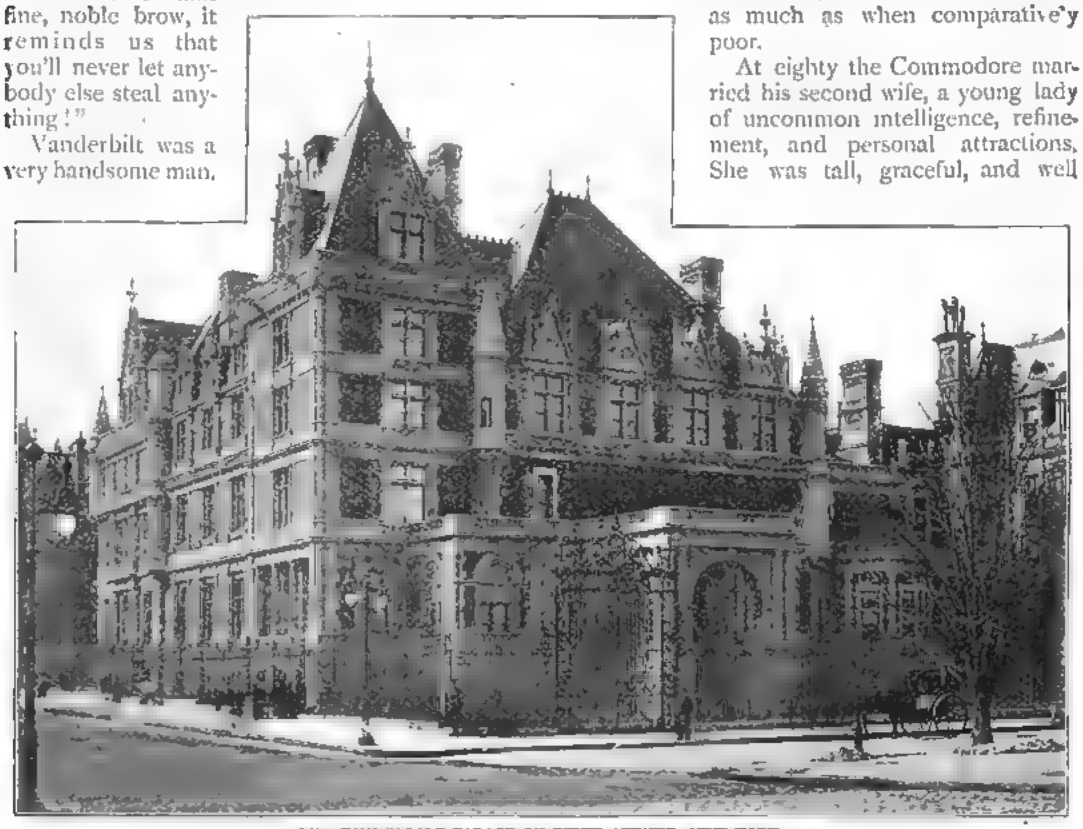
When Cornelius Vanderbilt's portrait first appeared upon the bonds of the Central, a holder of some called one day and said: "Commodore, glad to see your face on them bonds. It's worth ten per cent.; it gives everybody confidence." The Commodore smiled proudly—the only recognition he ever made of a compliment. "'Cause," explained the visitor, "when we see that fine, noble brow, it reminds us that you'll never let anybody else steal anything!"

Vanderbilt was a very handsome man. At eighty he was still as straight as a lifeguardsman, with the elasticity of vigorous manhood in his step. He lived a great deal in the open air, was very fond of driving fast trotters, and sported for years the best team that could be seen anywhere. His evening recreation was a game of whist, to which he was much devoted.

WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT DRIVING "MAUDE S." AND "ALDINE."
A mile in 2mins. 15½secs.

Like Astor, Drew, Richmond, and other wealthy men, he was close at a bargain, and watched carefully over the pennies. When his fortune amounted to more than fifty millions of dollars he economised as much as when comparatively poor.

At eighty the Commodore married his second wife, a young lady of uncommon intelligence, refinement, and personal attractions. She was tall, graceful, and well



THE VANDERBILT PALACE ON FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.
This is the most costly private residence in America. Six hundred workmen and sixty masons and sculptors were employed on it for about three years.

educated. The influence of the young wife over her husband was quite remarkable. She brought to the old man much happiness and

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT WOULD HAVE BEEN THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY HAD HE NOT MARRIED AGAINST HIS FATHER'S WISH.

solace during his remaining years; she introduced a new element of gentleness into his home and modified his character and habits. He yielded to the claims of charity, and he changed the rough language which he had picked up in his youth amongst farmers and sailors. He became more acquiescent and manageable. He ceased to attend "séances," and to communicate with some of his forebears as he was in the habit of doing. He went only rarely to the Manhattan Club, and even gave up his card clubs. His children were all married, and he had more than thirty grandchildren, to whom he began now for the first time to show genuine generosity.

For some years he had taken his eldest son, William H., into his confidence, and all railroad interests were now prosperous under their joint management.

The school of adversity in which he was trained—penniless boy, boatman, skipper, steamboat captain, ship-owner, etc.—had not turned his sympathies toward the weak. "Let others do as I have done," he said, "and they will not be around here begging." However, he gave royally where he thought it would be beneficial. He built and endowed the Vanderbilt University at Nashville, Tenessee, at a cost of £200,000.

After an illness of many months, Commodore Vanderbilt suffered a severe relapse on January 4th, 1877, and expired peacefully and apparently without pain. Exhausted Nature had gone to the long sleep.

Commodore Vanderbilt left over £20,000,000, eighteen millions of which went to William H. The second son, Cornelius J., received only the income derived from £40,000, which sum his elder brother increased to £200,000 a couple of years later. But Cornelius was not destined to enjoy his brother's handsome gift any length of time, for he died suddenly in 1882.

William H. Vanderbilt built the finest and most costly private residence in America. Six hundred workmen and sixty masons and sculptors were employed in its completion for about three years. He collected the finest paintings procurable in Europe, and there is no doubt that the Vanderbilt gallery has the best and most valuable private collection in the world—in fact, there is not a celebrated name of whom the gallery does not contain a work of art of the highest character.

William H. Vanderbilt, when quite young, had married Miss Kissam, of Brooklyn. He enjoyed his immense wealth and his palace only a few years, and died suddenly in 1887, having

THIS IS A PICTURE OF ALFRED GWYNNE VANDERBILT, THE PRESENT HEAD OF THE FAMILY. HE IS WORTH SIXTY MILLION DOLLARS.

during the ten years of his full independence doubled the fortune left him by his father.

Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt was a much happier

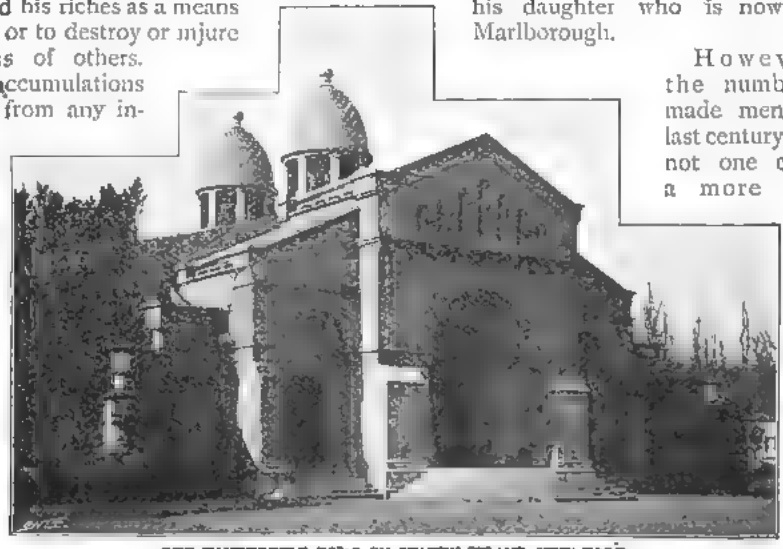
man upon his Staten Island farm than in his Fifth Avenue palace. His hobby, like that of his father, was fast horses. His great pride were "Maude S." and "Aldine," behind which in 1883 he took his fastest wagon ride—a mile in 2mins. 15½secs. This performance has not been equalled by any team.

At his death it was found that he had bequeathed about £400,000 to various charities; he added £60,000 to the endowment of the Vanderbilt University; he also built the tomb on Staten Island, which was not quite finished at the time of his death. It was he, too, who bore the expenses of the transhipment of Cleopatra's Needle from Alexandria to New York, where it is now erected in Central Park.

THE LAST PHOTOGRAPH EVER TAKEN OF THE LATE CORNELIUS VANDERBILT.
Photograph by Pach of New York.

Unlike his father, he always felt that his children had rights. He was kindly, conciliatory, and indulgent in his relations with them, and in the midst of the greatest affairs ever found time to look after their welfare and enjoyment, to bend to their humours and fancies, and to make their hours happy. Instead of fearing him they loved him.

He never used his riches as a means of oppression, or to destroy or injure the business of others. None of his accumulations were derived from any injustice to others, from conspiracies against associates, from crushing out the weak, but the humblest stockholder shared in equal proportion in whatever benefited the common property.



THE VANDERBILT TOMB ON STATEN ISLAND, NEW YORK.

William H. Vanderbilt was probably worth five hundred tons of solid gold when he died: so much money that he could not have counted it in ten years at the rate of a dollar a second if he had counted night and day. He never handled his money; he never saw it or was in its presence. In fact, he never had it. It was in the hands of strangers, and was used by them for their own benefit, paying him five or six million dollars a year for the privilege. But even of these five or six millions he never saw a tithe.

The three sons of William H. Vanderbilt who inherited the bulk of his fortunes were Cornelius, William K., and Frederick W. Cornelius, who was well known in London and considered the head of the house, died a short time ago, and his mantle did not fall upon the shoulders of his eldest son, Cornelius junior, who forfeited his position through marrying against his father's wishes. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, the younger son, who inherited more than £12,000,000, is now considered the head of the family.

William Kissam Vanderbilt is also a frequent visitor to England, and it is his daughter who is now Duchess of Marlborough.

However great the number of self-made men during the last century was, certainly not one of them had a more remarkable or extraordinary career than that of the founder of what is most likely the largest fortune in the world—Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt.

DESCHANTS HAD STARTED THE LOBSTER, AND WAS MAKING TOWARDS US. TOWLSON WAS JUST IN TIME TO SWARM UP A PALM TREE, BUT THAT AVAILED HIM NOTHING.—*(See page 137.)*

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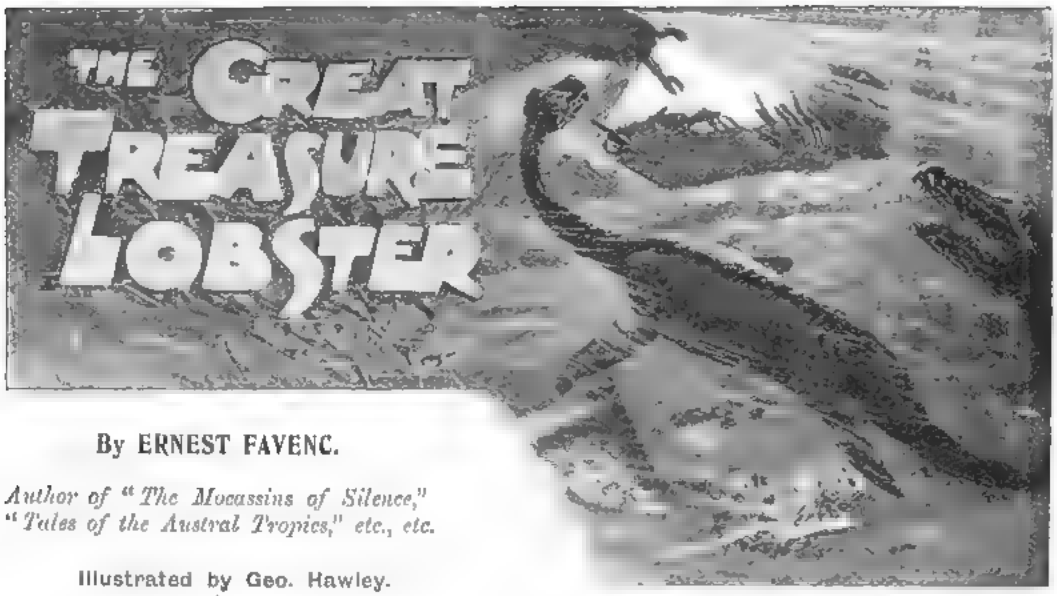


By ERNEST FAVENC.

Author of "The Mocassins of Silence," "Tales of the Austral Tropics," etc., etc.

Illustrated by Geo. Hawley.

PART II.

"FORTUNATELY, I have pretty stout nerves, and I retained my presence of mind, outwardly at any rate. How I really felt I leave you to guess.

"'Listen, Descrants,' I said, trying to reason with him. 'Let us go up above first and see the sunlight; I don't feel equal to joining that dinner-party just now.'

"'Why not? I've felt miserable enough these last few days; but now I'm well again. Help me to force the man-hole up, and we'll go to them. Don't be frightened of them, man—we'll be like them soon.'

"'There was no doubt we should if I didn't act quickly. I weighed the chances of a struggle with him; but that was doubtful—for he was as strong as I was, and had the strength of insanity to boot. Muttering to himself, and chuckling in a blood-freezing manner, he went to the man-hole. Then I saw my opportunity. He could never move the cover at the depth we were then—even if we both had had the strength of ten men we could not do it. I turned off the electric light, and started the pump—the pump that raised us to the surface. Black darkness shut down on that grim party in the cabin for ever, on the madman and myself—darkness that seemed like something real and tangible. I startled him for the moment, and that moment saved us. I felt that we struck something, probably one of the masts, so I knew we were rising. Then Descrants was on to me like a mad dog. I had hoped that the sudden shock of the darkness might have restored his reason, but it made him worse, I think. There we fought like two worrying wolves, in that awful blackness, to the accompaniment of the noise of the piston rods. That noise kept me up—if I could husband my strength, and keep him from damaging the machinery until we reached the surface, I might manage him. It seemed ages, centuries, before we came to the top, and there in that confined space we rolled over and over, and choked each other, and fought such a fight as never was fought before.

"Suddenly I could see a little, then plainer, plainer, and we shot up into open day, with the sun blazing through the bull's-eyes. I gave a shout of joy, breathless as I was, and with it mingled the whistling scream of the air rushing in through the waste-pipe to fill the exhausted tank. Such strength did the sunlight give me that I twisted Descrants on his back, and got my knee on his chest, with one hand on his throat. There was no help for it—I saw by the look in his wild-beast's eyes; I must stun him. A small spanner we carried with us was within my reach. Before he could throw me off I seized it, and struck him a blow on the head. He fell back senseless, and it was with a sigh of relief I got up and opened the man-hole, and put my head outside to recover myself. It was calm, and in the distance I could see the white line of the breakers of the Barrier; otherwise there was nothing in sight.

"I turned my attention to Descrants. He had a pretty good scalp wound, and I let it bleed,

thinking it might do him good. Then I fastened his hands and feet, and put him in as comfortable a position as I could, and tried to recover him. I succeeded after awhile, and when he had struggled a bit, and found it useless, he became quiet, and I dressed his head, and gave him a big drink of wine and water. I had decided in my own mind that the only thing to do was to make straight for Tiau Island, and try and nurse Descrants there. I had my position pretty well, so, shutting the man-hole, I went down five or six fathoms, and steered straight for Tiau.

"That was a nasty trip for a man who had already had his nerves pretty well tried, but fortunately it did not last long. Sometimes Descrants raved, sometimes he was sullen, and sometimes apparently sensible, begging me to release him. But I said, 'No, my boy! Next time you might come out top dog instead of me.' So I kept him tied up, and fed and nursed him, and looked after him like a mother, until we ran on the beach at Tiau Island.

"The natives came to meet me at a distance, but they wouldn't come close to help me get out Descrants; but I coaxed him into a good humour, telling him I would set him free as soon as we got ashore, and finally undid his feet, and he got out. As soon as he felt the land he turned quite silly, and commenced to laugh like anything. He was quite quiet when I let him go free, only loony—altogether loony. I saw there was no help for it—that I should have to finish the work by myself, for I never would trust myself with him again. I stayed some days to see how he shaped, but he was just the same—quiet, but silly and harmless. The niggers were not frightened of him, and I gave them some trade to look after him until I came back; and then I started for here, and have been working here until now."

"Do you think Descrants is safe with the niggers?" asked Campbell when the tale was told.

"Safe enough if he doesn't get violent, when they might knock his brains out to keep him quiet. But he won't do that. We'll find him there right enough."

We then proceeded to discuss our future movements. We had a very smart little lugger at the station, which could be brought through the passage to where we were. With this we could take the stuff to Tiau Island, and use the lugger for transhipping purposes afterwards. We agreed to make trial trips in the "lobster," and see how we liked it, and then one of us could go back in the dinghy for the lugger, and bring it down with a couple of the boys. There was a bit of a bight in the reef just behind the island that would hold her like a dock made to order.

Campbell and I tossed up who should go down first, and it fell to me. So just as the sun was sinking we sank as well—beneath the surface. I felt a bit queer at first, but the easy, confident manner of Vowlson reassured me, and by the time we got to the bottom I was just as happy as he was. That is to say, I pretended I was. At any rate, I had a good look round, to see as much of the bottom of the ocean as I could. As Vowlson had said, it was a very quiet place. There seemed to be an utter absence of everything but the comparatively smooth, white-looking bottom, and a shivery, misty-looking vapour—or, of course, what looked like vapour, but was really the effect of the brilliant electric light on the smooth water.

"Come and look at the ship," said Vowlson, and I went forward and squinted through the bull's-eyes. There she lay on even keel, but all the side opposite to us had been torn out of her by the monster nippers of the lobster, to give access to her hold. Behind her the reef rose up like a wall. While watching the strange sight I saw something on the wreck move. To see anything move in this sea of stagnant stillness was startling in the extreme. I directed Vowlson's attention to it, and he increased the volume of light by altering some arrangement of reflectors. We both watched attentively, for something was moving on the wreck—a naked man was seemingly climbing over it from the other side. As I stared with astonishment, I saw what looked like another nude figure coming over the far bulwarks, then another, and another.

"What is it, Vowlson?" I asked in a fright, for the thought struck me that these must be the ghosts of the drowned sailors, and I didn't like it.

"Hanged if I know," he said; "but we'll make it out directly."

Then, as I looked, I saw that these things were not naked men, but huge flesh-coloured snakes. They went crawling and writhing about the broken-up deck, growing bigger and bigger as more of their bodies appeared, and then a head and face looked over the side, and I nearly shrieked with horror.

Imagine the gigantic face of a wicked old man, hairless, with the flesh in folds and wrinkles. Imagine a huge beak planted between two fiery, savage, glaring eyes, and imagine from this loathsome, naked face sprung all the flesh-coloured snakes, writhing and twisting about, and you have the shuddering terror that had stopped to look at us.

I glanced at Vowlson, expecting to see him jump astern to start the machinery to fly up to

the surface, but he was merely looking quietly out of the bull's-eyes.

"What is it?" I gasped.

"It's a deep-sea octopus," he replied; "a creature whose existence is discredited, but we can see the thing for ourselves now."

"But I've seen an octopus. It's black, not that awful colour, and nothing like so huge," I protested.

"This fabulous creature, as they call it, lives only in the deep sea, and never comes to the surface; that's why it is bleached like that. It's a horrid-looking thing, I admit."

"Will it attack us?"

"I believe it's coming on with that very intention."

"Won't you go up?" I asked.

He looked at me contemptuously, and did not deign to answer. I turned and watched the brute, which was now evidently advancing towards us. The nearer it got the more horrible it was; its colour gave it a human-like aspect that was shuddering to look at. The repulsive-looking creases on its face and body moved and worked as it approached us, and I think those naked wrinkles and creases were nearly the most awful thing about it. But the eyes were devilish, and seemed to fairly blaze in the full glow of the light. Vowlson stood like a rock, one hand on a lever, watching it come on. Now the advanced snakes had reached us, and commenced to climb and twist around the body of the lobster. Of course we could not really hear them, but, to my heightened fancy, it seemed as though I distinctly heard their creeping claws round our casing.

And the head, with the flaming eyes, the great parrot jaws, and the naked wrinkling face came nearer and nearer.

I remember thinking that we were inside a walnut, and that our shell would be cracked and broken, when I saw Vowlson smile. He touched a button, and the pistons rose and fell.

THE LOBSTER'S NIPPERS SEIZED THAT HIDEOUS HEAD BETWEEN ITS JAWS.

The face was now close to us, the eyes glaring in the full light of the bull's-eyes. Vowlson pulled the lever over. The lobster's nippers seized that hideous head between its jaws, a rush of black water darkened all around, and we could see nothing through the bull's-eyes

but liquid night, with what seemed writhing, naked figures showing out now and again. We were moving; Vowlson was backing to clear those writhing arms. Back we went until the water grew clear again, and we could see once more. The lobster's jaws had done their work; the awful thing now trailed shrunken and dead, with its arms lifeless and quiet. Vowlson released the lever, the jaws opened, and the deep-sea monster dropped on the bottom. Then Vowlson broke loose.

"Isn't she a beauty?" he cried, insanely patting the side of the machine. "Isn't she a dainty darling? Bring on another octopus—bring on your sea-serpent—she'll tackle it!"

I really thought he was going mad, like Descrants; but I was relieved to hear him say, "Hand out that wine, old fellow; it's the only thing fit to drink her health in"—for I sadly wanted a nip. I felt when he said that that he was certainly not mad. We drank her health with three times three, and then we had a yarn over it.

When we had finished we went back to the wreck, for the water had cleared again; and taking two boxes, ascended to the surface with them. Campbell went down next. No adventure happened that trip, and during the next twenty-four hours we made several descents, and got up all the treasure there was. We then held a council as to our next proceeding; as to whether it would be better to go and get the lugger down at once and proceed to Tiau, or visit the two remaining wrecks that Vowlson had charted down. The big Spanish ship to the south Vowlson would not visit again on any account. The skeleton dinner party and the madness of his companion had evidently given even his iron nerves a turn.

We decided in favour of bringing the lugger down, loading her up, and going to Tiau at once, and seeing how Descrants was getting on. Vowlson offered to go up with one of us, whoever went for the lugger, as he wanted to see the inner edge of the Great Barrier, and the third man could stay on the island and wait there. Campbell and Vowlson, therefore, went up for the lugger in the dinghy, and I stayed on the island, with the lobster and treasure for company.

The treasure was right enough, but I never got reconciled to the lobster, much as I respected that machine. There was a solemn-looking air of dormant life about it that made me always expect to find it some day sedately walking about the island, musing on the follies of mankind. One gets these sort of thoughts when one has to keep a lonely watch on a little patch of sand, and listen to the constant boom, boom of the surf. I was heartily glad when I saw the lugger's sails in the distance. The two boys that Campbell had brought down ran below and hid when they first saw the lobster, and it was some time before we could reconcile them to coming close to it. However, we set to work, and soon had the bullion loaded, and then prepared to start for Tiau. Vowlson was going in the lobster; we were going to take the lugger across. The run there was a pleasant one, for the south-east monsoon was blowing, and the days and nights were fine and clear. We soon sighted Tiau, and, making for a little bight that Vowlson had told us of, dropped anchor, and went ashore. The lobster had not arrived; but we expected to reach the island before Vowlson, so were not alarmed for his safety. The natives recognised some words that Vowlson had taught us to repeat, and also our description of the lobster; so they became friendly at once, and from one of them, who could speak a little broken English, we inquired about Descrants. They managed to convey to us that he was still silly, and lived by himself on the other side of the island. We agreed that it was better to await the coming of Vowlson before disturbing him, so returned to the lugger to wait.

The next morning the lobster arrived, after an uneventful trip, and we went over to where the natives said we should find Descrants. He was sitting in front of a gunyah, built of boughs, looking idly out to sea and playing with some pebbles. He was crooning to himself in a low tone when Vowlson went up and spoke to him, and did not evince the least surprise at thus unexpectedly seeing his old comrade. He was a fine-looking man; but his eyes had a queer, furtive look in them, and he would not look up at you. He was dirty and unkempt, but the natives had kept him well fed, and he looked strong and healthy enough. He did not seem to be at all aroused by Vowlson's appearance, and we went away, seeing that our presence did no good. Vowlson seemed very downcast at finding his friend so bad, and once, as we walked back, he said: "I'm afraid I hit him too hard with that spanner."

Between ourselves I was afraid he had; but I didn't want to add to his troubles, so said nothing.

We came to the edge of the beach, and Vowlson was just saying, "I think I'll shift the machine out of sight," when we were startled by a loud yell, which was echoed in a frightened chorus from all sides by the islanders. We soon learnt the cause of it. The maniac had followed us back unknown to us, and now the sight of the lobster had brought on an acute fit. He dashed

past us, hurling Vowlson to the ground as he did so, and made straight for the machine.

"Shoot him! shoot him!" screamed Vowlson, picking himself up and racing in pursuit. Too late. Before we could fire, or Vowlson come anywhere near him, the madman had reached the machine, clambered in with the greatest agility, and closed the man-hole after him. Vowlson halted and ran back.

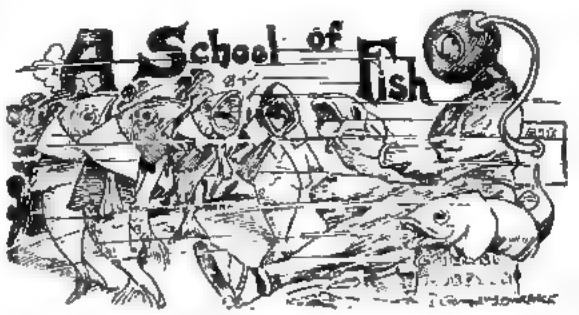
"Take to the bush!" he shouted, and we saw what he meant.

Descrants had started the lobster, and was making towards us. Vowlson was just in time to swarm up a palm tree, but that availed him nothing. Descrants, who, whatever his madness, possessed perfect command of the lobster, halted and wheeled the machine. The awful jaws closed on the tree, and in an instant it was twisted and torn down, and Vowlson flung sprawling, but unhurt, on the sand. Campbell and I could do nothing but look on in dumb terror of what was coming — for inside the cylinder the madman was impregnable. But the catastrophe was averted. Vowlson gained his feet before the fatal claws clutched him, and doubled short round behind them, as it were. Before we guessed his purpose, he had leaped on to the joint of one of the legs, and thence climbed to the top of the cylinder, where he was safe for a time.

Even with the danger overhanging us, Campbell and I could not help laughing at what followed, for Descrants, losing sight of his victim, turned the ungainly machine round and round, until it looked like a live creature looking for something it had lost. Apparently it became patent to the disordered brain that was guiding it what had become of Vowlson, for the lobster started straight for the sea.

"Pray goodness he does not sink the lugger!" said Campbell.

But this was not the motive. Descrants evidently meant to wash Vowlson off in the sea, where he would be an easy prey. The lobster headed for the mouth of the little bight, where there was a surf. I had great hopes that a resolute and ready-witted fellow like Vowlson would manage to escape somehow, and anxiously we watched the lobster and its rider.



The End.

A great wave met them as they entered the sea, and when we saw the lobster again Vowlson was gone. We saw the machine once or twice more, amongst the broken water; then it disappeared for ever from our gaze, and, so far, that is the last I know of the "Great Treasure Lobster."

Quietly and fearfully the natives came out from their hiding places, and went with us down to the beach to see if our friend's body was washed ashore. Suddenly a great cry went up, and away from one side came a staggering, dripping figure. It was Vowlson.

* * * * *

"Yes, that first roller saved me. I managed to dive into it, and he lost sight of me in the broken water, but I had a fearful job to get ashore; I got nearly washed out two or three times. If he had gone into smooth water in the bend I should have had no chance. But I'd just as soon be dead, for what will become of my machine?" and the strong man looked as though he would burst out crying.

"You can build another," said Campbell soothingly.

"Never such a little daisy as that. I tell you, man, she had a soul in her. Beames, you saw her stand up to that deep-sea octopus and crush it, didn't you?"

We got him up to the bushes, and camped there all night, and watched for the reappearance of the lobster, but it never came. In the morning Vowlson had regained his spirits, and we set to work making preparations for our departure. We had the treasure in the lugger, and we could recover that which was placed in another part of the Barrier by Vowlson and Descrants, so we came out of it very well.

* * * * *

What has become of the madman Descrants and the lobster? Did he go to join the dead company feasting under the sea, or is he still roaming about somewhere? His intellect had recovered sufficiently for him to be able to manage the machine; but might it not, irresponsible as he was, lead him to some terrible deed of madness. The idea of the most perfect and powerful submarine vessel ever built roaming the seas in charge of a maniac is not a reassuring one.

THE STAMP COLLECTOR.

By Edward J. Nankivell, *Editor of the "Philatelic Record."*

A NEW IDEA IN ALBUMS.

The album question is as old as stamp collecting, and the shadow of its interest will probably never grow less. It is, and ever has been, the most unsettled and unsettleable of all questions connected with stamp collecting. The first question that troubles the young collector is one of a stamp album, and the oldest and most experienced specialist, in moments of candour, will admit that he has not yet feasted his longing eyes on the ideal or perfectly satisfactory album. We are all at sixes and sevens on this vital matter. I have attended large meetings of great specialists when albums were very much in evidence, and I can scarcely recall an occasion when half a dozen collectors were displaying their treasures in similar albums.

Some mount their stamps in common memorandum books. I have seen priceless stamps so mounted. The owners are patiently waiting in sure and certain hope of the advent of the ideal album.

Others have books of a temporary character made to order. They, too, are awaiting the arrival of the ideal album.

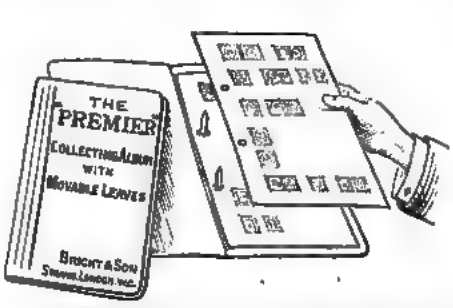
Others, again, make a choice from the many albums in the market, and with more or less resignation mount their stamps on their pages, but all the while they are afflicted with the fear that some better contrivance may tempt them to change before the process of hinging has been completed.

A friend of mine mounts his collection on cards, which he subsequently arranges in glass frames. In fact, the money spent on albums by great collectors would simply astonish the young collector. And can you wonder at it! A collection, the value of which is represented by hundreds, or it may often be, by thousands, of pounds, naturally tempts the proud possessor to spend a few more pounds in the endeavour to secure a worthy arrangement for its display.

PRINTED ALBUMS.

The young collector is more fortunate. He has a choice between several well-arranged printed albums, which act as guide, philosopher, and friend to him in the initiatory stages of stamp collecting. The best of these is, unquestionably, Stanley Gibbons' Imperial Album, which may now be had at very reasonable prices in separate volumes, one being confined to Great Britain and colonies, and the other to foreign countries.

But, alas! even these albums, because they provide separate spaces for all stamps issued, are a source of much secret sorrow. When a boy has only a few hundred, or even a few thousand stamps, the gaps that still remain to be filled are terrible public reminders of his shortcomings. They seriously damp the ardour of his philatelic enthusiasm. "Oh," says an admiring non-stamp-collecting friend, "you have not got the stamp that belongs to this space!" and it does not quite discount the depreciatory effect of the discovery when he explains that the stamp that belongs to that particular space would cost a small fortune. A blank in a stamp album has a persistent way of exposing one's weakness at every turn o a page. The pace at which rare stamps are getting rarer is very disheartening from the point of view of the space-filler of the printed album. Hence any new idea that will combine with other advantages the very desirable one of modifying the tell-tale of blank spaces must be a welcome one.



AN ILLUSTRATION OF MR. NANKIVELL'S NEW IDEA.

A CHEAP MOVABLE LEAF ALBUM.

I have happened quite accidentally upon such an idea. Some months ago I came across what is termed the "Stolzenberg file," which is an arrangement for keeping office letters, accounts, and other papers in an orderly manner. I bought a few of these files as an experiment, and, while filing away some papers, the idea occurred to me that the self-same arrangement would also most admirably serve the purpose of a movable leaf stamp album.

This file consists simply of stout manilla covers in foolscap, quarto and octavo sizes. Each file, or cover, has very pliable metal spikes or clips affixed to the back cover. Holes are punched in the leaves of paper, which are then threaded on to the

metal spikes. The spikes are then folded down, and the leaves are held securely.

I was so pleased with my experiment that I forthwith ordered a quantity of files, and I got from a stationer, as a first supply, a thousand leaves cut to size to fit them. My leaves are cut from paper ruled in minute squares, which we philatelists term *quadrillé*. The little squares serve as guides for the regular mounting of the stamps upon the page.

The more I use the covers the more I am convinced of their sufficiency for beginner and specialist alike. I have now over a hundred of these little volumes already in use in the making up of a general collection. I set apart a cover to each country, and if a country has several separate issues I allot to it two, or even three, covers, and label them "Vol. I.," "Vol. II.," and so on. All this may seem very elaborate and very costly to the beginner, but I mention my own method merely to illustrate the elasticity of the idea.

By the use of these files or covers you may collect just as you please. You may collect in the most simple and elementary fashion, or you may open out with all the elaboration of the advanced specialist, and the little files will still serve your purpose from start to finish. You may arrange and re-arrange your collection with the greatest ease. You may commence by collecting used and unused together, and you may afterwards separate them without trouble.

THE GROWTH OF A COLLECTION.

Let us trace the growth of a collection from the earliest to the most advanced stage. You get one file, or cover, with, say, twenty-four leaves. You intimate to your friends that you are sadly afflicted with the stamp mania and that contributions of foreign or colonial stamps, in large or small quantities, will secure for every contributing friend an abiding place in your affections. It is wonderful what an excellent beginning can often be made on these lines by a persistent but diplomatic beggar. I have known some splendid stamps fall to the lot of such collectors. In my own early days, by making friends of the receivers of foreign and colonial letters, and playing the part of the grateful recipient, I gathered together a very fine collection of early Australians and Colombians. I sincerely wish those early gatherings had not gone the way of most boys' stamp accumulations. The boy who swops his collection of postage stamps, and yet reaches manhood, never fails to regret his indiscretion.

The first contributions are, say, a few French and Swiss, some New Zealand and a few Indian. Place them between two clean and wet pieces of blotting paper, and let them soak till you can easily separate the stamps from the paper of the envelope. Then let them dry, and when dry affix your hinge to the stamp by wetting about the sixteenth of an inch of the edge of the hinge. Then hinge the French on one page, the Swiss on another page, and so on, keeping the stamps of each country on a separate page. At the start, never mind the order of the stamps on each page, nor the sequence of the countries. Wait till you have several of each country before you trouble to arrange them according to their denominations.

A catalogue will be necessary as a guide. The simplest will be the best to start, therefore get the "Universal Standard Catalogue," from Whitfield King & Co., Ipswich, price 1s. 3d., and at the same time, from the same firm, 1,000 mounts, price 6d.

As your accumulations increase you will be tempted to buy countries that are not to be had on the begging plan. Then remember that all common stamps are most cheaply purchased *in sets* of several values from most of the leading dealers.

RE-ARRANGING A COLLECTION.

When you have allotted and started all the leaves of your first cover, get another, and when you have allotted all the leaves of the second cover, you will have made a beginning with forty-eight different countries. Then you may loosen the leaves from the clips and re-arrange the countries in alphabetical order, and thereafter, as you open up new countries, keep to that order. Get more covers as you need them, and when the stamps of any country overflow their first leaf, you can easily provide for additions by inserting a fresh leaf after the first. Each cover will hold from forty to fifty leaves, but twenty to twenty-four will be found the more convenient number. When a cover is getting too crowded, separate the leaves into two covers.

The acquisition of early issues can also be provided for by the insertion of fresh leaves.

And so the collection is gathered together, leaf by leaf, country by country. It is opened out according to its needs to accommodate the fewest or largest number of stamps that may be amassed in any country. As the collector advances from stage to stage he may separate used and unused, and he may provide separate leaves for the display of strips or blocks, or the preservation of stamps on original envelopes.

OTHER ADVANTAGES.

In fact these simple files provide all the advantages of the costliest movable leaf album of the

specialist for a few pence or shillings. The leaves of the costly album are too expensive to be spoiled with impunity, but the refills required for these files may be had for a few pence per hundred. Even the best of the costly movable leaf albums seriously endanger the stamps by reason of the friction caused by the looseness of the leaves. In these files the leaves are held so securely that there is no friction whatever. It is true the file is more useful than imposing. But morocco bound albums, with heavy, hand-made paper leaves, gilt edges, and gilt lettering, and arms, crest, or monogram, may follow in due course, with age and acquired or inherited wealth, if desired.

As a specialist who has indulged in the morocco bound, heavy, hand-made paper, and gilt-edged variety, I am far more content with the neatness, usefulness, and elasticity of these simple files.

A concluding word as to where these files may be had. I have persuaded one firm of dealers to stock a supply of covers and prepared leaves. Messrs. Bright & Son, 164, Strand, London, will supply them at 6d. each, cover and leaves included.

NEW CATALOGUES.

Messrs. Whitfield King & Co., Ipswich, send us a very neatly got-up thirty-second edition of their "Annual Price List of Postage Stamps." It gives full particulars of a new series of variety packets, and a very exhaustive list of cheap sets. Under the head of each country is set out the values included in each set, and the price. As every collector knows, or should know, the "set" is the cheapest plan of buying the commoner class of stamps.

From Mr. Walter Morley, 15, Brownhill Gardens, Catford, London, we have a catalogue of V.R.I. issues of South African stamps in all their manifold varieties.

NEW ISSUES.

Amongst the more interesting of new issues are the following :—

Bermuda has issued a farthing stamp, surcharging the 1s. grey "½d." for a first supply.

CAYMAN ISLANDS.

Cayman Islands—a dependency of Jamaica—has issued, for the first time, a stamp of its own, viz.: ½d. and 1d. values, said to be intended only for local use.

Chili having run short of 5c. stamps has over-printed a number of the 30c. value with a big figure "5."

CHILI.

Sarawak has added a 1c. stamp to the current series. It is printed in blue, with the value label in red.

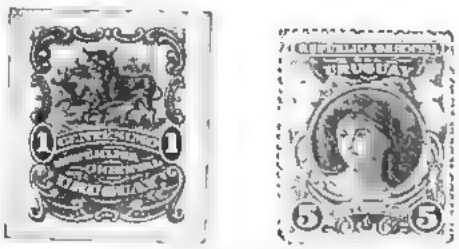
SARAWAK.

Spain has issued a full series of all values in a new design, which presents an older portrait of the young king. The values and colours are :—

2	cents,	grey-green
5	,,	dark green
10	,,	salmon
15	,,	blue-black
20	,,	olive-grey
25	,,	sky-blue
30	,,	pale green
40	,,	olive-green
50	,,	blue-green
1	peseta,	magenta
4	,,	dark violet
10	,,	bright orange

SPAIN.

Uruguay is giving us a very handsome new series, designed and engraved by Waterlow.

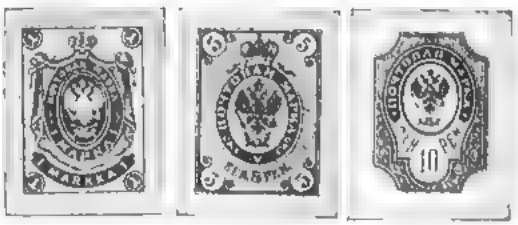


URUGUAY.

URUGUAY.

Three of this series have been received: 1c. green ("herd of cattle"), 5c. blue ("genius of Uruguay"), 10c. violet ("Commerce controlling the cattle industry of the country").

Finland has, after all, been permitted by Russia to have



FINLAND.

FINLAND.

stamps of its own instead of being compelled to use Russian. As will be seen from the illustrations, they very closely resemble the Russian stamps, the chief difference being that the values are expressed in Finnish instead of Russian. The stamps issued are: 2 pen orange, 5 pen green, 10 pen carmine, 20 pen blue, 1 mark lilac and green, and 10 marks black and grey.

NEW ZEALAND has inaugurated its courageous adoption of universal penny postage by the issue of a very pretty new 1d. stamp, in carmine colour,

NEW ZEALAND.

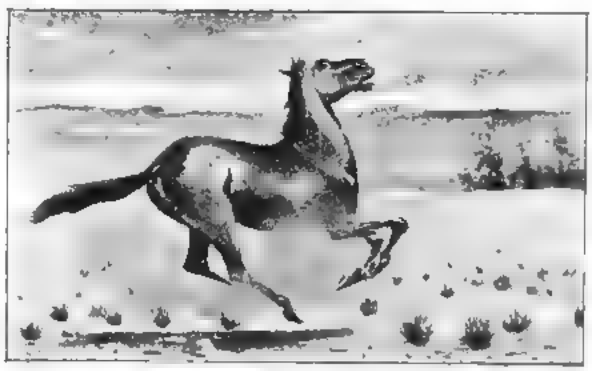
designed and engraved by Waterlow. It has also given us, by way of contrast, a locally designed and engraved 1½d. value to celebrate its participation in the South African war. This stamp has been nicknamed the "Khaki" stamp, for it is printed in khaki colour, and as will be seen from the illustration it has khaki soldiers in the design.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Natal.—The whole set of Transvaals, ½d. to £5, have been chronicled, but the 5s. and 10s. are now obsolete, and are selling here at 30s. each. The big stop after "I" of V.R.I., which you note, I believe, occurs in most if not all the values. So also the omitted stop. **V. R. I.**—Speculation in unused English about to go out of use is very risky, for it depends on to what extent dealers have stocked themselves. The green English does not seem to have been stocked to any extent, for dealers have sold out at 2s. 6d. each. It is impossible to say when the King's-head stamps will be issued. Some time this year, possibly. Queensland ½d. on bureté paper is worth about 2d. **F. J. D.**—Your Transvaals V.R.I. are current, therefore only worth about double face. **P. V. Y.**—Put your stamps between two very wet pieces of white blotting paper. Stamps printed in aniline colours, or in water colours, like Russian, and some current colonials, should never be immersed in water. Wet the backs only. Postage stamps used as receipts are of no value in a postage stamp collection. **E. S.**—The South Australia 2d. violet is the new colour of the current stamp. **L. S. D.**—Many thanks for your information; you will see we have already noted the Universal stamp. The error "Wakitipu" was a genuine one, but it's ancient history. **J. M.**—Of the Natal £1 and £5 there is only one type, which is known as the De la Rue type. The stamps are worth about £2 and £7 respectively.

FLIES IN AUSTRALIA.

THE eminent Norwegan naturalist, Lumholtz, tells us that life in Western Queensland during the summer is simply a struggle with the flies, and that he has heard such an expression as the following regarding them: "When I am about to sign a draft, I must have a man to fan the flies away and watch the ink-stand." In Western Australia, too, they are a great trouble, and goad the poor horses to madness. We have heard, indeed, of a horse upon a certain sheep-farm there being driven so frantic by them that he galloped clean over a precipice and was dashed to pieces at the bottom of the gulch.

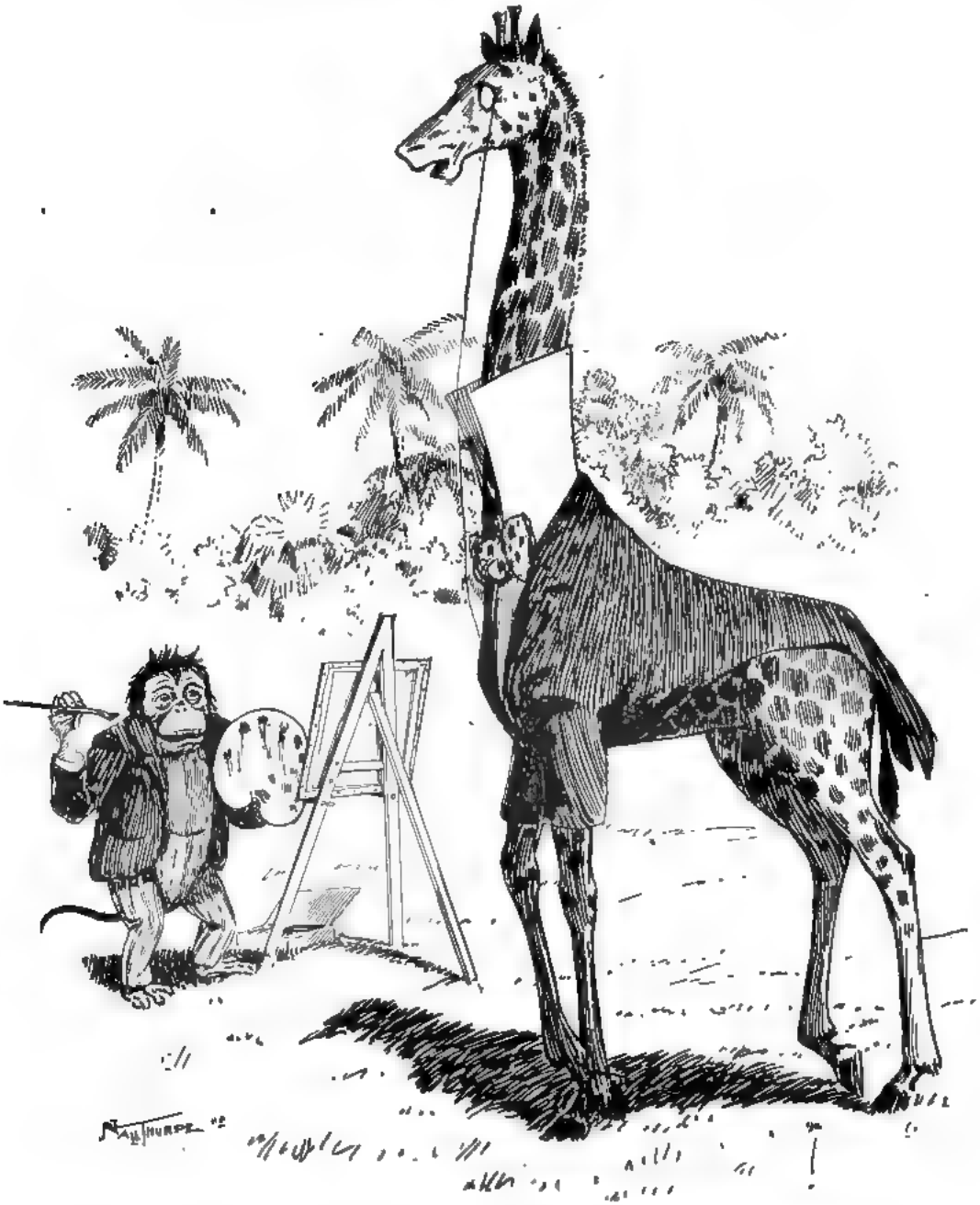


THEY GOAD THE POOR HORSES.
Drawn in Australia by Walker Hodgson.

Walking in Geraldton (Champion Bay) one day, a friend pointed out to us a young lady, remarking that she was decidedly the most beautiful Colonial thereabouts. And so she might be, only we could not judge, being unable to see her face. Why? She wore a hideous net, in order to keep away the flies. Oh, those flies! Who *can* find anything amiable to say of them, after causing beauty to hide itself in this way?

W. H.

WITH APOLOGIES TO MR. J——PH CH————N.



GIRAFFE: "I hope you will make it look distinguished."

ARTIST: "Distinguished? Why, I've only to paint an orchid in your coat and they'll think you're the Colonial Secretary."

HOW SPARKES KILLED A "VARMINT."

By H. Hervey.

Illustrated by J. Littler.

"That's all bosh! Tell your fellers to continue the work, and you'll follow. By your own showing you don't do more than a mile a day; so you can easily catch them up on your trolley. Besides, what do you want to stand over tree clipping for? Come on!"

Sparkes wanted me to accompany him off the main line into a hitherto *terra incognita*, twelve miles to the north, where an engineer of his company had commenced on a bridge, as the initial step in the construction of a branch single track

"But there's a Mrs. What's-her-name!" I objected.

"Mrs. Lynn? She's a ripper, and won't expect you to dress for dinner. Lynn is not half a bad sort, though a bit of a slow-coach, and both will gladly welcome us. He told me to bring you along—if I could catch you. Come on, confound you!"

As usual, there was no resisting him. So, after making the necessary arrangements with my men, we mounted a bullock cart, and took the accommodation road that had been literally hewn through as close a tangle of jungle as I had ever traversed. Gangs were busy with the earth work, cutting here, embanking there; while palmyra-leaf huts, nestling close on to the track, gave a comfortable touch to the scene.

The road was bad and miry, and our progress so slow that it was dusk when we arrived at the bridge. Lynn had just closed operations for the day, and met us at the approach.

"Delighted to see you both!" he cried as Sparkes introduced me. "My wife will be glad to know that you are armed."

"Why—what's the row, Lynn?"

"Do you remember our dog, Sparkes?"

"Fiddy? Rather! What about him?"

"Well, he is showing unmistakable funk. But my wife will tell you," he added as we reached his bungalow.

We had our tubs, dressed, and joined our friends.

"Now, Mrs. Lynn," commenced Sparkes, as we seated ourselves at the dinner table, "what's this about Fiddy?"

"Something very strange. Since we've been here he has taken to cowering and howling at odd times. Look at him now!"

We did. No doubt the terrier laboured under some abnormal fear. He squatted on his hams, trembling violently. He looked up at us wistfully, every now and then cocking his ears and gazing at the doors, with apprehension plainly written on his canine features.

"He has been scared," I remarked, patting the dog.

"That he has! I wonder what has caused it?"

"He must have seen something," observed Lynn.

"Seen old Nick," laughed my chum. "Hang it! What could he have spotted to unnerve him like that? He's afraid of no mortal thing!"

"Making his present behaviour all the more inexplicable," said Mrs. Lynn. "We have not heard or seen the least sign of wild animals; our natives say the same."

"Well, there's no smoke without fire, so there must be something; and, with your permission, Mrs. Lynn, we'll ferret it out for you."

"Fiddy may howl during to-night," observed the lady.

"Then lend us a couple of hurricane lanterns; we'll slip out and investigate as soon as the dog begins his rumpus."

Sparkes and I lay awake on our beds fully dressed: all was silent, and we strained our ears to catch the slightest sounds. In spite of what we had been told, we believed that felines haunted the place; we expected at any moment to hear them prowling round outside. We had closed the doors; we had no light, and lay

sweltering in the muggy night air with our loaded rifles by our sides.

Presently Fiddy's howl echoed through the house.

"There he is!" whispered Sparkes. "Come along! let's go out."

Grasping our rifles we cautiously stole forth into the verandah; while the dog, hearing our footsteps, set up a hysterical half-bark, half-yap of alertness.

"Lie down, you brute!" admonished Sparkes in a hoarse whisper, and immediately Fiddy relapsed into silence. "Hanged if I see anything—do you?" he asked, after we had peered about for all we were worth.

"No; but what's that smell?" I murmured, sniffing.

Sparkes sniffed, too. "By Jingo, yes! Fusty sort of stink. What is it?"

"Not tiger; that's certain," I replied.

We sniffed and peered, but gained nothing either way.

"I don't half like this," muttered Sparkes. "Let's light the lanterns and look round the enclosure."

We ignited the hurricanes, and with cocked rifles at the trail out we went. We quartered the ground, but saw nothing; we approached the low mud boundary wall, the strange odour becoming more powerful as we advanced. We were nearing a large "banyan" tree, with boughs depending into the enclosure, when suddenly the foliage above us was violently agitated; then again silence! But while we gazed at each other in mute inquiry we noticed *that the sinister, fungus-like odour no longer assailed our nostrils!*

Tongue-tied, we retreated and regained our room; all was still, Fiddy included.

"Now, what the dickens was that catawampus? I felt my liver turning white as it skooted off."

"Ditto," I replied.

"It must have been a feline of sorts, Hervey!"

"My dear fellow, the smell was not that of cat in any shape; and directly it quitted the smell went with it."

"It did, I admit. Then let's ferret it out by daylight; for I am hanged if I don't feel too creepy to do any more in the dark!"

Next morning we told our story. Lynn—one of your plodding, scientific cranks, wedded to his profession—was not greatly interested; but his wife listened with rapt attention, and dwelt on Fiddy's remarkable quiescence after Sparkes chid him.

"Depend upon it that that catamount is the cause, Mrs. Lynn. Fiddy must smell it, and gives tongue only when the brute is close by."

"What will you do then?" inquired our hostess.

"See if we can't spifficate the ugly thing," laughed Sparkes. "No use asking you to join us, you old stick-in-the-mud, is it?" apostrophizing Lynn.

"No possible use whatever," grinned the engineer, rising to go to the works.

Advising Mrs. Lynn to remain indoors, Sparkes and I, shouldering our rifles, set out on our quest; Fiddy, after a little persuasion, followed us, but strictly "at heel." We climbed the banyan, but found no traces of the late occupant that had given us both such a turn. Descending, we penetrated further into the jungle, purposing to circuit right round the bungalow. We were pushing our way through the tangle when Fiddy spurted to the front; we hastened after him, and under a large tree we found the dog racing and capering like mad round something on the ground. That something was *the shed skin of an enormous snake!*

"My aunt!" faltered Sparkes, looking fearfully about. "Take care, it may be close by somewhere!"

"No," I muttered, pointing to the dog; "if it was, Fiddy would howl and turn tail. It is the skin of a python, Sparkes, shed some days. I've seen this before, in Bengal, and witnessed a tussle between one and a couple of elephants."

"By golly!" taking up a cylindrical section of the discarded epidermis, "it would go on my thigh! What length would it be?"

"They sometimes grow to over 30ft., with a girth equal to a man's body; the one this belongs to I should say measures quite 20ft. Their movements are like lightning, and though shy of people in numbers, they'll attack single individuals or even small parties, and I shouldn't wonder if—if——"

"What?"

"If the late tenant of this débris," kicking a piece of the skin as I spoke, "were the cause of upsetting the dog, and the thing we disturbed last night."

"Then it is all accounted for, except the smell—what of that?"

"Emanated from the same source; all these large snakes give out a sickly odour—so I've read and so I know."

"Come on, then, let's be acting! 'Twill never, never do to leave Mrs. Lynn with a gruesome 'varmint' like that sneaking about the place!"

"Why not pass the business on to Lynn, the right man?"

"Oh, he be shot! I verily believe that, were the snake to cross him on his way to work, he'd

step over it and let the beast slide, for fear of being late in calling the muster-roll."

Mrs. Lynn came out into the verandah as we re-entered the enclosure.

"We've cornered it, Mrs. Lynn!" cried Sparkes, cheerily. "But you mustn't be alarmed; we'll try and rub the brute out before we leave. It is a python. But don't you fret, my dear lady; we will settle its hash for you!"

We retired to our rooms to consult, and finally decided on trying to decoy the python within sight and range.

his new surroundings, and that his cry would probably lure the snake to him. Fastening twine to one of his legs, we picketed poor chanticleer on the mud wall just under the banyan tree. This done, we "cached" behind some bushes growing in the enclosure, keeping watch with rifle in hand. The cock presently flapped his wings and crowed lustily in response to a similar call from the outhouses. We made ourselves comfortable, squatting cross-legged, and maintaining a bright look-out. Hours passed: Mrs. Lynn took an occasional

THE AWFUL SHAPE OF A GIGANTIC SERPENT SEEMED TO DART AT THE [illegible]

"Where cats have nine lives," said I, "these reptiles have ninety. The head is the only fatally vulnerable part, and even when wounded they streak about like blue blazes."

"Then we'll try the head. Now for the bait!"

Getting the natives—nine-tenths Hindoo snake-worshippers—to help us was out of the question; so we had to depend upon ourselves. Proceeding to the outhouses, we captured a young cock, which we knew would set to and crow as soon as he recovered his equanimity in

peep at us through the barred windows; but nothing else happened. We were losing patience; it would soon be tiffin (luncheon) time, and we were at last thinking of abandoning the watch *pro tem.*, when again that sickening effluvium, and—hark! a lugubrious howl from inside the bungalow, followed by Mrs. Lynn's appearance at the window, her face wearing an expression of fearful import! We clutched our pieces and kept our eyes on the wall; the cockerel was pluming himself. Suddenly he became alert, and gave the gallinacean note

of alarm, frequently throwing his head on one side and glancing above him. We followed the direction; for a moment we saw nothing; then, just as we made out an abnormal excrescence on an upper branch, there was a violent oscillation of the foliage, and before we could even wink—before the cock could utter another sound—the awful shape of a gigantic serpent seemed to dart at the bird, and, ere we could rise to our feet, was gone! Springing up, we dashed forward; we scrutinised the tree above us; the snake was not there. Rushing to the wall we looked over, and were able for a second to see the monstrous form scuttling away at incredible speed towards the thicket, in which it disappeared.

"Confound the thing!" fumed my chum. "Talk of satanic cunning, eh?"

"Too sharp for us. We must devise some other means," I remarked, as we turned to go back.

"Don't they become torpid, or something, after gorging themselves?"

"So they say; they engulf their prey whole, and then lie up lethargically till it is digested."

"Then, hang it! let's give this beggar a thundering big feed, and dance upon him while he's having his post-prandial nap!".

"What can we blow him out with? The only bullocks are those on the works—and catch Lynn breaking a yoke for us!"

"Bullock would be too large, man! Let's try a goat."

"Bunkum!" I laughed, "and the largest about the size of Fiddy! A goat won't stuff the brute's gizzard to the extent we require."

This was a fact; the goats of those parts are of a stunted breed.

"Twenty goats, then!" he replied, impetuously. "I saw lots among the labourers' huts, and we'll buy them all if it comes to that."

Without stating the purpose for which required, we succeeded in purchasing six "billies" for a few annas a head. In spite of our caution, curiosity had been aroused; so we indented on Lynn for some Mahomedans, and cordoned them round the bungalow on the side leading to the works, and opposite to the scene of our intended operations. Then we tethered our flock to the verandah posts, and, commandeering tools from Lynn's store-shed, we dug a short 2ft. trench just inside the wall, to allow of our conveniently taking cover behind it. Then, with crowbars, we loop-holed the wall itself, to enable us to command the jungle beyond, and fire through if necessary. Returning, we took six tent-pegs, also a mallet, and, leading the goats by their strings, we picketed them beneath a tamarind tree that stood some twenty yards away in the forest, accomplishing which, we hastily retreated, regained our trench, and watched, with our eyes glued to the loop-holes. No sooner left to themselves, than the "billies" commenced bleating. We were glad, for the sound would tend to attract the python if it were anywhere in the vicinity. Time passed; it got on towards evening. The goats' plaintive bleating continued; we were beginning to weary of its monotony, when suddenly the cadence changed to that of terror. The enemy had come! We looked. Sure enough, there it was, the prehensile tail wrapped round a nether limb of the tamarind, the hideous trunk, ending in the squab, lozenge-shaped head, hanging vertically festooned above the wretched goats, which seemed paralysed; for they had ceased to give tongue, and cowered together in a trembling group. After hovering and "playing" over its victims, the reptile selected one, and, with lightning-like rapidity, threw several coils around it. The length trending up to the branch seemed to contract; a sickening sound of crushing, followed by one lamentable yell from the goat, struck horror to our souls. Then there was silence! Presently, with a series of undulations, the snake paid itself out from the tree, and, loosing hold, the tail came to the ground with a thud.

Now, bringing its wonderful powers of deglutition to bear, the reptile opened wide its jaws, closed them on the goat's head, and then, little by little, aided by many muscular actions, it engulfed the entire carcass! Fascinated, horrified, yet interested, we looked on. We might have fired there and then; but we postponed doing so till we had the quarry more completely in our power; he had not finished his meal yet. Fortunate that we did not shoot; for now the python climbed the tree and ensconced itself among the branches, where we still saw it plainly. We had noticed that its movements were not so agile as heretofore: with an entire goat—though small—still plugging its esophagus, it was handicapped, and locomoted with comparative difficulty. However, after lying quiescent for some time—by which we supposed that the poor "billy" had reached the stomach—the reptile woke up, and the scene that we had just witnessed was rehearsed; another victim destroyed, lubricated, and engulfed! We looked to see the snake again make for the tree; it tried, but after repeated attempts failed to "catch-on." It crawled sluggishly and inertly about the ground, two protuberances down its length indicating the position of the two goats that it had "bolted." The serpent now seemed to accept the inevitable, for, selecting a comfortable spot—still under the tree—it coiled up,

and appeared to compose itself to sleep. *Now was our time!* Cocking our rifles, we stole round through the gate, and making a détour, so as to keep the tamarind trunk between us, we cautiously approached the monster. It had made a perfect coil, and the head was tucked under one of the rings! In our ignorance of the python's habits we had not bargained for this; we had expected to get a clean shot at the head; and now we were baffled!

"Where's the blessed head?" whispered Sparkes, savagely.

"Shoved in among the coils—but don't let's wait for it to show; we'll disable the brute first, and smash it up afterwards!"

"All right! You take the bottom coil, I'll take the top—say when!"

I confess that we were "shaking all over"; not from funk—or we had not been there—but from sheer excitement, this being a new experience, and our enemy far more weird and uncanny than the veriest man-eating tiger that ever walked. Tottering down on to our left knees we poised our Martinis.

"Ready?" I murmured.

"Aye!"

"Fire!"

The dual crack was followed by a hurly-burly that beggars description. The smoke lifted, and there was the python whipping about among the four wretched goats, tying its huge self into writhing knots, hissing like a steam engine; its eyes flaming, its forked tongue slipping in and out of its hideous jaws; undulating, wriggling, and cavorting all over the place! In half a dozen pairs of gaping wounds we saw where our shots had pierced through and through; still, even thus maimed, we were convinced that had the python not been weighted by its huge meal, these injuries would not have prevented it from catching and crushing us in its folds, or escaping into the thicket. It was an awful scene! Slapping in cartridge after cartridge we fired again and again into the snake's body; but the shots seemed only to rouse it to greater activity; for now, having seen us, it came wriggling and squirming in our direction. We retreated, blazing away, and riddling the beast again and again. At last it paused, as if from exhaustion, and laid its flat head supinely on the ground within a few feet of us. Sparkes instantly

THE DUAL CRACK WAS FOLLOWED BY A HURLY-BURLY THAT BEGGARS DESCRIPTION.

seized the opportunity. Steadying himself —"Take that, you brute!" he cried, firing, and sending his bullet clean through the head!

Enough! The huge body continued its contortions, but they were only the death-throes. Sparkes had given the snake its quietus with his last shot, and we were the victors! We waited patiently till movement had entirely ceased, and then approached. The snake was lifeless; but now, while we were examining the head, something glittered.

"Hullo!" ejaculated Sparkes. "What's that shining?"

I turned over the head with my foot, and there, in the nether part of the upper lip, was a metal ring, in which glistened what looked like several precious stones.

"What!" shouted my chum. "Have we killed a menagerie or a circus snake?" as we gazed at each other in amazement.

"Whatever it is, let's get out of this," I said as soon as I recovered speech. "We can examine the thing at the bungalow."

Unshipping our rifle slings, and hitching them on to the python's tail, we managed after incredible exertion to "tote" it back to the house. We were not prepared for the ovation awaiting us there. Lynn's entire working staff had crowded up from the bridge, attracted by our prolonged fusillade; and when they beheld the result, even the most ardent snake-worshippers among them shouted in praise of our exploit. The only dissentient voice was Lynn's. He called us idiots for risking life in such a foolhardy venture; but Mrs. Lynn was more appreciative, and thanked us with tears in her eyes. Fiddy rejoiced most of all. He jumped about, making ferocious grabs at the dead serpent's tail, and then rubbing himself frantically in the grass after each attempt. A tape measure proved the python to be 22ft. long, with a circumference of 24ins. at the thickest part (not taken over the goats inside it). The skin was too much damaged to be worth preserving. So after cutting out that lip ring, we ordered the snake to be buried. Whereupon the snake-worshippers stepped in, and, begging the body, they erected a funeral pyre, on which they duly cremated the hideous carcass to the accompaniment of much music, that lasted far into the night.

We notified the Press of our achievement; not omitting to mention the finding of the lip ring; and shortly afterwards an educated "Native Thinker" wrote to the papers, saying he knew of a tradition existing in a native town some fifty miles from the scene of the "kill," to the effect that during the early part of the century, a young python had been captured in the temple of the God Parameyshwur, coiled, in fact, round the neck of the deity himself.

Taking this as a good omen, the townspeople determined to cherish the reptile in honour of the idol. They accordingly adorned the baby snake with a gold bejewelled ring, and installed it in a strong wooden pen, placed in the holy of holies, cheek-by-jowl with the image. The serpent grew and grew, till it became too big for the pen; they constructed a larger one; and it was in the process of getting the python to move into its new cage that it escaped. "The snake, then, that the European gentlemen killed," continued the correspondent, "must undoubtedly be the same; its age at the time of its destruction was close upon seventy years; it has been a free wanderer in its native haunts for that period, and met its death at a spot more than fifty miles removed from the holy sanctuary where it passed its infancy and adolescence so peacefully."

THE WOLF-BOY

By
E. Cobham Reynolds

Author of "Jungly," "The Tiger Tree," etc., etc.

* Illustrated by the Author.

I.

WE were doing a week's pig-sticking in the province of Oudh, in north-western India, FitzPatrick, Morrison, and myself. We had very nearly exhausted the sport in our vicinity, having picked the largest boars from the numerous sounders that we found in the neighbourhood, and our spoil of heads and tusks was something magnificent. One morning we went out with great expectations, but drew a perfect blank, the large sounder we were after having got into some bad ground before we could come up with it—ground quite impracticable to horsemen. We were almost resolved to have a race for a little excitement, when we spotted three wolves sneak out of a patch of sugar-cane and make for the open at an easy trot. There were quite three miles of flat country, in the direction they were going, before they could get to any cover. The idea occurred to us to run them down with our hog-spears, although there was as little hope of success as might be expected in chasing a rabbit in the same way. But it was the headlong gallop at top speed that we were eager for in the cool morning air. So, having let the quarry get well out into the open and away from the sugar-cane, we set spurs to our mettlesome little steeds, and were soon flying over the plain at a pace that made the blood dance in the veins, and the very brain seem intoxicated with the exhilarating pleasure of rapid motion.

The Indian wolf is extremely fleet, and though it appears to run with a slow, easy gallop, yet sportsmen know it is a pace that few horses can come up with, while the wolf can keep on untiringly for hours.

I forged ahead of my companions, and approached nearer to the wolves, upon which they lazily separated. I selected one, an old she-wolf which I thought limped; besides this, it ran a good way behind the others. For the first two miles she easily kept some ten yards ahead of me, but after this she began to show unmistakable signs of distress. She became very lame, her tongue hung out of her mouth, and her pace slackened considerably. I put on a spurt, and gradually got up to within a spear's length of her. I was quite confident now I could run her down before we covered the last half-mile separating us from the low sand-hills and scrub jungle that bordered the plain. I grasped my hog-spear with a firmer hand, and leaned forward in the saddle. The span of shining steel was quivering within a couple of feet of the brute, when suddenly the wolf vanished from the plain. My horse flung himself back on his haunches with a violence that almost ended in a somersault, and not a second too soon, for, yawning under

* To those who have read Kipling's "Jungle Book," and been delighted with his beautiful ideal wolf-boy Mowgli, this description of a real wolf-boy will bring an unpleasant shock. The author would have shrunk from painting a picture of such a crude specimen of humanity merely to create a sensational tale, but the sad fact is that many such wolf-boys have existed, and do exist at the present day in India, the author having seen two reputed wolf-reared children himself. In this tale, which is founded on fact, he has omitted much which, though interesting from a scientific point of view, might hurt the more sensitive of his readers.—E. C. R.

his feet was a dry nullah, with precipitous sides, full 30ft. deep, and cut so cleanly across the plain that it was impossible to detect its presence a few feet away. At the same moment a taunting laugh rang out upon the silent air—the laugh of a demon or maniac, blood-chilling and weird. The nullah was in very sandy soil, and sheaves of sword-grass thickly covered the steep sides, while here and there were visible the large dark mouths of holes burrowed into the bank by wolves. I looked in vain for the source of the horrid laughter which had so scared me, and, seeing nothing, concluded it was the laugh of a hyena. My wolf, which had disappeared from sight for a moment, I now saw running along the bottom of the nullah, when suddenly a curious creature sprang up from a small pool, where he had been drinking, and came to meet her, exhibiting the greatest manifestations of delight at her return, rubbing itself against her caressingly. It was a hideous thing, this other brown body, and ran with an awkward, shuffling gait that reminded me of the Bornean bear. Its head and neck were covered with a mane of dark brown hair, which also seemed, at that great distance, to scantily cover the rest of the body, but it had no tail. Familiar as I was with every denizen of the jungles, I was astonished beyond measure at seeing this animal in company with a wolf, that belonged to no order of mammalia that I knew of. After running a little distance the wolf turned round and stared up at me, and the thing along with it got up on either its hind-legs or its knees, which seemed, somehow, a posture in which I had never seen an animal before. The wolf gave a short yelp of defiance, and this curious creature first grinned and jibbered like an ape, and then uttered the long-drawn, dismal howl of a wolf; but there was a something strangely human in the sound. They then turned and plunged into the long grass, and were soon hidden from view.

I GRASPED MY HOG-SPEAR AND LEANED FORWARD IN THE SADDLE.

What could this curious creature be which looked half wolf, half ape? Not a hybrid, surely? Had India possessed any of the large anthropoid apes, I might have entertained such an idea.

Unable to withstand my curiosity on the subject, I dismounted, tied my horse to a small camel-thorn bush, and, with my hog-spear in my hand, cautiously descended the loose, crumbling sides of the nullah, which task, though difficult in the extreme, was at length accomplished by the help of my spear and an occasional clutch at the sword-grass, which gave my fingers many a nasty cut. My object was to examine the tracks made by this unknown mammal. Then I approached the muddy pool, which was thickly surrounded by the footprints of jackals, wolves, and hyenas. The pugs of a very large panther which I saw would have, at any other time, interested me, but I had eyes for nothing so trivial just now, for there before

me lay the curious footprints of the brute I had seen.

Here I try and reproduce for the benefit of the reader a faded pencil-drawing of the foot-prints made on the spot. The page of the pocket-book is stained and yellowed by the passage of a score of years, but no miser ever

THE TRACKS OF THE WOLF-BOY.

hoarded his gold with greater care than I do this scrap of paper.

The fore-feet left the impression of a hand with four long fingers and a thumb. But in place of the short, clumpy thumb of the ape, appeared a long open spread thumb much more like that of a man. But it had none of the delicacy of the human hand, for it was distinctly of a padded formation. I was still more greatly puzzled by the tracks of the hind-legs, which were mere oval impressions, with a curious trail extending back from them that I could make nothing of. I executed a careful drawing of the foot-prints, but I was in as great a fog as ever. I had often heard of, and seen in museums, strange monsters, which, while the undoubted offspring of animals, had borne in one way or another a partial resemblance to the human form — freaks of nature which came into existence but to expire. Could it be one of these which had escaped the usual fate? I did not know what to think —my brain seemed to reel with these strange conjectures. "Oh, that I could solve this horribly fascinating mystery!" I mentally exclaimed. And, as if in answer to my wish, again there came through the long grass that same horrid laugh, which I could have sworn was human, had it not been so singularly mirthless; and it was followed by a succession of laughs, each more unearthly and blood-freezing than the last, giving me a sensation of cold, nameless terror, but strengthening my suspicion as to the something human concealed under that brute exterior. I longed to follow up this living mystery, but I was only armed with a clumsy hog-spear, worse than useless at close quarters in the long grass with any ferocious animal brought to bay. So I was forced to give up the idea for the present. I made my way slowly out of the nullah, taking careful note of the surrounding landmarks, and rode back to camp with a feeling I could neither shake off nor explain.

FitzPatrick and Morrison had been back an hour, and were comfortably seated at breakfast, but I didn't care to eat.

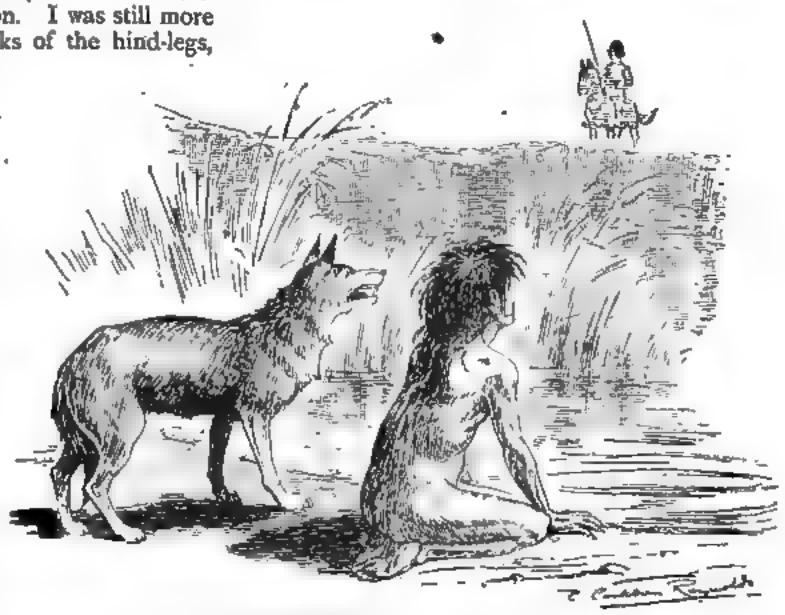
"Why, old man, you look as if you had seen a ghost," said Morrison. "How do you feel?"

"Not very well," I answered.

"Been too much in the sun—a touch of liver, my boy—have some soda iced?" he replied.

"No, it is not my liver. I have seen a strange sight; something you fellows won't believe—a human wolf."

"What!"



THE WOLF TURNED ROUND AND STARED AT ME.

"A human wolf. A being half wolf, half man."

"Then it *was* a ghost!"

They joked and laughed, and treated me to some very choice badinage. But soon curiosity overcame them, and I gave a detailed account of the circumstances.

"Come, old man," said FitzPatrick, "I am afraid you have had a little touch of the sun. Tie a wet bandage round your temples, and I'll have the punkah pulled while you take a nap."

"Well, I had little doubt you fellows would treat me as a madman," I replied, "but I suppose the tracks of the man-wolf will convince you." I here produced my note-book and showed them the drawings I had made.

"Oh, yes! Of course there can be no getting over these tracks," said FitzPatrick, with a sly laugh, "but they look like a combination of a badly drawn footprint of a crane and that of a black bear. But, of course, tracks always lead to some destination, so we'll get the dogs out this afternoon and follow up your wier-wolf."

THE DOGS WERE EAGER TO GO IN AFTER THEIR QUARRY

FitzPatrick had a couple of boar-hounds that we had pulled many a jackal down with. Arming ourselves with our revolvers, and taking our syces to hold our horses, we set out, my two incredulous companions and myself; they firmly believing it was nothing but a trick of the imagination, overheated with riding in the sun on an almost empty stomach; such a thing was possible, they argued.

But I cannot describe the puzzled faces with which they stared at the tracks of my ghost. They found no speech for several minutes. Then FitzPatrick declared, with an oath, that he would track the thing to its death, whether it was beast or demon, or both combined.

The tracks led us up the nullah for about a mile, the brushwood growing thicker at every step. At length the difficulty became so great that we could only have proceeded at a snail's pace, when someone suggested the dogs, which we had forgotten in the excitement. They were put on the track, and, taking up the scent, went along as fast as we could keep up with them. Their bristling backs, and that ominous bay, like a deep-toned bell, would have augured very badly for the wolf-boy we were after, had they not been in leash. The scent led eventually to the very end of the nullah, which terminated like a blind lane. And there, almost hidden from view by the foliage of some kurounda bushes, was the bil, straight into which the scent led. It was a large black hole burrowed into the bank, into which a man could have easily crept on all fours. The odour which proceeded from the cavern proclaimed it beyond doubt to be the home of some carnivora; but further confirmation was unnecessary when we observed that the ground before the entrance was strewn with bones, one of the most recent being the freshly gnawed skull of a black buck. A thick cloud of mosquitoes hovering over the mouth of the bil was a sure sign that it was that moment tenanted.

The dogs were eager to go in after their quarry, but that was not our plan. Our dog-boy was with us, a powerfully built fellow, who with much difficulty held the two dogs at a safe distance.

FitzPatrick, Morrison, and myself then collected dry brambles and grass, and, choking up the mouth of the cavern with this, we set fire to the pile. We then ranged ourselves round the entrance, each armed with a heavy bamboo club and with our revolvers loose in our belts.

The fuel burnt away for fifteen minutes, and nothing occurred. We began to suspect that the burrow had some other opening from which the occupants may have escaped, when our dog-boy called our attention to the fact that the very dry grasses we were burning gave out a thin, blue smoke in which it was quite possible for an animal of the wolf species to breathe without getting choked. So we threw some green branches from the deadly dhutura plant on the flames, and instantly a black pungent smoke drove us back with its intolerable fumes. This had not been burning more than a minute, when suddenly a dark body burst through the flaming mass, and, flinging itself upon poor FitzPatrick, who was at that instant trying to extract a cinder from his eye, bore him to the ground, and with a quick, dog-like action of the neck, worried and rent at his prostrate form, which it pressed down with the whole weight of its body. FitzPatrick, who was quite a giant and a splendid athlete withal, could not shake off the creature that with such desperate energy had pinned him down, while the hideous mass of hair that covered its head and shoulders smothered and blinded him. The brute was making frantic efforts to tear his throat open, and was only delayed by the silk scarf he wore. That moment all idea that the creature was partly human left me; I saw but a ferocious beast murdering my friend. My club swung round my head and descended with a crash upon its skull. For a single instant it appeared stunned, then turned and sprang at me. I had no time to raise my club again, but I thrust it with all my force into those open jaws as they yawned in my face. The creature seized the bamboo in his teeth, and, crunching it into splinters, spat it out, and made at me again. But now he met the cold barrel of my revolver, and in another instant his brains would have been blown into the air, when a blow from Morrison on the nape of the neck felled him, and with a half-uttered scream of anger he dropped heavily to the ground. At the sound another body hurled itself through the flames. It was a wolf, but my revolver was ready, and I showed it no mercy. I snapped my weapon twice, and it fell riddled through the lungs in its first spring. But with its last effort it crawled a few inches, and licked, sympathetically, the motionless form of the strange being at our feet.

There lay before our eyes, at length, the thing we had come to hunt. What it was we no longer asked ourselves. It *was a human being:* but how disfigured! A short, loosely growing hair of a reddish black colour covered the whole body, becoming quite a span long on the chest. The hair from the head hung down over his shoulders as thickly as the mane of a lion, and was matted and heavy with dirt. The features, which must have been once good, were spoilt by an expression of snarling, that had become a permanent facial expression. His teeth were those of any civilised man, but there was a slight development of the canines that I should not like to have seen in the face of a friend. He was thicker round the arm than our friend FitzPatrick. His hands were one large corn from palm to finger-tips, with nails as long as the claws of a panther. The muscles of his thigh were extraordinarily developed, but those below the knee were shrunk to the bone, for he had never known the use of his feet, and the knees which served instead were covered with fleshy pads like those of a camel. His mode of locomotion was therefore such as we have all practised in infancy, before we felt the majestic advantage of an upright position.

The wolf was an old she-wolf, apparently older than the thing we had captured, which, if its age could be determined under all that hair and dirt, was a native lad of about eighteen years of age.

Having bound him hand and foot with a leather thong we had brought for that purpose, we cut a stout bamboo from a clump growing near by, and, passing it between his limbs, carried him in that fashion. He soon recovered his senses and ferocity. It was by far the strangest sight I have ever witnessed, for, pinioned as he was, he contrived to writhe his limbs in such a manner that, had not the leather thong been quite new and of great thickness, he must have broken it; and it was as much as FitzPatrick and Morrison could do to carry the struggling creature. I seized my pencil and sketch book, and rapidly drew our captive as he depended from the pole, snarling impotently at us.

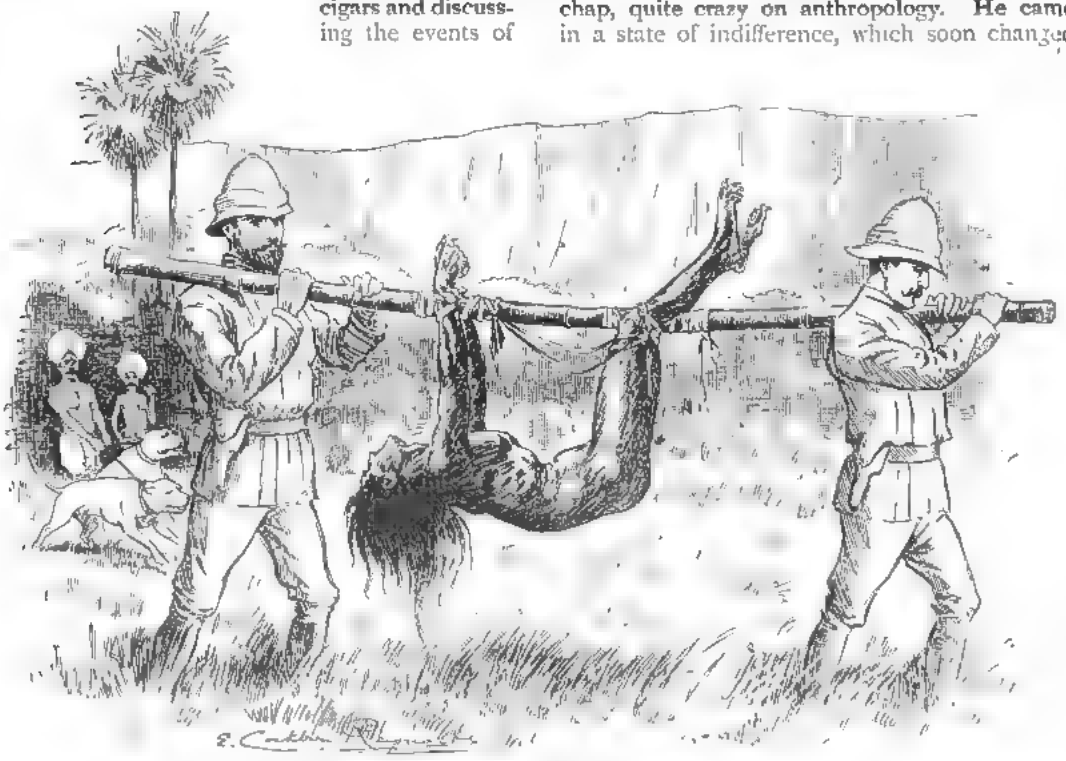
I am able here to reproduce the pencil sketch which I made, and which is a treasure nothing will tempt me to part with.

The dogs were mad to get at our snarling captive, and couldn't understand why they were being held back. And, strange to say, the wolf-

boy seemed to regard them with even greater animosity than he did ourselves. When he got within some fifty yards of our horses, they appeared to be seized with a great panic, and plunged and struggled so frantically that they dragged their syces through the sand, and would have broken away altogether had we not divined the cause of their fear; so, leaving the wolf-boy at a distance to be carried into camp by the syces, we at last succeeded in mounting the terror-stricken steeds, and rode into camp.

As we sat out in the cool night air before our tents, enjoying our cigars and discussing the events of the day, the all-absorbing question that presented itself to our minds was: Who was the strange being we had captured? Was it some madman who, fleeing from civilisation, Nebuchadnezzar-like, had come and herded with wild beasts? and had they, instinctively feeling that his lamp of reason had gone out, welcomed him as one of themselves, and shared with him their food and shelter? Or was he the child of some poor bamboo-cutter, lost in the forest and brought up by the old she-wolf, to which he seemed so strongly attached? And was it possible this thing had father and mother, sister and brother, living, but a few miles away, the life of peaceful, harmless villagers? Strange and numerous were our conjectures, but we were just as far from solving the riddle as ever.

We struck our tents the next day, and made for Cawnpore, which we reached the following evening. At the first village we passed we got a covered bullock-cart to convey our captive in. We took him to the police quarters, of which Morrison was superintendent, and locked him into a little court-yard, surrounded by a high stone wall. We next sent a line to Collins, the civil surgeon—a clever sort of chap, quite crazy on anthropology. He came in a state of indifference, which soon changed to one of great excitement when he heard the news.



IT WAS AS MUCH AS THEY COULD DO TO CARRY THE STRUGGLING CREATURE.

He closely examined our wolf-boy, and nearly had his thumb taken off in his zeal. We were then obliged to put a gag in the thing's mouth before the examination could be proceeded with.

Collins first tried to make the creature stand up, but this was impossible; the knee had always been bent at a right angle, and had stiffened into that position. After examining the feet, our learned friend said it was evident they had never been stood upon. There was a great scar across the throat, and lesser ones on

the chest and limbs, which, he thought, had been inflicted by the fangs of some animal. And, lastly, he discovered what at first appeared to be a deep incision round the left wrist, but on further examination was found to be a bracelet of some metal, which was embedded in the flesh.

Collins soon extracted it, though he had to file the bracelet in two to get it off, for it was very small and must have been put on when this being was quite a babe. The bracelet, when cleansed, turned out to be of gold and of singularly beautiful workmanship, but the thickening arm had altered the shape considerably by causing it to expand. Suddenly we noticed Collins's scrutinising expression change and his face grow pallid with excitement.

"I have found a name," he stammered, "but it is in Urdu, which I can't read."

I took the bracelet from him and I deciphered inside, "Hera Lall, Cawnpore, 1857."

"Why, there is a famous goldsmith of that name in the bazaar," said Morrison. "Let us go to him; he will know whom he sold the bangle to, if it is he who made it."

We accordingly went to Hera Lall next morning, and found him sitting surrounded by his red account-books.

We showed him the bracelet, which he took to the light, and proceeded to examine with great care.

"Ah, yes, it was about the time of the Mutiny we made these patterns," he said. "I had been on business to the court of Delhi, and the beautiful designs in the hall of audience suggested this one to me. Ram Dass, bring me the *rokur bhai* (*i.e.*, accounts) of 1857."

Ram Dass shortly appeared with a bulky red volume, which was folded in its length three times. Hera Lall sat cross-legged before it and slowly tracked the entries down with his aged finger, from which an enormous emerald flashed green lightnings through the dark verandah.

"Ah, here it is! 'Gold bangles of the lotus-bud pattern made for the small child of Munohur Dass, the grain merchant, 60 rupees, paid.' Yes, that is it, sahibs, but where have you found this bangle, for the child has been dead these many years?"

"Where lives Munohur Dass?" I asked.

"In that great house with iron railings on the windows, alongside the octroi office in the chowk. But he has just gone for purification to the holy springs of hot water near Jamalpur, and will not be back for another three moons."

So we were compelled to wait three months before we could ascertain anything about our captive.

(The conclusion of this story will appear next month.)

"MY FAVOURITE CHARACTER IN FICTION."

BAGHEERA THE PANTHER.

THERE are some books which one reads and casts aside without a further thought; there are others which one can read over and over again, and each time find new delight and enjoyment. To this latter class belongs, at least as far as I am concerned, Rudyard Kipling's "Jungle Book." Nearly all fine books appeal to certain people, and not to others. I have heard other fellows say they do not care for "Ivanhoe," "Last of the Mohicans," "Tom Brown's Schooldays," and even "David Copperfield"; but I have only heard one opinion of the "Jungle Book," and that is—"ripping!"

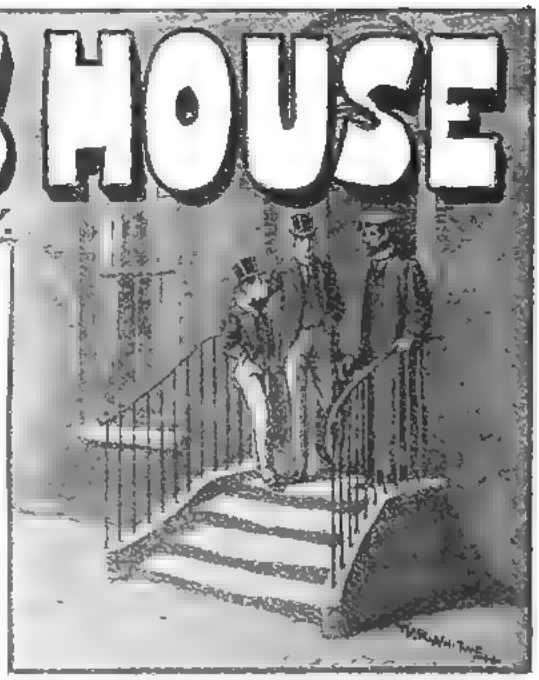
They are all such lovable people, the characters in the "Jungle Book," from the meanest specimen of the bandar-log up to Mowgli himself. It may seem a funny thing to say, but they all seem so superior to human beings. Baloo and Akela, Toomai and Rikki, Gray Brother and Kaa, Hathi and Bagheera; what a splendid set they are! Above all, Bagheera. Surely, he is the finest animal in the whole range of fiction. I often think what an ideal fellow for a chum Bagheera would be. His two chief characteristics are just those one most needs in a friend—loyalty and strength. There is a sense of security even in his presence, and one feels that even Shere Khan is powerless against Mowgli, when he has to deal with Bagheera as well. I can imagine what glorious times these two must have had together; their long tramps across the jungle; the fierce, joyous excitement of the midnight hunting; the long sleeps through the heat of the day; and, above all, the silent, steady comradeship.

As one reads of the life of the jungle people, something within seems to answer to a call, and a great longing comes over one for the freedom, and the excitement, and the reality of living which the book describes. One feels quite regretful at Mowgli's return to man and civilisation, as it is quite certain (the author admits it) that among men he could never know such joy and delight as he knew when he roamed the Seonee Jungle, with his friend, the black panther, Bagheera.

F. W. SAUNDERSON.

SMITH'S HOUSE

A PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY.



BY FRED SWAINSON,

Author of "Acton's Feud."

Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.

BETWEEN Weedon and Glyn, of St. Elizabeth's School, a strong dislike exists, on account of which Weedon, knowing that Glyn wants a certain [illegible] Gale for fog, [illegible] manner. A few days later Glyn and [illegible] Bradfield, whilst practising on the river [illegible] down Weedon [illegible] which is coxed by Gale, and Weedon [illegible] river by Glyn for not trying to save Gale who [illegible] to swim. Glyn and Allen, the captain of St. [illegible], are rivals for the Silver Sculls, [illegible] on the point of overtaking Allen when a punt swings out into the river and fouls him. Near by the tree to which the punt had been moored, a silver matchbox is found by Bradfield.

CHAPTER VI.

"ELIZA'S" WON'T BELIEVE.

GLYN and Bradfield looked at each other, and at the silver match-box, alternately.

"That is Weedon's box for a thousand pounds!" said Bradfield.

"And for another thousand that he loosened that punt!" said Fred, flushing with rage.

"What's to be done?" said Bradfield. "I'm hanged if the matter shall rest at this!"

"There's one thing I think I shall do. I'll kick the fellow round Smith's yard first time I see him."

"The difficulty is to bring it home to him," said Bradfield thoughtfully. "Of course no one saw him do it. The willows are pretty thick where the punt was moored."

"The boat chain was pulled bodily out of the staple, and we've found his match-box there. That's enough for me, as he'll find out."

"No one dreams of foul play except ourselves. It was 'an unfortunate accident,' as Smith put it. Anyhow, I'm going to put the matter, as far as we know it, before the fellows now, and see what they say."

"I can't very well move," said Glyn, sinking back into his armchair in disgust. "But do try, old man, and get that cad—and—coward kicked out of the school. He's unspeakable!"

Bradfield hurried down to Smith's common room, where pretty well all the older fellows in the house were congregated discussing the details of the race. Their faces were as long as though they had lost the Sculls themselves. Bradfield was greeted with a grunt of satisfaction, for the fellows were rather curious to know how Glyn took his defeat.

"I expect Fred's pretty sick," said Ford.

"Sick!" said Jack. "Just! But, I say, that punt business was no accident."

"What's that?" said the fellows in chorus, looking at the angry Bradfield with intense surprise.

"Someone broke the punt chain, and shoved the thing out into Fred's water. Not a morsel of accident in the business."

"I don't see why outsiders should interfere with school events, Jack," said McGlashan.

"It wasn't an outsider, Mac. It was one of our own fellows, worse luck!"

"Rot!" said Burke, confidently seating himself on the table. "Fellows don't do that sort of thing at Eliza's."

"This is the exception to the rule, Burke."

"Name," said Burke, rather taken aback by Bradfield's expression.

"Hear, hear, Roderick," said the fellows, clustering round Jack. "Do you know the fellow, Brad?"

"Does anyone here know this match-box?" demanded Jack, holding up the article in question.

"It has a monogram anyhow," said Oakman, who had clutched it first. "But there must be twenty 'J. W.'s' in Eliza's. What does it all mean, Jack?"

"That the fellow who loosened the punt dropped his match-box as he shoved her off."

"Who is it?"

"Weedon."

Had a shell crashed into the common room of the seniors of Smith's it would have created no more astonishment than Bradfield's announcement. Cries of incredulity and vigorously expressed disbelief broke out.

"Jack, you're drunk," observed Burke.

"This is meant for the marines, Jack," said Oakman. "Try the kids with it, old man."

"Weedon isn't here, Bradfield," said Ford seriously.

"I wish he had been," returned Jack fervently. "I'm going to interview him now."

"But there is some more, isn't there?" said McGlashan.

"More!" said Jack in surprise. "What more do you want?"

"An awful lot, old man. You're not going to hang Weedon because you find his match-box near the place where the punt was. Besides, *is* it Weedon's? And, anyhow, whatever way you look at it, there's not enough here to convict a dog. Why should he do it?"

"You know how he hates Fred."

"And how Fred hates him, Jack. Well?"

"Fred threw him into the river a little while ago, and this is the way he has settled the score."

"Don't believe it, Jack. Weedon's like a red rag to you and Fred. You can't either of you do him justice. But I'm hanged——"

"I'm certain in my own mind," began Bradfield.

"That won't do, Brad," continued Ford. "We want an absolute proof that he is the man. Besides, I can tell you of something that makes your idea awfully sick. He bet on Glyn to win with Carver's house half a dozen times over. I know that as a fact."

This last, though it had no effect on Bradfield, absolutely clenched the matter with the others. They to a man refused point-blank to believe that Weedon was guilty. They said so very plainly, and as good as told Bradfield that he was a suspicious ass.

"I wouldn't mention it again, Jack," concluded Ford, as Bradfield, considerably cooled by his reception, went out. When he had gone the fellows buzzed over the subject for an hour or more, and Burke voiced the general opinion of the seniors when he said: "If Bradfield hadn't been such a decent fellow he would jolly well deserve a booting. But the pair fairly loathe Weedon."

Bradfield made his way direct to Weedon's room and knocked. Weedon was lazily turning over the leaves of a novel, but on Jack's entrance his face darkened, and he put down his book heavily.

"What do you want?"

"A few words with you on an important matter."

"Fire away," said Weedon.

"It is about to-day's race for the Sculls."

Weedon's face turned a shade paler, but he looked steadily at Bradfield all the same.

"Go on."

"You loosened that punt and then shoved her out into the river."

Weedon became deadly pale, but he sprang up from his chair, and, seizing his book, shied it at Bradfield's head. Bradfield got the book in his face, and the blow made him as white as Weedon. The latter was trembling with hate and rage, as he cried, "Get out of my room, will you?"

"Not yet," said Bradfield, without budging an inch. "You can't tell me that is a lie."

"It is a lie! Who saw me? Who would believe it?"

"No one saw you, and I don't expect anyone will believe it, but it's true, for all that."

"Will you get out?" said Weedon, livid with rage, and advancing on Bradfield with his clenched fist.

"In a minute. You are the most utter cad in the school. I came to say that."

"Now go," said Weedon, almost beside himself under the limitless contempt of his enemy.

"*And* to give you back your match-box, which you left behind."

Weedon started as though he had been stung. His hand instinctively went to his pocket before he had the sense to check the action. Bradfield observed this with a kind of cold satisfaction. He could not be more convinced of Weedon's guilt than he was already, but still, that instinctive movement was an additional proof to his mind.

Weedon looked at the silver toy, shining solidly on his table, with a species of fascination. Then he found words to hide his thoughts.

"That isn't mine," he stammered, almost inarticulately.

"Oh!" said Bradfield, rubbing his bruised lips coolly. "Where is yours, then?"

Weedon braced himself up for one more lie. "I haven't——" he began.

"Why feel for it, then?" demanded Bradfield, relentlessly.

Weedon's reason did not come, but he pointed frantically to the door.

"Go, you hound!"

"I'm going now. Care to see me to-morrow morning before school? No? I might have expected you'd show the white feather," said Bradfield, as he went out into the corridor. "Make your mind easy, Fred," he said to Glyn, a moment or so later. "Weedon *did* shove out the punt, but there's no proof. He denies the match-box, and the fellows won't have it at any price."

"I'm not surprised," said Glyn wearily. "It doesn't sound quite Eliza's form, does it?"

Mr. Edward Miller, Mr. William Jenkins, and Mr. Isaacs paid Weedon a visit a little after the departure of Bradfield, and their call was certainly more soothing than the other.

"By Jove, Jemmy, you are the prince of prophets! Glyn didn't win—just as you prophesied."

"*We* have, though," said Isaacs, rattling many coins in his pocket. "This sort of thing is called 'prophecy,' isn't it?"

"Among friends," put in Jenkins, with a sneer.

"The school calls it an 'accident,'" said Miller slyly, whereat the others laughed loudly.

"What's your name for it, Jim?" asked Isaacs.

"I call it payment *and* interest for the ducking. What rotten carelessness to allow a punt to drift right across the bows of Smith's pet! Bradfield's been here explaining to me that *I* must know something about it."

"Has he?" said Miller. "Shocking manners you Smithers possess, leaving out the utter improbability of the thing! What did you say, Jim, to that soft impeachment?"

"Kicked him out, William."

"He took it lying down?"

"Not quite; wanted to mill."

"Deplorable," said Mac, with mock horror.

"Got anything for me, Ned?"

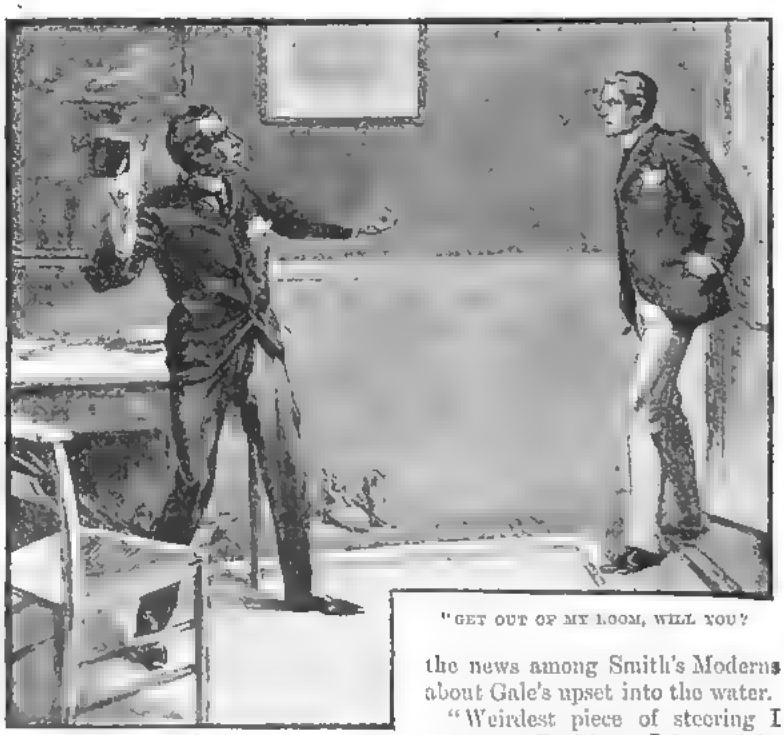
"Rather!" said Miller, passing over to Weedon a particular selection of coins. "These will salve those horrid insinuations, Jim."

Weedon laughed noisily as he pocketed the money.

CHAPTER VII.

THE ANCIENTS SCORE.

ALGERNON PODMORE lost no time in spreading



"GET OUT OF MY ROOM, WILL YOU?

the news among Smith's Moderns about Gale's upset into the water.

"Weirdest piece of steering I ever saw, Ponking. I kept right on, and I'm hanged if he didn't yaw his boat right across our bows! He can't steer for toffee, and as for swimming——"

"You've jolly well paid him out for the baby business," said Pilkington. "All the Ancients will have it that you nursed it."

"Oh, hang that baby, Pilk! I'm sick of it," said Podmore, breaking into a gentle perspiration. "I vote that any Modern who brings that up again be kicked out of our club. It's all a lie. If the guard hadn't collared my parcels it wouldn't have happened."

"Of course it's a lie, Poddy," said Ponking, sympathetically; "but when the Ancients think they've got a score against us, they work it for all it's worth. But, I say, you fellows, that kid

Gale must be pretty green. Saw him actually make for Roberts when the beak was watching the cricket. They talked no end."

"He isn't so green," said Podmore dubiously.

"Couldn't we get a rise out of him somehow?" suggested Smithers. "Why not send him to Carver's for supper?"

"Right you are. You'll write the invite, of course?"

"Well, it is a bit risky," said Smithers, instantly reconsidering his proposal. "I think we'd better leave Carver alone, eh?"

"You had!" said Podmore, grimly. "When Jellicoe was green, you know, we hoaxed him to dig up Smith's prize geraniums. But that would be stale, I guess."

"We got a 'thou' for that," said Pilkington, reminiscently. "Better leave the masters out of it altogether."

"Send him to Allen, to give the captain a leg-up with his Cæsar."

"That would only be a hundred at the most."

"He's not quite green enough to swallow that," said a doubting Modern. "No, give him an invitation to tea. He'll think Allen wants to cultivate his acquaintance."

"Hear, hear!" said Smith's Moderns, becoming quite interested. "He'll rise to that, Arding."

"Who'll write the forgery?" asked Arding.

"Oh! Old Pilk is the scribe," said Podmore. "Nobody's got quite such a hand as his. Draw one up, Pilk, there's a dear!"

Reginald Pilkington did not exactly thirst for the honour of writing the bogus invite, but his chums' delicate flattery weakened him, and he sat down to wrestle with the composition.

"Better add a little to the bare invite," suggested Arding. "Make it look more natural."

"Put 'Private' on it, too," said Podmore, "or he'll show it to Glyn, and then the fun will be U.P."

After an hour's diligent work, the brilliant ideas of Smith's Junior Moderns were put down on paper by Pilkington, the letter sealed up, and duly delivered to Gale by a fag of Bultitude's house. Arthur was intensely interested when he read as follows:—

PRIVATE.

Dear Gale,

Although I haven't the pleasure of knowing you, I would much like to have that privilege. Could you come to tea in my room to-morrow, at six o'clock? If you could borrow a halma board, or ludo, or even a few dozen counters for a quiet game of tiddleywinks, I should be much obliged.

You need not take the trouble to acknowledge this, as I shall expect you at the time.

Yours sincerely,
Richard Allen.

P.S.—Do you mind parting your hair in the middle? and if you are addicted to scent, please only make use of heliotrope. Turner sells the real article. I am rather particular on this matter. R. A.

A variety of emotions seized young Gale when the full meaning of the note entered his head. He felt very much flattered at his invite, and rather liked the idea of a game of tiddleywinks with the captain of St. Elizabeth's. He felt he could keep up his end at that enthralling game, for Agnes and he had played it dozens of times. He determined to beg, borrow, or steal the halma and ludo games. The "P.S." he thought rather odd, but when he remembered how sensitive great scholars *always* were—well, he put it down to sensitiveness. No doubt of the genuineness of the letter crossed his mind. The captain of St. Elizabeth's was beyond jokes.

"I say, old man," said Arthur, shortly afterwards to Glyn, "I suppose Allen's an awfully kind fellow, isn't he?"

"Right enough, especially when lines are what he's giving. No stint there!"

"Do you know what his favourite scent is, Dick?"

"No, I'm hanged if I do!" said Glyn, with a stare. "Do you?"

Arthur suddenly remembered the "Private" in the letter, and hastily turned the subject.

On the morrow he headed off young Glyn—to that gentleman's amazement—when a proposal was made for a little cricket at the Lower School nets. Punctually to the minute he had marched toward's Carver's house, his pocket full of bone counters, a halma board under one arm, and ludo ditto under the other. The halma board was borrowed from Pilkington, for Gale felt he couldn't stand on Ancient exclusiveness when Allen was concerned. His toilet was a weird performance into the bargain.

When he sallied out it struck him as rather odd that he should meet every Modern of Smith's house *seriatim*. Each of these gentlemen seemed to Arthur to be suffering some acute internal agony, for their intellectual countenances were twisted up with the most dreadful contortions. As he passed on, in his rear were sundry noises—something like water running out of a bath, which were really the smothered gurglings of the joyful Moderns.

Gale unconsciously headed a procession of this clan, each of them holding his nose, for the odour of heliotrope floated in the breeze.

"You couldn't lose Gale to-night, Poddy," cried Pilkington in an ecstasy of enjoyment.

"Fox-hunting isn't in it."

"Isn't he whiffy? *Just!*"

"He'll lift Carver's roof off," gasped Ponking. "Best draw we've ever done."

Dick Allen was just upon the point of pouring out his tea when Arthur's timid knock sounded on the door.

"I'm awfully sorry, Allen," said Arthur, seeing that the captain had already tackled his bread and butter, "that I am late. I was sure I left in time."

"Oh!" said Allen, in a fog. "Anyhow, you *are* here."

"Your letter said tea at five."

In a moment Allen understood the situation, and he smiled good-naturedly.

"Did it? Well, if you look in that cupboard, you'll find another cup and saucer. Draw up."

Gale blankly got out the china, thinking the o d d e s t reception he'd ever had was Allen's. But remembering the strange forgetfulness of scholars he consoled himself.

"When did you get the note, young 'un?"

"Yesterday."

"Let me have a look at it. Ah!" said Allen, laughing as he read it, "not so bad."

"I got the right scent, Allen."

"No mistake about it," said the captain, as he opened the window top and bottom. "Smith's house, aren't you? Ancient or Modern?"

"Ancient *rather!*" said Gale, proudly.

"Well, all your deadly foes seem to be outside on the pavement."

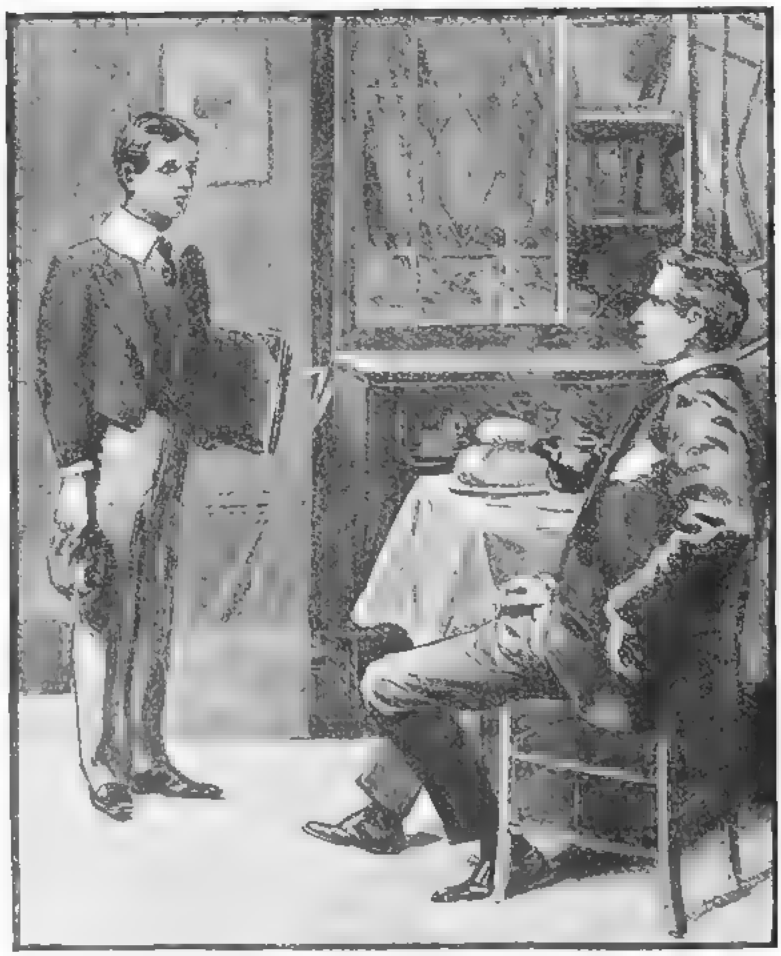
Gale looked out and saw on the pavement the joyful band of Moderns, who seemed delirious at their success. But when this noble band caught sight of Allen at the window they instantly and hurriedly moved away. A minute afterwards there wasn't one in sight, but a faint triumphant cheer in the distance told Allen that Smith's Junior Moderns were gloating riotously.

Then Allen, whilst generously helping the perspiring Arthur to cake and bread and butter, showed him the true inwardness of the note.

"You're green yet, youngster; so was I when I came here first."

"It's that beast Podmore," said Arthur, hotly.

"The idea may be Mr. Podmore's, certainly, but the hand is the hand of someone else—Pilkington for choice."



"YOUR LETTER SAID TEA AT FIVE."

"He was awfully willing to lend me the halma board," said Gale sorely.

"Well, we'll repay him his kindness by using it when we've finished tea."

"It is awfully good of you, Allen, to stand this. I'm a big ass."

"Not big," said Allen, with a smile.

The two played a game of halma, though Allen begged to be excused the ludo and the tiddleywinks, and when a couple of hours had elapsed Gale went down the street to Smith's comparatively cheerful. The Moderns cheered him rapturously, and the Ancients seemed rather ashamed of him.

"You were an ass, Arthur," said Glyn, "to let 'em fool you to that extent."

"Ass isn't the name, old man," said Arthur, with a contrite heart. "By the way," he added earnestly, turning to Pilkington, "Allen has put you down for scouting next week for the Sixth."

"Yah!" said Pilkington, with a sudden stop to his jubilation, "you *are* a little beast!"

"I'll fight you for that, Pilkington," said Arthur, warmly, "and any time you like, so there! Podmore's got to show up fifty of Virgil to-morrow dinner-time for behaving like a lunatic in the street."

"Don't believe it," said Podmore, rather forlornly, however.

"All right," said Gale cheerfully, moving off with Glyn.

On the morrow Pilkington sulkily spent his after-dinner time in shying up balls to the Sixth, and Podmore managed to translate his fifty. Being a Modern, with a supreme contempt for classics, he found his work hard; but when he showed them up to Allen, and Allen seemed surprised to see them, and with no recollection of having set them, Podmore felt that only Gale's death would really satisfy him. Pilkington also discovered that his services at the nets had been entirely gratuitous.

Podmore and Pilkington felt very unhappy, and gloomily agreed that whatever Gale was, he wasn't really *very* green. The Ancients received back Arthur into their fold with open arms. A fellow who could thus turn defeat into a magnificent victory deserved any amount of consideration, and, I may say, Arthur got it.

CHAPTER VIII.

ONE FOR THE MODERNS.

Young Arthur Gale had sampled life at St. Elizabeth's, and after a short trial pronounced it good. There was only one thing that clouded an otherwise perfect picture, that being a trifle too much work. Not that Weedon was a hard taskmaster—far from it, for Gale had to bother very little about his master, beyond posting his letters and making him occasional teas. As a matter of fact, Weedon, when he was entertaining his friends, as he was very often, seemed rather glad when Arthur cleared out. Arthur seemed a slight bar to their conversation, and Weedon generally wound up with: "All right, young 'un; cut now, please." And Gale cut forthwith.

He had blossomed out into one of the most prominent of the junior Ancients, and he and Dick Glyn, Jellicoe, and young Parkhouse rightly prided themselves on the deadliness of their attack upon the Moderns. They devoted themselves to making life a burden to Podmore, Ponking, Pilkington & Co., while that noble firm, nothing loth, entered with equal gusto into the strife.

But Mr. Roberts provided the cloud which overshadowed their perfect joy. *He* made them work. The upper and nether millstones of the Lower Third crushed Moderns and Ancients impartially; and when Arthur translated "*Venit tristi vultu*" as "He came with a sorrowful *vulture*," he had an unenvied prominence in the Form, and a very modest seclusion on the next half-holiday. There was a world of difference between writing out that ode of Horace commencing "*Odi profanum vulgus*" six times on a sunny afternoon, and making a party of four for a lazy grind up the Lodden.

Twice Arthur tempted fate with unprepared exercises, and twice Mr. Roberts laid him by the heels. Then Arthur gave up the unequal contest, and, whatever was on foot in Ancient circles, Mr. Roberts had the first call on young Gale's attention.

The great cricket match between Smith's Ancients and Moderns came to an abrupt conclusion. The players made the mistake of not appointing neutral umpires, the batting side providing the officials. When Podmore clean bowled Jellicoe for a paltry half-dozen, Dick Glyn unhesitatingly "no-balled" him. Podmore elaborately showed Glyn which were the marks of his spikes when he bowled the deadly ball. Glyn was inflexible, and Podmore, with withering sarcasm, appealed to his team whether it was any good going on with the match with such rotten umpiring.

"Oh, if you're afraid of the licking you're going to get," said Glyn sweetly, "certainly!"

Podmore, goaded to desperation by the taunt, took up the ball with concentrated bitterness. Carefully scratching the turf a full yard behind the crease and drawing Glyn's attention to it, he launched forth once more. Whether Jellicoe was unnerved by these elaborate proceedings or not I don't know, but anyhow his stumps waltzed out of the ground again.

"*That* shows!" said all the delighted Moderns "How's that, Glyn?"

"That's out," said Glyn, going down the crease

himself, while the astonished Jellicoe took his place as umpire.

Everybody who knows anything about cricket knows how difficult the "l.b.w." rule is. Whether it was from the inherent difficulty of the rule or from the desire to give Glyn a little friendly encouragement, only Jellicoe knows, but Podmore confidently appealed for "l.b.w.," and Jellicoe said "Not out." Now, the ball certainly hit Glyn's leg. Podmore said below the knee, but Jellicoe thought above. He was going to give the batsman the benefit of the doubt, so he was. Glyn vigorously rubbed his ribs just below the armpits; he evidently had a delusion that he had been hit there. This expressive pantomime was too much for the feelings of the Moderns, and they abandoned cricket incontinently. There was a brief five minutes of conflict, but the Ancients retreated at last. I fancy they had a bad cause.

"Cheats!" shrieked the Moderns. "Oh, you howling cads!"

"Who funked?" said the Ancients, derisively. "Nice form to rag the umpire!"

"Umpire!" choked Podmore in his wrath. "How much did Glyn give you, Jellibag, to cheat?"

Jellicoe and his party, their plumage not at all ruffled by this unexpected finish to the game, proposed a grind up the river as a worthy way of finishing the half.

"I was in rotten form, you fellows," explained Jellicoe. "Didn't see Pod's ball at all."

"Best thing we could do under the circs.," said Parkhouse. "We'll get Bradfield to umpire for us next time, and we'll lick 'em."

"There wasn't anything wrong with my performance, was there?" asked Glyn innocently.

"No, young feller," said Arthur; "*they* began the rag."

The quartette shortly afterwards strolled along to the boathouse. Jellicoe had limped through the High with part of his banjo down his right trouser-leg and the other part reposing under his tightly buttoned coat, while Gale and Parkhouse carried a basket containing a thoughtful selection of eatables between them.

Upson, the boatman, drew them in an old tub which they could not have upset if they had tried, and soon the young Ancients were a speck up the river.

The banjo was for their delectation on the voyage down, and Jellicoe was excused his share of the grind "because it would spoil his hand." He sprawled lazily in the bow, and Arthur held the lines, for Podmore could show him nothing now in the way of steering.

They anchored under the shade of the Rolden Woods, and soon the contents of that basket were only a happy memory. Feeling content with themselves and all the world, they strolled off into the woods and "fleeted the time carelessly as in the golden world." (Parkhouse's quotation.) Too carelessly. For Podmore & Co. came upon their boat unawares. Pilkington clearly identified the absent owners of the boat by Jellicoe's banjo, and in a twinkling he and Podmore had shoved out into the stream. Ponking took the lines, and Arding, having landed the empty luncheon basket, possessed himself of the banjo

When the Ancients returned and found their luncheon basket under the tree, they instantly guessed the truth.

"Those filthy Moderns for a fiver," said Parkhouse.

"There they are," said Gale, "taking it easy down stream."

"We'll give them—— Listen!"

Half a mile down the stream came floating back to them the wailing of Arding, *plus* the faint pink-a-pong of the banjo. It indeed sounded "mollancholy on the heving hair," and the distant harmony roused anything but soothing thoughts in Jellicoe's breast.

"That's my banjo. Come on, you fellows."

The four sped down the towing path, and when they arrived abreast, the four Moderns received them with shouts of laughter and jeers.

"If you don't bring that——"

"Yah—cheats!" yelled Podmore exultingly. "It was thoughtful of you."

"If you don't——"

"Why, we won't," sang Pilkington.

"We'll kick you out into the river at the boathouse."

"Sing up, Arding," said Ponking.

"When de lights are low—w,
Drifting down de ribbah—h
Wid de ole banjo."

"All together in the coal-box, now," hiccoughed Pilkington, deliriously happy.

"Put down my banjo, you little beast!" howled Jellicoe, horrified to find his beloved instrument in unprofessional hands. "I'll——"

"Clod them," suggested Gale.

Parkhouse kicked up a nice fat bit of turf and hurled it at the joyful voyagers, and Arding dexterously attempted to 'play' the missile with the banjo, and nearly succeeded.

Jellicoe groaned in horror at this awful outrage, and he hastily begged his chums not to shy. They respected his agony and followed the hilarious Moderns in the boat, with threats breathing slaughter and lingering agonies. The Moderns sang joyfully to the weird accompaniment of Arding all the way to the boat-house. Luck was decidedly with them that day, for just as the

PARKHOUSE PICKED UP A NICE FAT BIT OF TURF AND HURLED IT AT THE VOYAGERS.

enraged Ancients were going to give battle the tall, straight figure of Dr. Carver appeared at the boat-house door, and then stepped out swiftly for the school. Seizing their chance the Moderns kept almost exactly a dozen yards behind him, and the quartette of angry Ancients felt the joy of being so near and yet so far!

CHAPTER IX.

THE TEAM FOR LORD'S.

THE fellows said very sweet things about Bradfield, and took good care that he should hear of them. Of course they all scouted the idea as too utterly absurd that anyone had a hand in the punt business. Weedon was looked upon as an injured innocent, and became very popular *instanter*, while Bradfield and his chum barely escaped a boycott. Their past reputation saved them, though Smith's house especially was very bitter on the subject.

"Awful form that of yours, Brad," said Ford to Jack. "Last fellow we should have thought would have come such a cropper."

"I still believe——"

"Oh! Believe what you jolly well like, said Oakman impatiently, "only keep creeds like that to yourself. No idea the chaff we get from the other houses over your rotten suspicions!"

"Miller asked if we libelled each other like that as a regular thing," observed McGlashan.

"I think, old chap, your love for Weedon has made you an awful ass," said Bourke judicially. "Weedon deserves an apology really."

"Never!" said Bradfield. "You can send me to Coventry now if you expect me to do that. If you only knew the fellow!"

"Glad we don't if he's *your* fellow. You've made our house the standing joke of Eliza's. Dry up, Brad, do."

"We were no end disappointed over the race, of course," said Ford, "but, by Jove, we've no pressing reason to go mad after it. You've made a huge mistake, Jack."

Bradfield felt very sore, but Glyn and he agreed that, from their point of view, the

fellows couldn't be expected to do otherwise than they had done.

"I'm sick of the river, Jack," said Glyn in disgust. "A punt will give me the nightmare after this. I'll have a try for my flannels, and if I can smuggle into the Lords' eleven I may forget the—what's the name—'accident'?"

Weedon found himself half a hero, and liked it very much. He kept discreetly silent on the matter, and like a very wise man let sleeping dogs lie, for things were going beautifully for him as it was. A week after the race he was judiciously selecting a pair of cricket boots from a heap under his table, when Miller, having given the private knock on Weedon's door, lounged easily in.

"Hullo, Jim! Got a neat little programme for you this afternoon."

"Sorry, Ned, for I had one myself."

"Not cricket?" said Miller, apprehensively, as he watched his friend lacing his boots.

"Cricket it is, Ned."

"Can't understand the pleasure of broiling oneself all the blessed half, just for the privilege of seeing one's stumps flying first ball one gets from Allen."

"Ditto, Ned, but my stumps don't fly first ball as a rule; not even when Allen slings them in."

"Cricket's only fit for such prigs as that pious captain and your own particular square-toes, Glyn and Bradfield."

"Not half a bad game," said Weedon, with a gentle smile at the disgusted Miller. "But what was your programme, Ned?"

"Quiet little foursome at billiards, up at Ricketts'. Isaacs and Bill the others."

"Sorry, Ned. You'll have to knock the balls about by your own three sweet selves."

"Why this infernal enthusiasm for cricket?" said Miller, with a disappointed laugh.

"Having a run for my flannels."

"No go. There's Ford and Glyn and heaps more who could eat you."

"Could, certainly. But now——"

"You've blossomed then? More or less a Fry or Foster now?" said Miller with a half sneer.

"We'll see," said Weedon, selecting some guards.

"Anyhow," said Miller, "I guess Glyn will have the pull over you here."

"Possible," said Weedon, enjoying his chum's impatience.

"No blessed weed-cutter's punt can come floating down the crease here, Jim."

"That would look odd, certainly," said Weedon, serenely, "but, anyhow, I'll bet you I'm in the eleven before Glyn, Ned."

"No thanks, Jim. You're too fearfully clever."

"Ford will, I expect, come in easily before either of us, but back me before Glyn, Ned."

"You're not coming, then?"

"Any wet afternoon, Ned, I'm your man."

Weedon hurried down to the cricket field, and Miller lounged out with him and then picked up Isaacs and Jenkins at the boat-house.

Four miles up the Lodden, just a stone's throw from the river, lay a little inn—"The Anglers' Arms." In the courtyard of this hostelry was a wooden annexe, holding a billiard table and a stove, and in this lovely lair the three Elizabethans spent many a long summer afternoon, rolling the balls over the greasy cloth and tippling bottled beer. Weedon occasionally made a fourth, but enjoyed the billiards less than "hazing" the landlord, who was blessed with a very short temper. The consequences would have been most serious if these lovely diversions had been dreamt of by the school authorities, but the landlord—a most unappetising gentleman with a fearful squint—begged the black sheep to have no fear. "You're as safe, here, gents, as in bed. You can slip through the 'edge, back o' this shed, and you're slap in the spinney in a twinkling! and if any of them blessed schoolmasters try to pinch you, why, you're pickin' the daisies, or robbin' nests. Safe you are, as sure as my name's Ricketts."

Ricketts had very hazy ideas as to the diversions of Elizabethan seniors, hence the delicious allusions to bird-nesting. The idea of Isaacs culling innocent flowers in the meadows made Miller's sides ache into the bargain.

Weedon had entered into the struggle for his flannels whole-heartedly, and, aided by a great natural aptitude for games, came up hand over hand in his play. He was assiduous in his practice at the nets, keen as mustard in his fielding, and he cultivated unobtrusively a seductive, slow, elusive leg break. Allen, who spotted talent intuitively, coached him quietly in a favourite end net, and then gave him a trial as eleventh man against the Cognoscenti.

This honour made Smith's house very happy. Ford, the school wicket keeper, was a certainty for the Lord's eleven, while Glyn and Weedon were possibles. Smith's house had never yet compassed the distinction of three men in the school eleven, and the bare chance thereof made the Juniors, Ancient as well as Modern, swagger nobly to their benches when *their* men hurried out of the pavilion.

Glyn, not to speak of Bradfield, contemplated this wonderful appearance of Weedon with mingled feelings.

"He knows how to play, Jack," said Fred, watching Weedon's clean cutting with interest. "That last stroke was worthy of Allen himself. He's got a rosy chance of figuring at Lord's, old man."

"Which doesn't make *yours* any rosier, Fred."

"That's true, but let the better man win," said Glyn, generously forgetting his own personal bias. "Weedon's bound to play the game here."

The last outsiders' match played by St. Elizabeth's before the Lord's match was the M.C.C., and the school was agog with excitement when the day came round, for Allen filled up the one

GLYN WAS YARDS OUT.

place vacant in the school eleven on the day's play. Smith's house took an almost feverish interest in the match. The question for them was—would Weedon or Glyn be chosen? The result of the match seemed almost a secondary consideration.

There was more than the usual swarm of carriages rolling up to the cricket field, more than the usual Saturday's show of ladies, likewise their cousins and their aunts, and more than one Junior match had been incontinently scratched in honour of the game and the excitement thereof. Fellows in the eleven strolled about arm-in-arm, serene in the certain knowledge that they were Lord's-ward bound anyhow, and that they could glance down upon their spotless flannels and snowy boots *æquo animo*, and could thrust their hands into the pockets of their blazers, knowing that this afternoon, even if they came out with "a pair," Allen could only look grieved—only. Oh, blessed word! Glyn and Weedon, blazerless, and togged even as Podmore, captain of Smith's Junior Moderns, strolled inconspicuously but far from unnoticed.

Do you know anything that brings back to your mind half so vividly the old school and all that the word means than the remembrance of the cricket field on a match day?

There is the green turf bathed in the warm sunshine; there are the elms of the playing fields framing in the match ground as though it were a picture; there is the school flag lazily stirring in the breeze; there are benches laden with the fellows, and the old pavilion, sacred to the players alone. You see them all again. You can recall the crisp, clean, late cut, running like quicksilver from the bat to the oaken palings; you remember Smith's favourite glance, which always went swiftly for the scoring board, and when you see again, in your mind's eye, the square white sheet behind the bowler, you remember that lovely straight drive, clean from the shoulder, which Robinson used to treat you to—a little boy—when the slow bowler went on with his lobs.

And the applause, that delicious friendly ripple breaking all round the field, the discriminating reward for a fine stop at cover, or for glancing Wood's expresses just out of long leg's reach. There's no applause like the school's applause. Fellows may forget the school books and the other things, perhaps, but the cricket field, with its memories, does not die.

The afternoon's play provided a sensation. Glyn went in third wicket down, and before he had seen an over Weedon took the place of Ford "bowled." The two rivals and enemies were at the wickets together. The whole school, knowing the intense antagonism existing between the two, and the honour dependent upon their cricket, watched the game with unusual interest, though they cheered impartially. When a dozen runs had been scored, Glyn played a ball hard past the bowler. The outfield, running swiftly in, half-fielded the ball, and Weedon called for the second run. He was already half-way down the crease. Glyn, obviously surprised at the call, tore down the pitch. He was too late. The ball hurtled past his head, and in a moment the wicket-keeper had the bails off. Glyn was yards out.

Weedon called out "Awfully sorry, Glyn."

Fred turned round and looked solemnly at Weedon for a moment, and then without a word walked calmly back to the pavilion, unbuttoning his gloves as he went. The school cheered him enthusiastically; they felt genuinely sorry for him. Weedon went on and made a century.

The incident troubled the conscience of the school. Did Weedon run Glyn out on purpose or not?

Everyone on the ground saw that there was not a second run; had Weedon seen it?

The fellows had horrible doubts, and showed it when Weedon took out his bat. The spontaneous roar of applause was wanting; there was something very perfunctory about it. Glyn, fielding brilliantly at cover, was cheered to the echo. The school had no doubt about one thing, though—Glyn took his horrible luck like a gentleman.

In his own room Glyn felt the full bitterness of his defeat.

"What's the good of howling, Jack? You'd better shut up, or you'll be hauled over the coals for defamatory libel."

"He ran you out deliberately. Run! there wasn't half a run. And what's more, I fancy, nine-tenths of the fellows will give him the cold shoulder in future. He's nearer Coventry than he'll ever be again."

"That doesn't do any good, Jack. Allen, after the century, hasn't the option of refusing him his flannels; besides, he is as good a man as I am. The school won't suffer."

"What!" said Bradfield in a fury. "Not when there is the prize cad of England in the eleven! I'm too sick."

Weedon received the congratulations of his friends in the spirit in which they were offered.

"You sailed very near the wind there, Jim," said Miller with a laugh.

"The thing had a sort-of-a-look," said Jenkins, jocularly; "why, even *I* saw there wasn't a second run."

"One makes little miscalculations like that when one is excited," said Weedon, with his unlovely smile. "Anyhow, I've got the flannels, Ned, as I said I would."

"Lor, yes," said Miller admiringly. "You are simply sublimity."

But Weedon little knew how near he came to losing his flannels after all.

Allen sent a note asking Glyn if he could spare him five minutes.

"The fact is, Fred," said the captain, "the fellows are awfully sore about your luck to day, and I am feeling pretty much the same way myself. Are you certain that Weedon ran you out?"

Glyn glanced at the captain in surprise. There was something in his tone that showed Glyn that Weedon's chance for the flannels was problematical even yet.

"I'm prepared to ignore his century in that case," said Allen slowly.

For one half-second Glyn felt tempted. He knew Allen. If he said "Yes," Weedon, despite his cricket, would not have his flannels. Glyn would.

"I can't be certain, Dick," said Glyn at last, slowly. "Thanks, all the same."

"I thought you'd say that, Fred," said Allen, with some relief. "I give Weedon's hundred the benefit of the doubt. You're an awfully good fellow, Fred. Good-night."

Weedon, when someone made a half-veiled insinuation that he had run out Glyn, offered to fight the speaker there and then, and to back out of the eleven. This spirited policy decided the school waverers. "That is not the talk of a jealous cad," said they; and though they admitted that it was awful luck for Glyn, they poured cold water on anyone who ventured to say that Weedon's second run was more than "ill-judged." He did well at Lord's, and, according to school morality, that covered a multitude of sins. But things were about "to take a turn" with Weedon, and a good deal of the bitter to be mingled with the sweets.

(*To be continued.*) Fred Swainson

THE SHOOTING OF THE WILD GOAT.

By R. E. Vernede.

Illustrated by Dudley Cleaver.

Of course it was John Bumpstead, the stableman, who volunteered information that wild goats were to be shot on Coney Island. Dick and Tod had invaded the stables after breakfast to try and think out something really worth doing that day, so that the news seemed providential.

"Are you sure?" asked Dick.

"Gashly seure," said Bumpstead. "There's a planty of 'em, Master Dick, wild as crickets."

The boys exchanged glances. Each read in the other's eyes that this was the very thing. Wild goats on a rock-bound island that they had always meant to explore! Was ever such luck?

"I say, Bumpstead——" Dick paused. He wanted to learn more about goats without betraying that he and Tod meant to go shooting that very day. Bumpstead might let it out, and then Mrs. Wilton would be sure to say that they must not dream of such a thing, and that darling Tod would be killed if they did. So he went on diplomatically:—

"I suppose goats are cunning creatures?"

"Nodden cunninger," said the stableman, "saving tigers, I wud say. Let un butt yew, an' yew see."

"I'd rather not," said Dick. "If ever I did think of going after goats, I'd make sure of my shoot. Slugs, eh?"

"Slugs?" Bumpstead ruminated over the word slowly, and at last delivered himself:—"'There's nodden woant kill a goat, same as a tiger, so be you hit 'un fair in the 'ead."

Dick signalled across to Tod that they had learned enough for their purpose. Once outside Tod could not restrain himself:—

"Hurray!" he said. "We'll shoot a giddy goat, Dick! Isn't it splendid of Bumpstead to have told us?"

"Not bad," Dick agreed. "But do you think your father——?"

"He's gone to Abervener to inspect some asylum," said Tod. "We can't wait for him. I'm off, Dick, to get the guns and some grub. I'll bring 'em to the shrubbery."

"All right," said Dick, slowly.

As a matter of fact, his conscience was beginning to trouble him. Only half an hour ago, at breakfast, Mrs. Wilton had asked him to keep Tod out of mischief. She said she relied on Dick. Dick had replied that it was awfully good of her, and that he was enjoying his visit immensely. That was quite true, but rabbiting could grow dull, and, after all, was there any harm in shooting goats?

For a moment, when he found Tod behind the shrubbery, lying in wait like a conspirator, with the two guns and a mixed supply of sandwiches and ammunition, Dick felt rather guilty.

"Look here, young Tod," he announced rather loftily, "your mother asked me to keep you out of mischief."

"Rats!" said Tod, unimpressed.

"And I said I'd look after you."

"Oh, dry up, Dick! Are you going to sneak about the goat-hunting?" Tod asked shrewdly.

Dick evaded the question.

"I don't know that goat-hunting is getting into mischief," he said, "unless they butt you, Tod, and you're so beastly fat and slow that they're pretty sure to——"

"Fiddle-de-diddle!" said Tod.

"Anyhow, I've warned you."

And Dick began to move with dignity to the cove where the boat was kept.

"Don't be humpy!" said Tod cheerily, keeping pace. "You've done your duty now, and, as you say, there's no harm in potting a goat. Besides, it'll save the mater a jolly lot of oof in the year if we stock her with goats. She can have 'em salted for the winter."

"Lot you're likely to shoot," said Dick, still sore.

"If you don't think there are any goats," Tod suggested, with an affectation of indifference, "we may as well not go."

"Just as well," Dick agreed. "But at the same time, young Tod, if we go and you get butted or anything, it'll be a lesson to you—to—to listen to what your elders tell you."

"Rats!" repeated Tod. "You know you're dying to go."

This was so true that Dick was unable to find any crushing retort, and he had to busy

himself getting out the oars, while Tod stocked the sandwiches in the locker. When Tod was uppish, nothing could be done but leave him to repent it at leisure. Something might happen—Dick little suspected what—that would show Tod the error of his ways.

In the meantime they had a long pull before them. It was still early, and the sea like a pond, but the heat was great and the distance considerable. They rowed by turns, and fraternised again over the ginger-beer which Tod had stowed away with unexpected foresight.

"Four bottles finished," said Tod regretfully at the end of two hours, "and only two more left. I wonder if we shall ever get there."

HE SEEMED TO BE LIKE SOME FANTASTIC BEAST.

He mopped his face and looked ahead. They could see Coney Island quite plainly now. It stood up from the sea, humped like the back of a camel. In the distance it had looked like a solitary rock with a heat-haze about it, round and solitary, cut off from the jagged coast-line by a mile of water. As a matter of fact, it was as full of fissures as the mainland, and at low tide there was little more than a strip of water between the two, while the green rocks, full of prawny pools, showed themselves like a causeway.

The tide was up, however, when Dick and Tod arrived, both very red in the face with their strenuous exertions. Only one bottle of ginger-beer remained, as they ran the boat into the most likely cove and stepped on to the island with a strong feeling on them of being Robinson Crusoes. They tied the boat to a spit of rock and took out their guns.

"Though I don't believe," said Tod, "that there's a goat anywhere."

"Wait!" said Dick.

All about them the sea-birds—mews and cormorants—were squalling, but the island seemed too bare for other life. As they marched forward, however, it appeared less barren. The ground rose gradually, a coarse, springy turf over parts of it, here and there the grey rock peeping nakedly, and what had seemed a smooth tableland in the distance proved to be full of dips and combs, so that Tod's first feeling of disappointment began to give way to an exciting anticipation of all manner of goats springing up in unexpected corners. Dick declared that the island would hold an army of beasts, and insisted on strategic movements being observed in order that no chance might be missed. It was decided that, in the event of game being espied, they should concentrate their attention on the noblest of the flock.

"I rather wish," said Tod, whose fingers were trembling about the trigger—to the risk of Dick's life—"I rather wish we had thought of bringing an old goat-skin."

"What for?"

"To stick on and pretend we were goats."

"No need for you to pretend," said Dick.

"And then we'd simply collar them like they do ostriches. Hullo! What's that?"

Tod brought his gun up to his shoulder with a sporting instinct, instead of finishing his sentence.

"Where?" said Dick.

"There!"

They had come some way into the interior, and Tod pointed with his barrel in the direction of what seemed to be a kind of tumulus, piled

high with stones, about a hundred yards ahead of them. At one side of it something was visible, waving up and down, a long, white tangle of hair.

"A goat's beard!" said Dick.

Nothing could be seen except the beard, and that swung to and fro as if the goat were being rocked to sleep behind the mound. A snoring noise was audible. Dick crouched down and began to creep along towards it, beckoning to Tod to do likewise.

"We'll stalk it," he whispered. "Get within fifty yards or so. Then you take a shot at the beard, and be ready with a second. If it bolts across the other side, I'll pot it."

"You'd better have first shot," said Tod.

"No," said Dick, magnanimously. "You spotted it. Be downy, Tod, and plug when you get near enough!"

The scheme promised well, provided, firstly, that Tod did not miss, and, secondly, that the goat refrained from running straight away under shelter of the mound.

"Now!" said Dick, kneeling to get a good aim.

Tod pulled the triggers so that both barrels went off at once with a loud report, and Tod fell to the ground with the recoil. But the strangest thing was the behaviour of the sleeping goat. Its beard was jerked back in a twinkling, but, instead of bolting behind the mound or coming out into Dick's fire, the creature gave a blood-curdling yell, rose on two legs, and ran out Tod's side of the mound, leaping and shrieking in the strangest manner. And the horror of it was voiced by Tod, as he sprang to his feet in a sudden fear.

"It's not a goat," he said slowly—and he looked from the creature to Dick, and from Dick again to the creature.

Whatever it was, it was an alarming sight. Its beard was shaggy and coarse as a goat's, but there the likeness ended. The thing was two-legged like a man, its face invisible in a tangle of red and white hair. It had no horns, and its body was clothed in rags of what might have been once a blanket, but was now green as moss.

"A man!" Dick's lips shaped the word.

But was it a man? Leaping up and down—now with a screech, now with a yelp, now with a whinny he seemed to be more like some fantastic, infuriated beast. The noise of Tod's gun alone seemed to have stirred his rage, for at first he did not see the boys, and his bounds and yells seemed to be directed against the sea and sky, and everything within reach.

Then quite suddenly he caught sight of them. With glowering eyes and an outrageous howl, he put down his head and came dashing towards them. Tod thought that Red Indians would be mild by comparison. So far his conscientiousness had kept him chained to the spot in spite of his terror, but now he could bear it no longer. His breath came in pants.

"Do you think we ought to—stop and ap—pologise for shooting him?" he gasped, looking to Dick for decision.

For a moment Dick did not answer. With knitted brows he seemed to be measuring the distance between them and the creek where they had left the boat. It might have been a quarter of a mile away, or more, and the surface was jagged and uneven. Suddenly Dick jerked out:—

"Come on, Tod, as hard as you can pelt!"

He himself began to race for the creek. Tod gave a gurgle in his throat and followed. He felt rather less frightened now that he was relieved from stopping to ask forgiveness of that curious bounding creature behind them; but he could not desist from turning his head again and again.

If the goat-man had run straight, he must have been on them before now; but he went in zig-zags and strange contortions, and, even so, he was decreasing the distance between them, leaping along, all limbs, like a windmill on stilts. Tod put his head down and ran. Dick was some yards ahead, pacing easily.

"Come on!" he kept crying. "Quicker!"

"I can't!" said Tod, and again he looked back. He must have been on a slippery spot, for at the same moment he stumbled and fell, and lay there sick with fright. He heard Dick calling on him to get up, but he couldn't, and said so.

"I told you you'd better take the advice of your elders," said Dick bitterly; and this shamed Tod into rising. He recommenced running.

"Don't look back," said Dick beside him. "And shove off as soon as you get to the boat."

For the life of him, Tod could not restrain a glimpse. He saw Dick standing, gun to shoulder, aiming at the goat-man. The fellow had stopped, and was bucking up and down furiously, like a horse. Then he screeched horribly, and dashed forward again. Dick, too, had turned, and was sprinting hard. How Tod got to the boat he did not know, but he got there first, and he was conscious of pulling at the mooring with tremulous fingers as Dick came tumbling aboard. Next moment Dick had out his new knife with the big sharp blade, and had cut the rope across.

A push sent them into comparatively deep

water. The pursuer set up a long-drawn whine.

"Row!" called Dick, and Tod began to row wearily. Seated as he was, he could see the goat-man again clearly. He had reached the water-side, and stood there snarling, and tearing at his red-white hair savagely.

Dick was pointing his gun again.

"Row up!" he said. "You must row!"

Tod closed his eyes to pull, and presently he heard Dick say:—

"He's coming after us. Pull, Todd!"

The goat-man had taken a header into the sea, and was following. He looked less fantastical in the water, cleaving along with a powerful over-arm stroke, but he was not less alarming. Suppose he caught them up! Tod bent his back and wished the tide were strong and favouring, instead of so still.

Dick sat and gripped his gun. Tod remembered then that he had dropped his own, and he wondered if he should ever require it again, or have the courage to go back and look for it on that appalling island. Goats, indeed! Bumpstead ought to be sacked for talking such nonsense.

Dick came across to where Tod was pulling.

"I'll change with you in a moment," he said. "I was wondering whether I had better shoot him or not."

"It wouldn't kill him, would it?"

"Not even if he were shot in the head," said Dick angrily. "I suppose it's no go. I wish I hadn't brought you."

"You warned me not to come," said Tod.

"That was all rot," said Dick. "I wanted you to come. I don't know what your mother will say."

The goat-man was nearly upon them as he spoke.

"He's not coming on board," said Dick, setting his teeth. "If he gets past me, hit him over the head. Hit hard!"

And he clubbed his gun, as the swimmer stretched a lean arm over the stern.

Tod put his hands over his eyes to shut out the horror of the sight. It was all up with them, he felt sure. Dick could do nothing against such odds. And if Dick were passed—Tod shuddered to think what that meant as he recalled the man's horrid strangling fingers. If Dick were overcome, Tod could do nothing. Only sit still, while the fingers closed round his windpipe. Ugh! And he and Dick would be found together with the sea-gulls wheeling overhead. He thought of his mother's grief.

Just then there came a shout across the water, and Tod, looking up in an agony, saw that a boat full of men was being pulled towards them. Someone—the boat was too distant to make out the persons—stood in the stern waving.

"Help!" shouted Tod frantically. "Help!"

He saw Dick bring the butt-end of his gun down on the goat-man's fingers, while the latter scuffled and writhed like an eel.

"Hold on!" came in a roar from the other boat.

It was all very well to say "Hold on," but was it possible? Their own

HE CLUBBED HIS GUN AS THE SWIMMER STRETCHED A LEAN ARM OVER THE STERN.

boat was rocking violently, up and down, down and up, with splashes of water coming over, as the man clung on with all his weight, snarling and grimacing, and slowly winning his way. He had both arms over the side now, and Dick, standing up, seemed unable to keep his balance. He aimed a blow at the shaggy head, missed, and came too near. In a moment the man's fingers had got one of Dick's ankles in their clutch, and he had tossed Dick over his head into the sea, as a dog tosses a biscuit. Then he began

levering himself up into the boat. Never would Tod forget the fright of that moment.

He sat fascinated, a ginger-beer bottle that he had picked up, as the only available weapon, idle in his hand. He would have given worlds to have been able to follow Dick into the sea, but his legs refused to work. He sat, and sat, and the goat-man hauled himself into the boat, shook himself like a dog, and then, with a sneering laugh, and the fingers of him twisting and snapping, came at Tod.

"Hit him, Tod, hit him!" cried Dick, terrified at seeing Tod thus spell-bound. He, himself, out of loyalty, had swum straight for the boat again, though he felt he had taken in too much water to be of any use in a struggle.

"Hit him!" he shouted.

At that, startled, as it were, into life, Tod hit out with the bottle. He caught the goat-man full in the face, so that he gave back with a wild-beast cry. Next moment Dick, as he lay half over the side, too breathless to get further up, heard someone call out, "Ship your oars!" There was a bumping of wood on wood, a scuffling of feet, and two men leaped across from the other boat. One of them was Mr. Wilton.

"Thank Heaven!" Dick heard him say.

A little later, when the goat-man was lying, bound and sullen, in the new boat, and Tod and Dick, much recovered, were finishing off the last bottle of ginger-beer, Mr. Wilton gave further vent to his emotions:—

"Bless my soul!" he said, "how on earth you boys manage to put yourselves precisely where you're not wanted I cannot make out. Here's the most dangerous lunatic in the asylum escaped, and traced with difficulty to this place ten miles off, where we fancied he must have crossed from the mainland when the tide was down, and here are you two, whom I left safely at home, just on the point of being murdered on the high seas."

"We came to shoot goats," Tod tried to explain.

"Really!" said Mr. Wilton, patiently. "Well, I suppose it'll be elephants next time. But, for goodness sake, don't tell your mother, or she'll be in hysterics, and you'll be put in charge of a governess!"

Dick and Tod took fair shares of the tail-end of the sixth gingerbeer bottle sorrowfully.

"MY PROFESSION."

THE SOLICITOR.

THERE are, doubtless, more lucrative professions than that of a solicitor, despite the erroneous popular idea to the contrary; but I would not exchange my profession of a solicitor for any other, as I think it better to earn a moderate income from a profession which I like, than a large one from a profession which I dislike.

The side of my profession which appeals to me most is its "infinite variety." An all-round law practice, which is still frequently met with even in these days of specialisation, probably affords more variety of occupation than does any other vocation. The day starts with a perusal of the letters, which often afford much interest and occasionally amusement, followed by the dictation of the previous day's "costs" to a shorthand clerk. Then come interviews with clients and fellow-practitioners—and what an opportunity these afford for the study of human nature, and how careful an exercise of diplomacy they call for on the part of the solicitor! Men and women of nearly every station in life, whose requirements are as varied as their natures, seek the aid of a solicitor. A squire desires to dispose of his settled estates; two merchants want partnership articles drafted; a tradesman requires a debt collecting; a clerk, unjustly dismissed, seeks damages against his late employer; a man, wrongfully accused of theft, wants defending, and so on *ad infinitum*.

The intervals between the interviews are occupied with drafting conveyances, wills, writs, notices and deeds, and documents of every description; or else supervising other people's drafting of the same, either task calling for the utmost care (since the omission of a few words might subsequently involve a law suit), and affording excellent exercise for all one's faculties, especially those of memory and of shrewdness.

The foregoing will sometimes be varied by conferences with counsel, appearances as an advocate in the local police or county court, and occasional journeys to London and other places on business.

The other leading advantage of the profession is its healthiness: solicitors are, with the exception of the clergy, the longest lived class in the community. Against the advantages—besides the above, there are others which we have not space to enumerate—must, of course, be set some disadvantages. There is frequently the temptation to take advantage of a less clever fellow practitioner, or to be not straightforward in one's dealings with clients, so that a very high standard of professional integrity is required, and, thank goodness, is usually found.

F. G. J.

THE CYCLING CORNER

By HAYDON PERRY.

A FEW SPECIALITIES.

EVERY cycling season has its own particular "rage," and this one will be characterised by what is indiscriminately called the "cross frame." The idea of the cross frame is to more or less completely triangulate the frame of the bicycle, so as to obtain a design which shall be theoretically stronger than the so-called "diamond," with which we have all now for many years been familiar. Of course, everybody who has thought about it knows that a triangle is a very strong form of figure. You see, it cannot alter shape without being destroyed; whereas a figure like a parallelogram can sag, or "shear," and still remain a parallelogram. This statement applies to all figures having four or more sides, and practical men have been familiar with the principle from very ancient times. Take, for example, that extremely old invention the five-barred gate. Why has it always the diagonal piece of wood running from corner to corner? Simply because the carpenter knows that the parallelograms of which the gate is mainly composed may, under various strains, such, for example, as the weight of children swinging on them, show a tendency to alter shape. By dividing the whole outline of the gate into two great triangles, he forms a structure that cannot alter shape until it breaks. The makers of cross frames are all working with a similar object—that of gaining greater strength. The effect in nearly every case is to get greater rigidity, about which a word later. But some of the designs now upon the market are very far from being improvements upon the old diamond, although nearly every one of them is superior to the parallel top tube design which has of late years had so good a run, especially in the south of England.

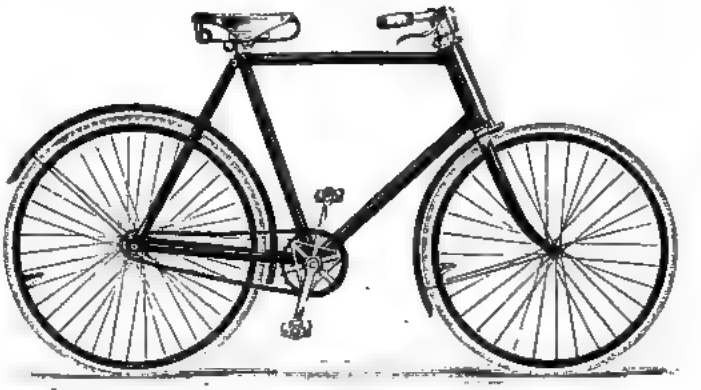
GIRL'S RALEIGH "MODELE SUPERBE."

RALEIGH "MODELE SUPERBE."

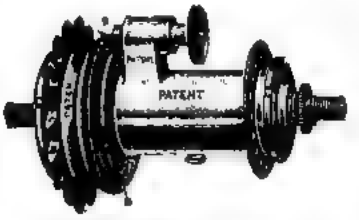
To retain rigidity was the aim of the early builders of the "ordinary," because they had found by experience that the lack of it was the reason for a very large proportion of cycling troubles. Rigidity is not less desirable in the modern safety, provided that certain conditions are complied with. And that is why spring frames are, as a rule, not worth experimenting with. They are not even a comfort, except in

A GIRL'S "CENTAUR."

cases where improper tyres are being used, so that undue vibration steals its way through them into the frame. The proper place to kill vibration is at the point of contact between the wheel and road, and before it has had a chance of damaging the frame; not after it has travelled through the frame and has done its best to disintegrate the latter. It is, therefore, wise to have tyres that are big enough to absorb all shocks that can be reasonably expected. I would rather have tyres too large than too small; just as I would rather have them too thick than too thin.



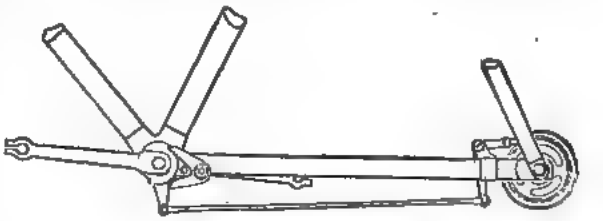
A "CENTAUR" ROADSTER.



"SINGER" FREE WHEEL LOCKING BOLT.

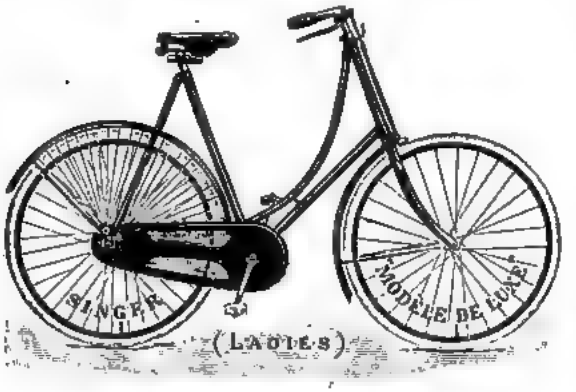
But there is a happy mean, depending largely upon the weight of the rider, and to some extent upon the uses to which the machine is to be put. Of course, for racing purposes, light, small tyres are just the things to have. Granted, then, that your wheels are properly shod, rigidity of frame is a thing to be sought after rather than avoided, provided that the form of design employed is not such as to lead to the transmission of shocks to parts of the machine ill adapted to sustain them. A very good system of triangulation is shown in the Raleigh cross frame, of which I give a miniature illustration, as well as of its companion, the girl's machine. The point about the Raleigh crossings is that they result in nothing but triangles, and further, that no tube reaches a terminal which is not supported by at least one other tube (see the head), generally two others, and in one case (the crank bracket) three others. Raleigh machines may be had at all sorts of prices from £10 10s. to £31. The one illustrated is retailed at £25.

Another form of "X" frame, as it has been named, is marketed by that enterprising firm the Cycle Components Company, and as they sell to a large number of bicycle builders, both large and small, you will encounter the design



QUADRANT BAND BRAKE.

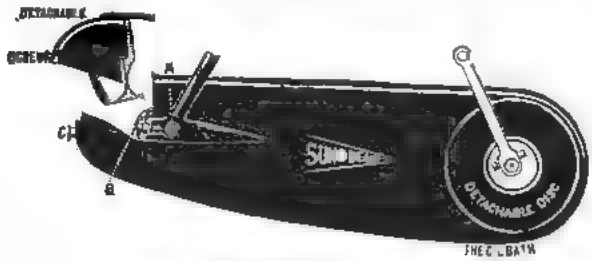
at almost every turn. The goods sent out from "Componentsville" hold a justly high reputation, and the small maker knows that he is able with them to build a machine upon which he can rely, and which will not injure his reputation with his customers. The Components Company, by the way, have added tyre making to their many industrial departments, and they are now able to supply sets of parts complete, tyres and all. They call their tyre the "Liberty," and it is made under the Dunlop license. Before passing from the subject of makers of parts, of whom there are many, but only one or two of whom I have space to mention now, I may say a word about Messrs. Perry & Co., of Birmingham. Besides the chains for which they have long been famous, they are marketing



A GIRL'S "MODÈLE DE LUXE."

several interesting specialities. They have two good rim-brakes—very important accessories in these free-wheeling days—while in the matter of free-wheel devices they now have not only their spring roller clutch, but a most ingenious clutch without a spring of any kind in it. The new pump-clip (Osmond's patent) which the firm are marketing, is also an excellent thing.

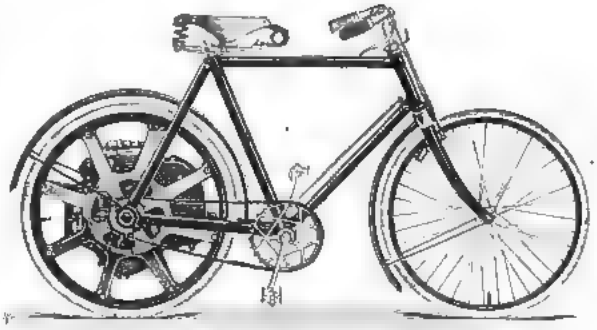
The New Centaur Cycle Company, of Coventry, are introducing some new patterns this season. Illustrations are given of two of their "Centurion" machines, the price of which is in each case £10 10s., or, if fitted with free wheel and suitable brakes, £12 12s. In addition to these they have designed a "Feather-weight X frame." The frame is reinforced by two extra tubes, passing from the back fork-ends to the top



THE "SUNBEAM" GEAR-CASE.

of the head, and the extra strength of this design allows of much lighter material being used. The frame weighs only 5lbs., which is considerably under the average for road use. The company are now producing a fully equipped roadster which weighs no more than 25lbs., "all on." Then there is the Singer Company, who keep well to the fore with their excellent work. Here, too, there is plenty of variety in the matter of price. A "Royal" may be bought for £13 10s., while a "Grand Modèle de Luxe" of the girl's pattern, of which a picture is given, costs £22 10s., or, with free wheel, extra brake power, and free wheel locking bolt, £25. This locking bolt is a contrivance for converting your free wheel into a fixed one, so that any free wheeler who cares for a little back-pedalling for a change, can avail himself of the device and indulge. Those with long purses may go to much higher prices when dealing with the Singer firm. Their motor bicycle, as shown, is listed at £66 10s. The motor, which is of two horse-power, is fixed to the back wheel of a bicycle, or the front wheel of a tricycle. It is neat and compact, emits no smell, and has all its parts so placed as to be easily "getatable."

If the chain is to be superseded as a means of



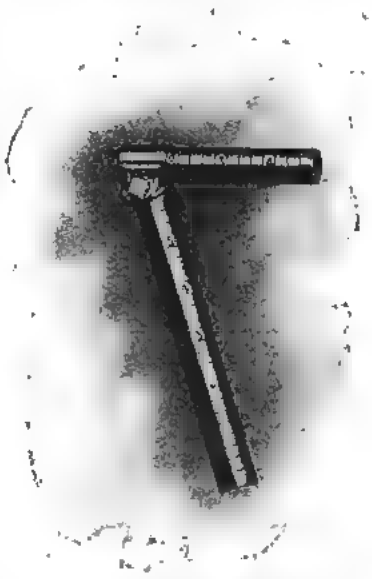
SINGER MOTOR CYCLE.

transmitting driving power, which is not as yet by any means certain, there appears to me to be no more likely contrivance to supplant it than Lloyd's cross-roller gear. It is at present fitted to all "Quadrant chainless" bicycles, the connection between the crank bracket and the driving wheel being made by a connecting rod or shaft which revolves, but is not driven on the favourite American plan by means of bevelled toothed wheels. The teeth in this case give place to rollers and pegs. Now, if a true cylinder be laid upon a true plane, the parts of contact make a straight line with theoretically no breadth. If, on the other hand, one cylinder be laid across another, the contact between them is a mere point. The Quadrant people make much of this "point contact" which they thus obtain. The contact surfaces are reduced to a minimum, and the friction of the working of the gear is proportionately lessened. Further investigation and longer experience will be necessary before a final verdict upon this system of driving can be pronounced. In the meantime, I would protest against the attitude of those writers who say that the friction of a chain is so small that a reduction of it is not worth the making. If any method of saving driving power, however slight and fractional the difference, can be discovered, it should be

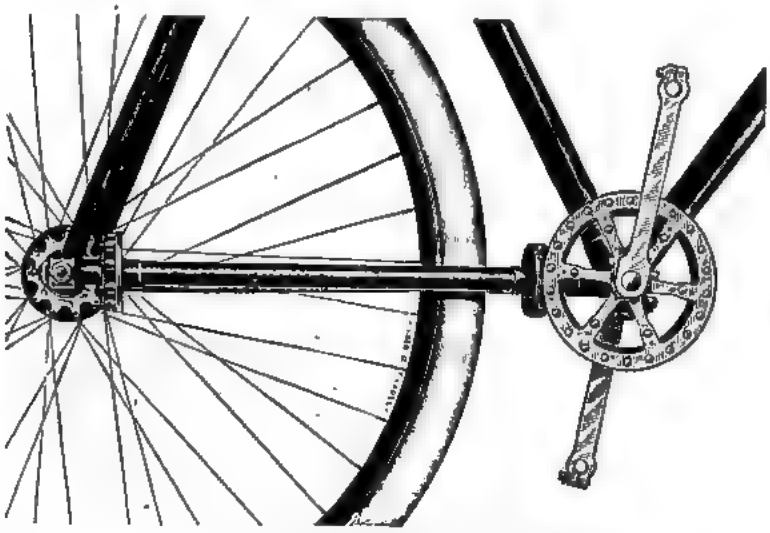
A RIM-BRAKE ON A "SUNBEAM."

welcomed. The bicycle has only been perfected by the introduction of an enormous number of small improvements. The Quadrant people have a good pedal brake which can be put on at two points of the crank revolution. It is very simple in construction, and for those who prefer a band-brake to a rim-brake is all that could be desired.

I have two other firms of the first importance to mention before I close this month's article. One is the Enfield Cycle Company, of Redditch, whose Royal Enfields still hold a foremost place. They make a speciality of a graduated saddle pillar, the idea of which is very simple, as you will see by the illustration. The advantage of it is that, having once got your saddle into the position that suits you best, you can easily memorise the two numbers on the pillar and arm which indicate the exact places of adjustment. I should think the lending of machines to friends is at least as common now as it was in the days when I learnt to ride, which I did on bicycles borrowed from fellows at the same school. Well, your friend's reach is not always the same as your own. If it isn't, nothing is easier than to readjust for yourself, by means of the numbers, the moment the machine is returned, without any trouble of measuring. The other firm is that of John Marston, Ltd., of Wolverhampton. I have pictures of their very excellent gear-case and of their front rim-brake, which is one of the best to be had. I shall from time to time call attention to various specialities or novelties marketed by other firms of high standing and reputation, and in the meantime shall always be ready to give the best advice I can to individual inquirers.



ENFIELD GRADUATED SEAT-PILLAR.

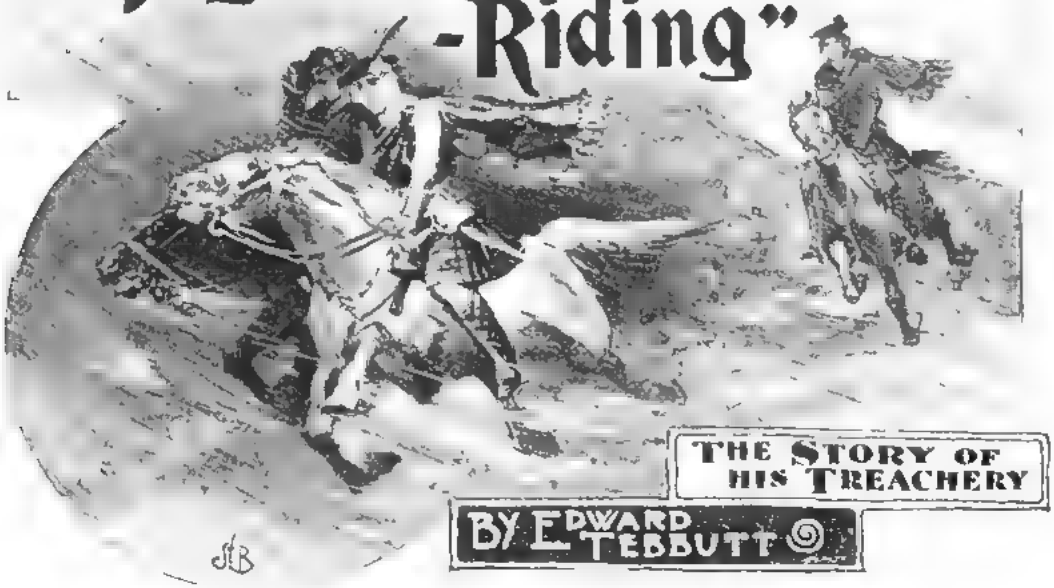


LLOYD'S CROSS-ROLLER GEAR—QUADRANT.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Ethel H. (Clapham Common).—Try some "Three-in-one" oil, obtainable of the South British Trading Company, of 6, Victoria Avenue, Bishopsgate Without, London, E.C. I think it unlikely that the original brightness will be quite restored. I am glad you are a member of The Captain Club; but I don't send replies through the post. **Reg.** (Burton-on-Trent).—(1) By all means walk to London, but don't try to do it in too little time. From the "Queen's Hotel" at Burton to the Mansion House the distance is 124¼ miles, so that even if you never took a wrong turning your programme would entail a little stroll of over forty miles a day. Of course I do not know your age and strength, but for myself, when I walk for real pleasure and enjoyment, I think between fifteen and twenty miles, with open eyes and a bit of energy left when evening comes, is enough. You would hardly finish your walks in daylight if you did as much as you suggest, and that *would* be a pity. (2) It varies greatly. I have known it as low as 1s. 6d., and from that up to all sorts of prices. Anything beyond 4s. is unfair. It depends upon the sort of house. (3) No, I really could not. Here's an itinerary for you:—Woodville, Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Hugglescote, Markfield (pause), Groby, Leicester, Oadby, Kibworth (pause), Market Harborough, Desborough, Rothwell, Kettering (pause), Barton Seagrave, Burton Latimer, Finedon, Higham Ferrers, Rushden, Bletsoe (pause), Bedford, Clophill, Barton (pause), Luton, Harpenden, St. Alban's (pause if you like, looking at grand abbeys), and Barnet. The word "pause" means that a resting place might be looked for in the neighbourhood if you would cut the journey into seven fairly equal stages. I shall be much interested to hear how your tramp succeeds.

My Lord of "Monarch's-Riding"



Illustrated by Stewart Browne.

I.

SINCE noon we had ridden madly along the sodden, rain-swept byways; with scarce a word one to another we had dashed by pinewood and mountain, village and hamlet; up steepening hill-side and down into valleys beyond. On, always on—and away!

Behind us spurred Cumberland's troopers; how near we knew not, nor cared. Troopers with bared swords, and with mercenary lust in their hearts. For on Charlie's head, and on Lochiel's head, the Butcher-Duke had set a felon's price—and it was even Charlie and Lochiel who rode with me towards Gortuleg that waning April afternoon.

Culloden Muir was fought and lost. The cause on which we had staked our very lives and liberties was a cause no longer, but a shadow of a cause, with a leader outlawed and degraded, and having none with him save only two supporters out of all that valiant host which had cheered his name when Prestonpans was won.

Faith! how we lashed our steeds, and hugged the shadows of the wood-side! Perchance it was our thoughts we feared—the vision of our shattered hopes, the dregs of an ambition that had o'erleapt the likelihood of consummation. The mud splattered up around us, even to the ribbons of our bonnets; the wind swept round the rocky corners and hacked at our faces as with the edge of a claymore. And yet we rode blindly ahead, nor paused to peer behind.

Prince Charlie and Lochiel galloped some ten paces ahead of me, and as the fading light told of the approach of evening, I heard the passing of words between them. Then they slackened their pace, and I, too, drew my rein. In the blackness of a thick-grown copse we paused to consider our next move.

"Over the brae to the right," said Duncan Cameron — surely the noblest chief who ever headed a Highland clan — "lies the castle of Monarch's Riding, where dwells the lord of Gortuleg."

"Hath he sympathy with the cause?" asked Charlie, bitterly.

God alone knows the pain that warped the soul of this vanquished boy; that spread a pall of hopelessness before his bonny eyes, and drove the love from his heart, and the reason from his brain. Down in the South, where the sun glinted bright on the rippling Esk and swept in golden halos over the grain-lands and the pasture-steeps of the Lothians, he had cried to me many a day that no country on all the earth could rival the beauties of this new-won kingdom of his. But here it was rain and

driving mist—a waste of crag and forest and morass. A storm-rocked wilderness, strewn with broken hearts and shattered fortunes.

"He should have sympathy," returned Lochiel, "for his own son headed the hundred clansmen who flashed their claymores to your Highness's banner in Glenfinnan camp."

A wave of despair clouded o'er Charlie's features as he recalled that moment of his triumph.

"Then speed to Monarch's Riding," he said listlessly; "though, by my faith, the same would seem to breathe some sneering prophecy—or some prophecy fulfilled, perchance."

We turned our horses to the road edge, and would have ridden them down the incline which sloped to a mist-white valley, and away to a heathered brae beyond. But the grass was slippery, sodden with trickling rivulets, and we perforce must dismount and bridle our steeds in the rear of Cameron, who had known the country all the days of his life. Thus we journeyed to the castle of Monarch's Riding—weary, bruised, afoot: Charles Stuart, the last of his dynasty; Duncan Cameron, chief of all his noble clan; and I, Gavin Macgregor, whose home lies north of Stirling Castle, and whose lands spread away to the borders of Perth and Clackmannan. And behind us, Cumberland's troopers, clad in the red coat of the Hanoverian usurper, spurring through a country which should have risen to a man to drive them over the border from whence they came.

At length we reached the crest of the opposite brae, and out of the purple shadows of the night rose the home of the lords of Gortuleg. The castle was perched by the bank of a yellow, swirling river, and almost to its very portals swept a boundless forest of shivering, reeking pine trees. A channel had been cut around the walls, that the waters might flow on every hand, so that the only method of reaching the courtyard lay in passing over a heavy, iron-clamped drawbridge, and through a great stone turret whose door was guarded by a loop-holed portcullis. Truly, this castle of Monarch's Riding was a fit and worthy retreat for our hunted Stuart Prince.

We mounted our steeds again, and ambled painfully over the bracken and heather, and as we neared the drawbridge we beheld a man awaiting us who, we at once surmised, must be none other than my lord of Gortuleg. Colossal of frame, sturdy as the hills that lay piled in crags and pinnacles around him, he more resembled some lawless freebooter of the days of King Malcolm than a laird who had ever followed the ways of peace, and whose claymore had grown tarnished upon the wall.

"My lord," cried Lochiel, as we all but gained his side, "I am Duncan Cameron, who have but lately become chieftain of my clan, and I would beg you extend your hospitality towards me, and towards these gentlemen who ride hither with me."

"A Cameron was ever welcome at Monarch's Riding," returned Gortuleg in courteous tone, "and as for your friends, I can but place myself and my castle at their disposal."

"In honouring us, you honour yourself as well," laughed Cameron, "for I would e'en present you to the most noble gentleman in all this northern land of ours."

With a cry of astonishment the chieftain turned to Charlie. For a moment he stared at him in grim amazement, then doffed his bonnet and bent his knee before him.

"Your Most Sacred Majesty," he cried brokenly, "I had more than hoped to welcome you hither one day, but——" he paused, and a great shadow of grief swept over his face, "the dream and the reality are split too wide asunder to permit of my telling you all that is in my heart this night."

"My lord of Gortuleg," replied Charlie sadly, "your dreams and mine have perchance run side by side. And now that the day of disillusion has arrived, we must only remember that they were but—dreams."

"Yet I fail to comprehend, your Majesty. Is all over, that you ride hither in haste, and with none of the retinue fitting for the King of Scotland?"

Charlie would fain have made reply, but Cameron motioned him to be silent.

"We struck our last blow at Culloden Muir, my lord, and on every hand the English scattered us as leaves before the breath of winter. Our army is massacred, our cause is lost beyond redemption—and we ourselves are hunted even now for the blood-money that is set upon our heads!"

The old chieftain gripped at my bridle, and a tear rolled over the furrows of his cheek.

"And Lochiel—think me not steeped in selfishness, your Majesty—can you tell me aught of my son, of the hundred clansmen who marched out southward to join Prince Charlie's banner?"

"Gortuleg," replied Lochiel in low tone, "at the eve of Culloden, when the muir was scarlet with the blood of our Highland warriors, there was yet one corner of the battle-field where fighting raged hard and furious. Back to back stood a little knot of heroes, decked in a tartan such as you yourself are wearing now. Streaming were their claymores, dyed so deep that no glint flashed to the sky as they swung at arm's length, and slashed beneath to bite another English skull. Your clansmen fell, Gortuleg, one above another, piled as the wood drifts in the forest of

Glenbriasdale. And at length but one stood erect among the dead around him——"

The lord of Gortuleg swayed dizzily from side to side, and as he swayed he rocked my horse's head.

"'Twas your son, my lord. . . . 'A life for a life, and a Gortuleg for ever!' he shouted madly. The English held back, afraid perchance of his strength and his unswerving courage. Then they rushed—twelve of them—twenty maybe. I saw his claymore swing for the last time, and out of the din and noise of battle rose a cry—'God save the King of Scotland!' rang the message. The English closed together, drew back, then rushed once more. . . ."

"Enough, Duncan Cameron," cried Gortuleg sternly, a hectic flush creeping o'er the whiteness of his cheeks. "I sent my son to take the place which, of rights, was surely mine own. That he comes not back, neither he nor the clansmen whom he led, is but the decree of the God of War. Your Highness, by your leave I precede you into the castle of Monarch's Riding."

The old chieftain turned to lead the way over the drawbridge, and we, in silence, followed in his rear. Glancing at Charlie, I saw that his lips had grown white as the froth-capped waves of the river beneath us. Not the least part of his ill-fortune was the knowledge that so many valiant men and true had fallen beneath his banner, and yet had failed to keep that banner to the sky. And by my faith, my own heart was heavy enough, as I compared this moment with our triumphs and our happy days in grey old Holyrood.

Passing beneath the portcullis, we dismounted from our steeds and strode with Gortuleg up a flight of cracked, time-hallowed steps; then into the hall, oak-panelled, with weapons of warfare gleaming on the walls. The chieftain paused on the threshold, and turned bareheaded to Charlie.

"I bid you doubly welcome, your Majesty," cried he; "you, and those who rode hither with you."

II.

For two days we lay in safe hiding with my lord of Gortuleg, and on the third night we deemed it safe to ride forth once more, that we might make our way towards the western islands, where pursuit would be fruitless, and newer plans might be broached. Of Charlie himself—as indeed of Gortuleg also—Cameron and I had seen but little. The old chieftain, too reserved though he might be to display signs of grief in our presence, was none the less sadly affected by the ill tidings we had brought him, and it seemed to me as though he purposely held himself aloof from our company. As for Charlie, he lay completely prostrate; worn out with fatigue, and half mad, perchance, in the bitterness of his anguish. So, at his own desire, he remained in an upper chamber, where he was tended by fair Mistress Denise Macleod.

The night on which we had ridden to Monarch's Riding we were presented to a girl whom, out of five hundred of her sex, I would unhesitatingly have chosen to play the part which she perforce enacted later on. Of her beauty I have little mind to speak, for a poet's words would but fall haltingly from my pen. I can only say that to this very moment her eyes seem to shine into the inmost depths of my heart, and to afford me a glimpse of Heaven permitted to but few of us in these days of strife and warfare. And though I bade her good-bye on the night of which I am about to speak, I still cherish a hope that her lot may yet be cast with mine, and that her future may be my future too. She it was who ministered to Prince Charlie in his prostration.

Despite the fact that we had so far seemed to remain in comparative safety, Lochiel and I had grown impatient of further delay, and together we discussed the best means of waking Charlie to some sense of his perilous position, and of urging the necessity of putting the sea between him and the troopers, who sought him even now. We stood moodily chatting by a small barred window which overhung the gloomy forest beneath, when Gortuleg himself joined our council. Some great change seemed to have made itself apparent in his features and bearing during the past forty-eight hours. A stoop had sprung to his shoulders, his cheeks had grown ashen, and his eyes gleamed wild and wolf-like beneath his shaggy, overhanging eyebrows.

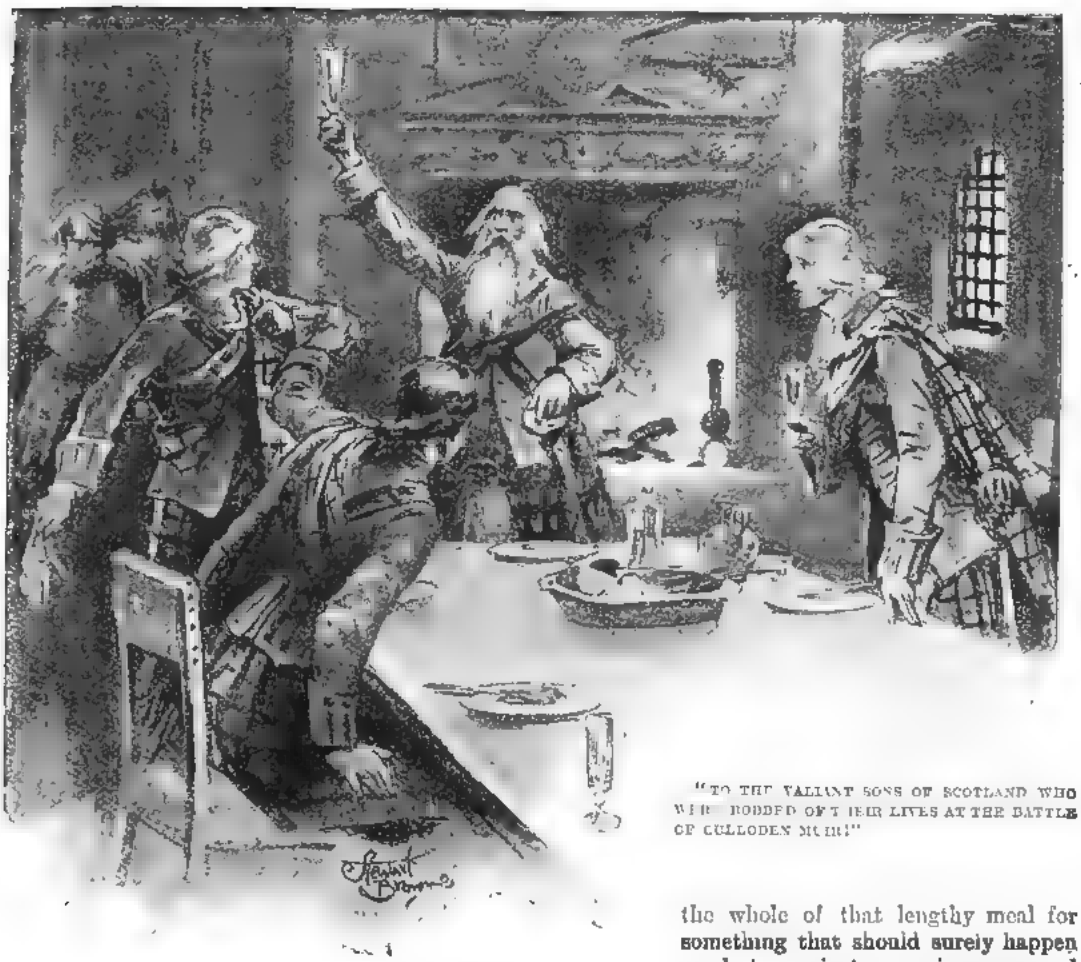
"My lord," remarked Cameron, as he strode to where we stood, "we deem it prudent that we should curtail our visit here, and would suggest pushing towards the west this evening."

Gortuleg eyed him in peculiar fashion.

"Wishful though I am to see you safe," returned he, "I would e'en persuade you to remain as my guests for this one night, at least. I am but ill satisfied with the hospitality which has been extended towards you at Monarch's Riding, and this evening have summoned my kinsmen to do you honour at my table."

"For your hospitality we shall be ever grateful, my lord, and shall always hold your kindness in remembrance. So we are the more honoured in meeting your kinsmen, and will surely remain with you, at least until the morrow has grown dark."

"Your decision will be pleasing to His Highness," said Gortuleg, in the same ceremonious



"TO THE VALIANT SONS OF SCOTLAND WHO WERE ROBBED OF THEIR LIVES AT THE BATTLE OF CULLODEN MUIR!"

tone. "For his own part, he is none too anxious to set forth again."

Thus it happened that when we entered the great dining-hall that night we found some seven or eight guests already assembled—men of rugged aspect, arrayed in the Gortuleg tartan, who swung their swords to the ceiling as Charlie stepped into the room. There was a pallor on the boy's cheek, a weary, hunted look in his eyes; and his manner betrayed a certain impatience as he bowed in acknowledgment of the few words of sympathy that Gortuleg offered him on behalf of his clan.

Now, at the moment I deemed it my imagination, yet nevertheless it seemed to me that I perceived an air of covert hostility towards us among all the men assembled that night at Gortuleg's table. True it was that the occasion was by no means conducive to merriment, nor the surroundings like to raise our spirits from their gloom and melancholy. Yet in spite of this, I waited during the whole of that lengthy meal for something that should surely happen—alert against surprise, prepared almost for treachery. Blazing torches hung reeking upon the walls, shooting ruddy beams of light into the shadow-hidden corners, and flinging masks of fire upon the portraits of the bygone Gortulegs. Backwards and fore marched a pair of lusty pipers, their music rising shrill over the roar of the wind outside, wailing to the song of the rainstorm, which beat in pattering notes upon the windows. We conversed in whispering undertones—of laughter there was none; and, amid strained and sudden silence, Gortuleg rose at the head of the table.

"Your Majesty," cried he, "my guests, and my kinsmen, I have a toast I would ask you to drink with me this night."

We stared at his towering figure, at his great, blazing eyes, and some of us shuddered, perhaps. He lifted his glass at arm's length above his head.

"To the valiant sons of Scotland who were robbed of their lives at the Battle of Culloden Muir!"

I saw Charlie's lips tremble, noticed that his cheeks grew even more pale than was their wont. And by my side, Lochiel gripped my hand as he stifled the curse that sprang hard and wildly to his lips.

"To the valiant dead!"

We rose to our feet, and in silence we toasted the dead; and when we bent back to our seats only Gortuleg himself remained yet erect.

"Had this gathering taken place but a few short months ago, there had been one with us bearing my own name, and one day bearing the title that I carry, too. But, with his hundred followers, he rode forth to do battle for what he conceived to be the right—so that neither he nor they return."

"My lord," interrupted Cameron sternly, "I would crave your pardon when I say that your vain regrets are like to be displeasing to Prince Charlie, whom, in Scotland, we are each one honoured to serve."

"Little I heed his displeasure or yours, Duncan Cameron," cried Gortuleg in ringing tones; "my son has sacrificed himself to a cause towards which I have ever extended but the scantiest sympathy, so that his life, together with the lives of those who rode with him, are but stolen by this Prince whom you tell me I am proud to-day in serving. I recognize no Stuart Prince, nor, e'en if I did, would I bow to the wishes of this hunted Pretender of yours."

Upon the instant, Lochiel and I sprang to our feet. For my own part, I was incoherent with rage, and naught could I do save swing my glove across the table, between the eyes of this traitor who derided Charlie's misfortunes in his very presence. Yet, though his clansmen raised a great outcry at my action, Gortuleg himself smiled in disdainful fashion, and oblivious he remained to the insult I had offered him."

"These noble gentlemen," said he, "ride hither to claim a hospitality to which they are but ill entitled. So far I have extended them that hospitality, which, now and henceforth, I withhold. Charles Stuart, your horse and the horses of your followers await you in the courtyard below."

"My lord of Gortuleg," returned Charlie in kingly tone, "you have struck me a blow by your treachery which, to the end of my days, I shall ever hold in remembrance. But in your disloyalty you have also shown me how much I owe to Scotland, for, by my faith, I warrant me that not one other peer or peasant throughout the land would have degraded his manhood as you have degraded yours this night."

He turned short and sharp upon his heel, yet ere I could reach his side, Mistress Denise was on her knees before him, his hand, wet with her tears, carried and held to her lips.

"God bless your Most Noble Majesty!" she cried brokenly; "God bless and save you always!"

With a smile of triumph, I turned sneeringly to Gortuleg.

"'Twas ever a woman's wit, my lord," cried I, "that heightened man's triumph—or stamped his degradation!"

Scarce had the words fallen from my lips when the door was flung open and a Highland soldier rushed headlong into the room. A huge red scar bit deep across his eyebrows; his kilt and tunic were rusted and wrinkled with blood, bedabbled in great patches over the plaid of the sombre Gortuleg tartan. He pulled up short as he beheld Denise upon her knees; and terror-stricken he lifted his eyes to where the chieftain stood in grim, unbending silence. It was Ronald Gortuleg, whom Cameron had accounted for slain at the massacre of Culloden Muir!

With a glad cry of welcome Denise sprang to her feet, but the boy started back from her touch as he stared from Charlie to Lochiel, and on to where I myself was standing.

"By the love of Heaven!" he whispered, "they are here, the three of them, and even now the English soldiers are searching for His Highness without!"

"English soldiers!" roared Gortuleg, wakened at length from the stupor into which he seemed to have fallen, "here, in Monarch's Riding?"

"They are below in the courtyard, my lord—fifty of them, who scour the villages around for Prince Charlie and for Lord George Murray."

"They may scour the whole countryside for aught it means to me, but how came they to pass the castle drawbridge? Say not that you did lend them, or——"

"'Twas death to refuse, my lord, and I little thought to find that in truth His Highness was hiding here. So I did choose——"

"Dishonour!"

Loud and stern rang the denunciation over the whispering of the awe stricken guests; over the sobs of broken-hearted Denise, as she turned to the embrasured casement and peered through her tears into the blackness of the courtyard beneath. For a moment there was silence; then Gortuleg himself wheeled round on Charlie with all the deference and homage that he had displayed upon the evening of our first meeting.

"Your Highness," said he, in tones but scarcely audible to us who stood nearest around; "this night I would, in my madness and my disloyalty, have driven you from my gates even in the hour of your sorest need. But my punishment has fallen

swift and sharp—and, by the Lord, it is harder than I can bear."

Then, in the hall, we heard the tramp of many footsteps, and the clang of scabbards over the oaken floor; and hoarse voices, shouting with wild Southern oaths for lights and guidance. Spurs jangled loud on the stairs outside; a heavy fist was laid upon the door.

I slashed my dirk from my stocking, yet ere I could meet the intruders, Denise was on her knees again—but this time it was me to whom she knelt, and my hand that was pressed to her lips. The door swung open; an English captain, with a file of troopers in his rear, passed rapidly into the room. The officer glanced sweepingly around, until at length his eyes rested upon me. I stared at him in return, a smile of disdain curling my lips. By my faith, I would, at the moment, have faced Cumberland himself, backed by the flower of the English army, had I but the right to call Denise mine own.

The captain stepped forward, with something of pity in his eyes. He raised his sword to the salute; then stood erect before me.

"Charles Edward Stuart," said he, "in the name of His Most Gracious Majesty I hold you my prisoner of war."

For a moment I scarce dared to breathe, though I swear that, had but one of those Scottish traitors raised a dissentient note, I would have slashed him to the floor as he stood.

"Sir," returned I, gripping the tiny hands that rested in mine, "I bow to the force of superior numbers, and yield myself your prisoner. Have you orders concerning me?"

"My orders are to bring you to the Duke's camp with the utmost despatch."

I raised Denise to her feet, and there, before Gortuleg and his craven kinsmen, I took her in my arms and bent my head to kiss her trembling lips.

"Dear," I whispered, "one day I shall come hither again to redeem that kiss."

A flood of tears swept to her eyes, and through those tears she smiled her love's God-speed.

"I shall ever wait," she answered softly; and, yet more softly still, "*my* bonny, bonny Prince."

Then I released her again, and with merry heart turned to the captain from England.

"CHARLES EDWARD STUART, IN THE NAME OF HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY I HOLD YOU MY PRISONER OF WAR."

"I am at your disposal, sir," quoth I.

That same night, whilst I journeyed North to the encampment of his Grace the Butcher-Duke, Prince Charlie and Lochiel were galloping through the blackness of Glenbriasdale to the rock-hewn islands of the West.

"HOWLERS."

THE poll tax was to be paid by everyone that had a head.

The Fire of London, although looked on at first as a great calamity, really did a great deal of good, as it purified the city from the dregs of the plague and burnt down eighty-nine churches.

Sherwood Forest was the haunt of Robin Hood and Little Tich.

Edward III. would have been King of France if his mother had been a man.

An axiom: Things which are double each other are greater than anything else.

The three principal parts of the eye are the pupil, the mote, and the beam.

The word "sermon" comes from the Latin *sero*, meaning "too late," and *moneo*, "I warn," being a warning coming too late.

The zebra is like a horse, only striped, and is chiefly used to illustrate the letter Z.

A fishing net is a lot of little holes joined together by a bit of string.

What is the penalty of forgery?—*Ans.* A man is hanged if guilty, and banished if innocent.

The marriage custom of the ancient Greeks was that a man married only one wife, and this was called monotony.

Contributed to the "Elean" by F. L. M.

"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR MAY.

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus:—

Competition No. ——, Class ——, Name ——,
Address ——, Age ——

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

GIRLS may compete.

You may enter for as many competitions as you like; each "comp." must be sent in a separate envelope, or, when possible, on a post-card.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Address envelopes and post-cards as follows:—Competition No. ——, Class ——, "THE CAPTAIN," 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by May 12th.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Only write on one side of each sheet of paper. Only one competition must be put into an envelope. Anybody disregarding these rules, or failing to address envelopes properly, *will be disqualified.*

No. 1.—**"Twelve Longest Words."**—Send on a post-card a list of what you believe to be the twelve longest words in the English language. Three prizes of 7s. each.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-two.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Fourteen.

No. 2.—**"The Best Way to Get to Sleep."**—For the benefit of those readers who suffer from insomnia we are offering three prizes of goods chosen from our advertisement pages to the value of 7s. 6d. (in each class), for the best recipe for getting to sleep. Competitions should not exceed four hundred words. Within that limit you may mention as many "ways" as you like or only one—just as you please.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 3.—**"Handwriting."**—Copy, in your best handwriting, the paragraph in the "Old Fag's" editorial beginning "A word for cats," and ending "for the present." Three prizes of 7s.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Twelve.

No. 4.—**"Poem."**—The poem must not exceed twenty-four lines, and must be absolutely original. It may be either serious or comic. The prizes will be THREE FOUNTAIN PENS.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-four.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Fourteen

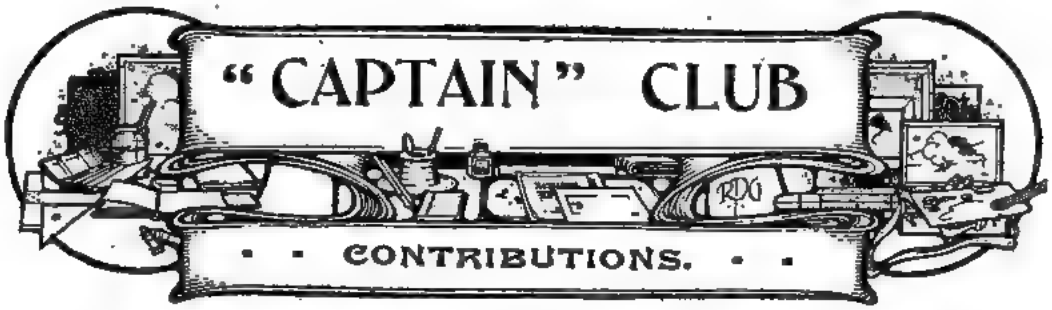
No. 5.—**"Twelve Most Useful Things."**—Send on a post-card a list of the twelve things (such as, for example, "money") which we find most useful in the ordinary course of existence. Three prizes of 7s. 6d., consisting of goods from our advertisement pages.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Twelve.

No. 6.—**"Photograph or Drawing."**—Send a photograph or drawing of a person taking a photograph, or of a person making a drawing. The prizes will be THREE FULL SETS OF DRAWING MATERIALS, or BOOKS to the value of 6s.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Twelve.

NOTE.—As a number of Competitors seem hazy on this point, let them understand that a Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 25 comp., so long as he has not actually turned 26. The same rule applies to all the other age limits.

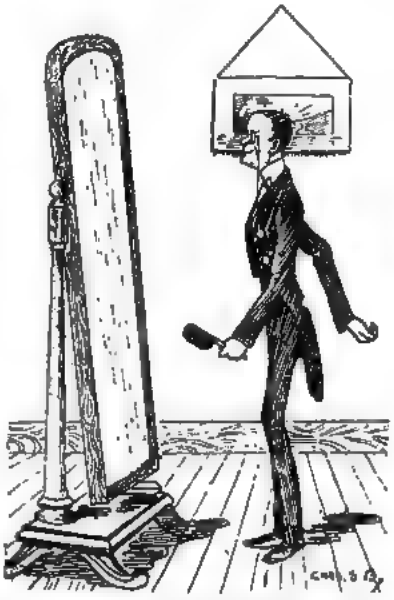


ONE Year's Subscription to THE CAPTAIN is this month awarded to MISS E. R. SIMMONS (who is requested to forward her address), for her essay on "Southampton."

My Encounter with a Stag.

My home is in the highlands and I am only a poor, Scotch, kilted laddie who has never yet been outside Perthshire. Perhaps, however, this story may interest some London readers of THE CAPTAIN who know as little of Scotch moors and heather as I do of London and its many wonders.

Around my home lie miles and miles of heather, broken here and there by small woods of fir and other trees. Here the deer love to roam, unmolested as a rule, except in autumn, when the shooting season is at its height. As a rule deer are as timorous as highland cattle (though I have known some people look upon a highland cow as a sort of buffalo, and regard it with quite as much terror as they would that formidable child of the prairie), and will break away at full speed when they see anyone approaching. A short time ago I had occasion to pass over this moorland, bound for a neighbouring farm, and, rounding a small clump of trees, I suddenly came upon a herd of deer browsing placidly on the rich grass. Startled at my sudden appearance, the herd stood for a moment with their heads turned in my direction, then with one accord took to flight across the moor and in a few moments were far distant. I was preparing to proceed onwards, thinking little of the occurrence, when I heard a crashing of branches behind me, and, turning round, beheld a magnificent stag bursting out of the wood, evidently with the intention of joining the herd which had just departed. It stopped short for a moment on seeing me, then, lowering its head, dashed straight towards me, its eyes gleaming with rage and determination. I remember little beyond seeing for a moment a shining pair of antlers, then I felt myself going up and up, and then I landed on my back in the soft heather, fortunately uninjured. In a moment I was on my feet, and instinctively made a dash for the friendly shelter of the wood, which was close at hand. But as I reached the edge there was a rush behind me, I felt a fearful shock on my back, the trees seemed to turn round and round, and I became unconscious.



CHOLLY: "There are worse looking fellers in the world than you, Cholly, my boy!"
LOOKING-GLASS. "Yes, not many though."
(By C. S. Buller.)

When I regained my senses a gamekeeper, with whom I was intimately acquainted, was bending over me. He related how he found me lying unconscious at the edge of the wood, with a deep cut on my forehead. In a few moments I sufficiently recovered to return home, but many months elapsed before I entirely recovered from the bruises and shaking received in my adventure with the stag.—J. W. ANDERSON.

One of the last Acts of Queen Victoria.

All of us are lamenting the death of our beloved Queen, Victoria the Good. No other monarch

AN OLD COTTAGE IN OSBOURNE ST. GEORGE.
(Sent by Howard S. Brown.)

ever held such a position in the hearts of his or her people as she did. I think that the following example of her sympathy with her subjects, which she was always so ready to extend, will be read with interest by the readers of THE CAPTAIN. It may not be generally known that her late Majesty gave a handsome pair of binocular glasses, together with a sum of money, every year, to the cadet on the training-ship *Conway* who gained the Royal Naval Cadetship. Last year this was gained by my brother Willie (now on his way to Wei-Hai-Wei on the four-masted ship *Engelhorn*). However, he failed to pass the medical examination for the Royal Navy. This was reported to the Queen, and my father received a letter from Sir Fleetwood Edwards, on behalf of her Majesty, expressing her sympathy with my brother in his disappointment. The letter also stated that the Queen wished to present him with a pair of binoculars as a compensation. The binoculars arrived at our house on January 14th. Her Majesty died on January 22nd, just a week after! Is it much to be wondered at, that a monarch who could do such gracious acts as this should be beloved by her subjects?

BINOCULAR GLASSES PRESENTED BY QUEEN VICTORIA TO CADET WALKER OF THE TRAINING-SHIP *Conway*.

GILDART J. WALKER.

About the Iron Duke.

An old soldier, whose father served under Wellington, told me the following stories about the great general:—

One day a man came to Wellington and showed him a sample of what he said was a bullet-proof jacket. Wellington refused to buy, not putting any faith in the man's invention. The man called again, but was again shown out. On his third visit Wellington said to him, "Are you willing to let your invention be put to the test?" "Yes, your Grace," said the man; "any test you like." Wellington then caused a file of soldiers to be brought in, and, turning to the inventor, said, "Put on your jacket and go to the end of the room"—and, turning to the soldiers,—"fire at that man's jacket when I give the word." On hearing this the inventor raced through the open door, and the Iron Duke smiled. Needless to say, the inventor never troubled him again.

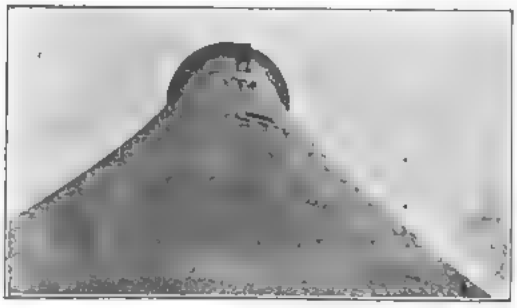
In the second story the laugh went against the duke; nevertheless, he appreciated the joke.

Wellington made an order that all lights were to be put out at a certain hour, under pain of death. One night he saw a lamp burning. Quickly he walked to the tent—an officer's—and entering, took the officer's name, saying, "You will be shot to-morrow." In a moment the officer picked up a pistol, and said, "Cancel that order, or you go now." The Iron Duke was completely taken aback, and the young officer thus saved himself by his ready wit.

A. G. SCOTT.

A Curious Incident of the War.

A cousin of mine relates rather a close shave he had during the siege of Ladysmith.



AN UNCOMMON VIEW OF EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE.
(Taken from the base by H. M. Goldsmith.)

BRIXTON COLLEGE FIRST FIFTEEN.—SEASON 1900-1901.
(Sent by J. Coslett.)

He was walking along a narrow road near the cantonments, when he stopped to salute the funeral procession of a private who had been killed the previous day. It passed within ten feet of him, and as it did so a shell from "Long Tom" came and burst on the road between him and the procession. He was nearly choked by the smoke; however, none of the pieces of flying shell hit him, neither were any of those taking part in the procession struck—except the corpse, which received a large piece of iron in its side.

"ANOTHER OF THE CLUB."

A Maze Mystery.

[Fragment of conversation in maze between two men—A. and B.]

A.—"Hello! how do?"

B.—"Ah! fine day!"

A.—"Trying to get out?"

B.—"Yes, for the last half hour; are you?"

A.—"No, I'm trying to find the middle, and I've been meeting the exit door every two turns I take.

B.—"Trying to find the middle! What for?"

A.—"My wife and thirteen children in there. Sent me out to find guide to take them out; found exit myself and am trying to get back to them."

B.—"Show me way out?"

A.—"Certainly, come along." (Half an hour later): "Ah! at last the exit. Hello——"

Feminine voice.—"At last you've got back, dear; but who is that with you?"

B. to *A.*—"What! Call this the exit?"

A. (collapsing).—"Awfully sorry, old chap."

B.—"So'm I. What are you going to do?"

A. (recovering).—"Try and get out I suppose. Come on."

(Two hours later.)

A.—"We'll have to give it up; can't get out; have tried every door we saw, and wife and children won't go a step further. Pity we can't remember the call for a guide."

(They all sit down in despair. Another hour passes.)

B.—"Ah! here's a guide at last! Way out, please, guide."

(The guide opens a little door into street, about two yards away. All go out without even saying good-bye.)

JAMES H. SKUSE.

Southampton.

As Southampton is quite to the fore in the national life of to-day, a short history of this ancient borough may be of interest to those who peruse the daily papers with eager interest.

The first mention of the town occurs in 837, when the Danes were repulsed by the shire ruler, Goldorman Gulfheard. The real growth of the port, however, did not take place till the Conquest, when it showed every sign of prosperity, if we may believe the Domesday Book. To-day, in walking down High Street, we see on either side, over the shop fronts, evidence of the Normans in the foreign names of the shop-keepers.

The frequent incursions of the enemy from the opposite shores, and the pirates in the Channel, made fortifications an absolute necessity. The

A GOOD SNAPSHOT AT TORQUAY.
(Taken in the water by A. Bailey).

walls, towers, and gates are of the Norman period, and are still in a fairly good state of preservation, in fact, only sufficiently time-worn to present a picturesque appearance. The water no longer washes the walls, for a fine parade now lies between them and Southampton Water with its shipping. Four of the seven gates are still in use, Bar Gate, West Gate—under which the troops marched before the Battle of Crecy—Blue Anchor Gate, and God's House.

Few towns have been favoured by the honour of so many royal visitors. Scarcely a sovereign since the Conquest has failed to stay in, or pass through, the town. The Norman and Plantagenet kings frequently came; indeed, King John's palace is pointed out to sight-seers now, but to this sceptics need not give credence. Henry I., Henry II., Richard I., Richard II., three Edwards, and John of Gaunt were all visitors.

In the reigns of Henry IV. and Henry V. armed forces were continually passing through the town *en route* for France. Here Margaret of Anjou landed and received the court dressmaker, before her marriage to Henry VI. Passing over Edward IV., Henry VII., Henry VIII., and Edward VI., it is interesting to note that James I. and his wife Anne took refuge here when the plague was raging. Charles II. for the same reason spent some time in the town. In the reign of George III. it became a fashionable watering-place, the quay, mineral springs, and dances commending it to the aristocrats of that day.

As a young girl, Queen Victoria visited the town with her mother on more than one occasion.

A PHOTOGRAPHIC IMPRESSION OF A LOCUST'S WINGS. THE LOCUST, WITH MANY OTHERS, WAS CAUGHT AT COLENSO BY A "TOMMY" JUST A FEW DAYS BEFORE BULLER'S GREAT STRUGGLE THERE.

(Sent by a Reader.)

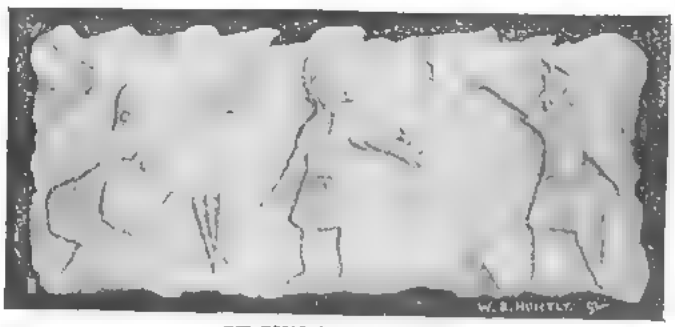
To-day the town is alive with khaki men—those going forth to fight for King and country, and those returning—their work done, perhaps their life's work done, true soldiers all in the courage and endurance with which they did their duty. This fact the townsmen appreciate, and often the place is gay with bunting, and black with the throng determined to wish the soldiers of the King God-speed, or, happier still, to bid them welcome home again.

E. R. Simmons.

The Tar's Tall Talk.

Recently some friends and myself visited H.M.S. *Rodney*. While on our course through the warship we came upon a rather square little box-cabin full of machinery, amongst which was to be seen a fairly large-sized wheel revolving at a tremendous speed. The sailor who was conducting our small party through the intricate windings of the boat commenced at this place to relate a story of a gentleman, who, unawares, pulled out his watch close to this revolving wheel, and so powerful was the attraction that watch and gentleman both were drawn towards the machinery, and a sad accident would in all likelihood have happened had not two or three sailors held him back. "And," continued the narrator, with a grave demeanour and impressive accent, "we had, in spite of all our efforts, to let his watch go smash into the machinery in order to save that gentleman." Then, with an extra grave demeanour, and a sound of warning in his voice, this noble sustainer of Britain's glory asked: "Have any of you got a watch here?"

Not having



DID ROME PLAY CRICKET?

From an ancient tablet showing ye game of cricket as played by ye Romans.

(By W. B. Huntly.)

caught up the last sentence, except the word "watch," I pulled out my watch, naturally thinking our pilot was wishing to know the time; and thereby I completely spoiled the effect of his interesting story, and turned the laugh against him, no doubt to his great chagrin and dismay, though I was entirely unconscious of the injury done to his masterpiece and himself.

"MUSIDORIS."

BROTHER BOSS (to Brother Bill): "Don't let me see you speaking to Mary Ann Jones again; she ain't a lidey."

By K. M. Davies.

Some more Tiny Governments.

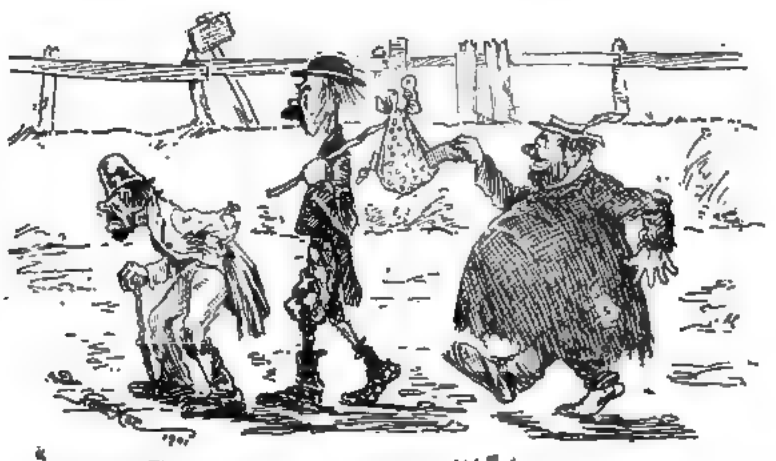
I was much interested in Albert G. Scott's short article, entitled "Some Tiny Governments," which appeared among THE CAPTAIN Club contributions for January, but there was one notable omission from his list—namely, Liechtenstein.

Liechtenstein is a small principality in central Europe, on the right bank of the Rhine, between St. Gall and Vorarlberg. Its area is only sixty-one square miles, and its population 9,434, the only town of any importance being Vaduz, the capital. Its present Prince is John, who came to the throne on the death of his father, Alois-Joseph, November 12th, 1858, and has therefore reigned for nearly half a century.

In South Africa there were at one time three small Boer Republics. As compared with San Marino or Liechtenstein, perhaps they would not be called exactly tiny; but beside the Transvaal or the Orange River Colony they were indeed very small, as they each comprised only 1,000 square miles, more or less. The first two of these, Stellaland, or Stelland, and Goshen, were formed by discontented Boers from the Transvaal early in 1883, out of that part of Bechuanaland bordering upon the Transvaal, and up to that time held by two native chiefs, Montaioa and Mankoroane. About eight months later the two republics coalesced, and formed the "United States of Stellaland," with Vryburg as their capital, and remained as such until September, 1885, when, with the rest of Bechuanaland, they were annexed by England. About the same time another party of discontents left the Transvaal and founded the "New Republic" in Western Zululand, which was recognised by the Transvaal Government as independent in 1886, although rather more than a year later it was annexed by that Government (1888.)

In connection with "tiny governments," the following is a rather curious little incident which I read about some time ago. In 1866, when Italy declared war against Austria, San Marino did so too, out of sympathy more than anything else, as its "army" does not consist of more than two or three hundred men. A few months later, when peace was concluded between the two powers, San Marino was entirely forgotten, and is consequently still at war with Austria!

ROY DUNKERLEY.



(Drawn by Reuben Cohen.)

CRITICISMS.

G. R. B.—No space for childish remembrances. Try another topic. "Her beauty set my heart fluttering about

like a bee under a tumbler" is a curious line for a sentimental reminiscence, eh! **J. Garratt.**—Submit another descriptive poem, but not about a funeral. **F. A. O'F.** and **J. S. B.**—Sorry cannot use. **Tom Clarke.**—Not much in the poetry. "A Vivid Experience" is a good parody, but "not the sort of parody I care about." Try something less ambitious—about Bolton, say. Keep it short. **Euclid.**—I once printed a contribution very similar to yours—about a boarding-house. **G. Braddell.**—Try something shorter, and more simple. **A. Smith.**—Shows promise. Have "clubbed" you. **A. G. Scott.**—Ingenious; try again. **Jack Point.**—That is a good list of nicknames, but where did you get it? **R. F. Smith.**—Joke good, but you want more practice. Any good artistic stationer keeps ink, board and pens, made for the special purpose by Messrs. Windsor & Newton. You, of Hymen's College, had better write again if in any further difficulty. **F. C. Meredith.**—Sketches excellent. No space. Will other artists also note that many good drawings are sent in, but for various reasons cannot appear? **E. T. Fairlie.**—Regret not being able to find room for the photograph your father took at Singapore when King Edward VII. was proclaimed. **H. W. Chaned** (?).—Not sure of your name; writing not clear. Joke well drawn, but "O. F." objects to the way you assume THE CAPTAIN staff conduct themselves. **C. S. Baker.**—Am using one of the batch. Take more pains with the *drawing* of the figures. **Gilbert Reed** (SOUTH AUSTRALIA).—"Lunatic Athletic" sketch good. Don't put so much background into your work. We thank you. **H. Hives.**—No, don't bombard editors just yet! I also said black ink. See answer to "R. F. Smith." **Charles Grave.**—Read answers in April, and send another. **A. L. A.** (BRISTOL).—Stick to your present occupation; it will pay best in the end. **A. B. Williams** is not advised to go in for "black and white" upon the sketches submitted. You are tall for your age. Write to Mr. C. B. Fry. **Jim Millett.**—Good, firm line; want practice; rather of the cheap comic paper order. **Mudge D.**—Sketches of "Cats on the Wall" good; have entered your name for club. **Fred. E. Ball.**—Manner of execution good. You attempt too much. More attention to details of faces and feet. **Roy Evans** isn't the only comic draughtsman who finds a difficulty in discovering a new joke. Some artists I know get their best jokes when asleep, and on this account keep note-book and pencil handy under the pillow, and jot down their ideas as soon as they wake up. **J. A. Ramsay.**—Have entered your name. Sketches too fine for reproduction. **John J. Ladd** (DUBLIN).—Drawing not in your line: **Oscar S. Prevost.**—Very worthy; cannot find room; quite understand letter. All members of C.C. are put upon their honour, and this always works well with Britishers. **G. E. Marlow.**—Returning coloured sketches. We cannot use water colour drawings in these pages. **Phil. S. Bell.**—See replies in back numbers. Cannot advise on sketches sent. Draw from nature, and not so much for finishing up your work with a lot of unnecessary fine lines. Get "Light, Shade, and Shadow" (by John Skeaping, art master), Geo. Newnes, Ltd., 3s. 6d. Your bookseller will procure it for you. Write again. **Kenneth Leslie.**—Get a "Swan" fountain pen, or "Pelican" if you like, and then make a practice of sketching direct. By this means you will draw with a sure line and touch. Many well-known artists do this. **R. R. Thompson.**—Regret no space. Have entered your name. The drawings in this number illustrating the "Wolf-boy" are made three times as large as they appear. **S. C. Hicks** (LEEDS).—No room; go on improving. You are lucky to possess a Phil May original. **R. Dottman** sends a worthy attempt, which, like many others, wouldn't reproduce. **Aspirant** wants more practice. **P. H. Blanshard.**—Yes, materials correct. See reply to "Kenneth Leslie." Sketches are returned when stamps are enclosed. **W. B. Huntly** is steadily improving. Good! **G. H. Cox** (BOULOGNE).—No room, send another.

HOUSEBREAKER: "Are ye asleep or awake?"
UNTHOUGHTFUL PAT: "I'm aslape!"

(By W. B. Huntly.)

Contributions also received from: R. E. Pullen, C. K. Bird, Phil Jones, E. A. Leigh, B. Y. X., L. A. M. A., G. H. Forbes, C. E. Furze, P. W. Bennett, J. Davis, H. O., F. Williams, Euclid II., Oliver Gossman, "Una," S. Bishop, O. Hardy, F. L. Jones, J. S. Cox, Cupid, C. Pink, D'Artagnan, N. Zelinsky, L. Cadoux, Gilbert Reed (South Australia), M. A. Hughes, N. M., R. Bingham, G. Sibley, T. L. B. Westerdale, Chas. F. Knowles, Chas. Nash, N. B. Ashford, R. Harris, C. K. B., Douglas Clark, F. P. A., A. J. Judd, and others.

(A number of contributions held over.)

12, BURLEIGH STREET, STRAND, LONDON.

"The great duty of life is not to give pain."—We are strenuously reminded of this fact by the Annual Report of the London Institution for Lost and Starving Cats, 38, Ferdinand Street, Camden Town, London, an institution worthy of the support of every reader of THE CAPTAIN, or, indeed, of anybody with a spark of humanity in him. Everybody interested in cats should read this report, and he will rise from his perusal of the same considerably wiser. The institution receives and collects homeless and diseased cats, and when they cannot be found homes, or sold, destroys them painlessly.

Do You Want a Cat?—If you do, this is the place to buy one. Cats and kittens can be had at this institution for eighteenpence each, except Persians, which vary in price. English kittens are one shilling each. To avoid risk of cats falling into the hands of vivisectors, a man or boy is not allowed to purchase a cat there, but must appoint a female relative or friend to negotiate the matter. So if any lady-reader of THE CAPTAIN wants a pretty kitten, let her write to the Manageress and explain her preference—tortoise-shell, tabby, black (for luck), white, or yellow. I should add that this is an entirely philanthropic institution, supported by the contributions of the public, so if any cat-lover has a spare half-guinea or half-crown, he (or she) now knows where to send it.

A Word for Cats.—Personally I think that any fellow who bullies a cat, or any other dumb animal, ought to have his head punched. I don't suppose it is generally known that anybody who worries a cat is liable to a fine of £5, or "three months" (hard). As we have always, in THE CAPTAIN, endeavoured to convey an idea as to what we consider manliness to be, I may mention that we don't regard cat-baiting as a thing to be proud of. I never met a really decent fellow who bullied animals; when I have found a man hurting dumb beasts I have generally discovered other qualities in him which did not recommend him to me as the sort of man I cared to make a friend of. I think that's about all I have to say on that subject for the present.

"CAPTAIN" CLUB AND "CAPTAIN" BADGE.

***Bonâ fide* purchasers of "The Captain" are invited to apply for membership of THE CAPTAIN CLUB. See previous numbers for further particulars. Readers are informed that "The Captain" Badge may now be obtained from "The Captain" Office, price Sixpence. The Badge is made (1) with a pin attached, for wearing on hat or cap, or as a brooch; (2) with a stud, to be worn on the lapel of the coat; and (3) with a small ring, as a Watch-chain pendant. When applying please state which kind you require, and address all letters to: Badge Department, "The Captain," 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London. The badge may also be had in silver for two shillings. There is no charge for postage.**

A New Idea in Albums.—The attention of philatelic readers is particularly directed to Mr. Nankivell's suggestions on the subject of the stamp album trouble. He says :—

The first question that troubles the young collector is one of a stamp album, and the oldest and most experienced specialist, in moments of candour, will admit that he has not yet feasted his longing eyes on the ideal or perfectly satisfactory album. We are all at sixes and sevens on this vital matter. I have attended large meetings of great specialists when albums were very much in evidence, and I can scarcely recall an occasion when half a dozen collectors were displaying their treasures in similar albums.

Those who do not wish to go in for an expensive album for the present, will find the article, "A New Idea in Albums," worth consideration.

South Africa. — Persons are warned against going to South Africa at present in search of professional or manual work, unless they have ample private means to meet the very high cost of living. They will not, as a rule, be allowed to proceed up country. There are already large numbers of persons in South Africa at the present time who are out of employment. Recruiting in this country for the Cape Mounted Riflemen has been resumed. Candidates must address a letter endorsed "Riflemen," to the Agent-General for Cape Colony, at 112, Victoria Street, London, S.W. Candidates for the new South African Constabulary should apply to the Recruiting Officer, 1, Chapel Place, Delahay Street, Westminster, S.W.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Goliath is seventeen years of age, 6ft. 3ins. in height, and 37ins. round the chest. He wants to know what will be his "ultimate fate," and whether he can "stop himself growing any taller." Well, now, here's a pretty fellow! Many men would give a good deal for his extra inches. My advice to "Goliath" is to take the fine stature God has given him, and make the very best of it. He should keep up his dumbbells and cold bath, and, in addition, join a volunteer corps, and learn to walk with his head well up and his shoulders back. He is not likely to put on more than another inch, if that, and his chest measurement, considering his age, is satisfactory. Don't bother about your height, "Goliath," but live a healthy life, and your ultimate fate will be that you'll be dubbed a fine fellow by everybody who sees you.

Joe, who hails from Kingston, Jamaica, wants to learn how to sleep with his mouth shut, and wants me to tell him how to learn. Well, "Joe," it is not an easy matter for a person to sleep with his mouth shut when for years he has been in the habit of sleeping with it open. I should say it is largely a matter of will. Determine to keep your mouth shut. One reason why many people sleep with their mouths open is because they have some stoppage of the nose, in which case they are at liberty either to go on sleeping with their mouths open, or to visit a surgeon and undergo a slight operation for the nasal obstruction. Get your doctor to have a look at the back of your mouth and nose, and I daresay he will give you some better advice than I am able to.

Planter.—Yes; and a good many other fellows, too, would like to be planters in India or the West Indies, but very few can achieve their object. You must have friends out there, or friends in England who can consign you to the care of planters in these places. I expect you will have to pay a premium, as it is not likely that anybody would teach you indigo planting just for the fun of the thing. It is possible that planters having vacancies for pupils would advertise in papers like the *Times*, *Daily Telegraph*, and *Standard*. I should advise you to rout about among your friends and find out whether any of them have interest with planters abroad.

A. E. G.—"Roedean" is just outside Brighton, on the cliffs overlooking the Channel, half-way along the road to Rottingdean. Station: Brighton; twenty minutes by cab, thirty-five or forty minutes on foot. Head-mistress: Miss Lawrence (sister of Mr. Lawrence, Q.C.). Address: Roedean School, Brighton. "St. Andrew's" is, I think, really St. Leonard's School, St. Andrew's, N.B. Wycombe Abbey is at High Wycombe, Bucks. Head-mistress: Miss Dove (late of St. Andrew's, I think).

"Miles" and others.—Recruits are wanted for the London Rifle Brigade Cadets. Candidates must be over twelve and under seventeen years of age, and must not be less than 5ft. in height; applicants must be able to attend at least one drill and three parades per week. The annual subscription is five shillings. For admission apply to Sergeant-Instructor A. Abbot-Brown, L.R.B. Cadets, 130, Bunhill Row, London, E.C.

Midshipmite.—(1) By all means join the London Scottish. You must get a present member to introduce you. The headquarters of the corps are in James Street, Westminster, next door to the Queen's Westminsters. If this is too far for you, join a local corps. Your height is all right. (2) Get a little book called "Stammering, and How to Cure It," price 1s., from Messrs. A. & F. Denny, 147, Strand, W.C.

P. Twidale.—(1) Both the "Little Nipper" and the "Brownie" are very good cheap cameras, costing 4s. 6d. and 5s. respectively. The former, manufactured by Messrs. Butcher & Sons of Blackheath, carries six plates; and the latter, one of the Kodak Company's many excellent products, a roll of film. (2) In the hands of a careful worker films are as easily developed as plates.

P. E. (Eton College).—You send a stamp and you don't give me your name, so how on earth can I reply to you by post? Breaking-up days at public schools vary according to examinations and other matters. I do not know how you can find out the exact dates of breaking-up days this summer except by writing to the editors of the various magazines, enclosing stamped envelopes for their replies.

Colonial Born (Griqualand West).—(1) That pipe can wait for a few years; you're too young for tobacco just yet awhile. (2) Very pleased to hear how much the "Tommies" liked your Captain; that was funny about the "Cape Boy" earnestly reading the copy you gave him. (3) Have "clubbed" you.

Tim Bobbin.—(1) Don't work him too hard. If he stands a good chance of winning a mathematical scholarship, by all means keep him on that side. But

his form-master should be best able to advise you. Why not consult him? (2) Cambridge for mathematics. (3) From £100 to £120, doing it very cheaply.

O. B. corrects me on the subject of the "burr." He says that "a burr is not a provincial accent, but a kind of a lisp." My previous correspondent—"P. R.," of Dumfries—wanted to know whether a burr could be cured, but "O. B." does not give me any information on that point.

H. W. (Clapton, N.E.) is an "old boy" who reads The Captain when his "young boy" has done with it, and sends me a most kind letter of appreciation. In reply to a recent correspondent he tells me that the Rev. T. S. Millington is rector of Woodhouse Eaves, near Leicester.

Gryps.—I am glad you have pulled through the worst part of the rheumatic fever, which is a nasty business. It was very jolly of your brother to cheer you up whenever he had any spare time to spend in your room. You may buy a badge, although you *are* a girl.

W. A. G.—(1) You will find all you want to know about banking in an excellent book entitled "Whall Shall I Be?" published by George Newnes, Ltd., price 3s. 6d. (2) You can get next to nothing for your ordinary English stamps.

E. A. Megginson.—It is far more profitable to be a lawyer than a writer. No doubt your father will help you to decide on a profession. Do literary work as a pastime by all means, but don't dream of getting your living by it.

Vif-Courageux-Fier and many others.—I must try and think out some scheme for the benefit of families that take in The Captain. For the present I must adhere absolutely to the rule *re* eligibility for club.

Seaflower.—You are indeed an indefatigable reader. Dickens was a very good and great-minded man, and bore throughout his life a very high character. All his personal friends bear testimony to this fact.

A. Troutie.—If you are not satisfied with the price you have to pay for trout flies up your way, write to Messrs. C. Farlowe & Co., 191, Strand, London, for one of their catalogues.

R. D. is a lance-corporal in the Royal Engineers who was fired to join the army, some eighteen months ago, through reading the "King's Red Coat." I am glad to hear he is getting on so well.

Lover of "The Captain."—Criticisms noted. I do not believe in spiritualism, table-rapping, thought-reading, or any other nonsense of that nature. I never met any sensible man who did.

Annie Willis.—See reply to "W. A. G." Buy that book. **Dora Mainwaring** (New Guinea).—By all means send the photographs, and the one of yourself. Have "clubbed" you. **Reg.**—I have handed your letter to Mr. Haydon Perry, who can talk about English roads like a book. **Dobrudja.**—I do not think it probable that we shall ever be able to send messages to Mars. I hope not, at any rate. **J. G. Smith.**—Write for catalogue to Messrs. Green, Naturalists, Covent Garden Market, London, W.C. **T. R. Ifod.**—I can't start any new feature which will incur more correspondence. We are overwhelmed with letters every day as it is. **C. C. Boutwood.**—Not possible to do that just yet. **J. Nadin.**—Write to Messrs. Linder & Co., Fleet Street, E.C., for a printing press of the kind you describe. **Custodian.**—Members of The Captain Club must be regular subscribers, and not purchasers of The Captain at old magazine auction sales. **Office-Boy.**—If you will send a stamped envelope we will tell you of a specialist who undertakes to cure stammering. **C. R. Harris.**—Yes. **J. Heel** (Adelaide).—Have "clubbed" you. Thanks for cutting, which I hope to use. **Geo. Colbourn.**—Thanks for correction. **Bon Ami.**—Yes, you may consider yourself our official representative at Leek. **Froggie Brace.**—Jules Verne is the only one I can safely recommend. **L. G. B.**—Yes; we are always willing to give advice about bats—what size, what price, maker, etc. **R. M. P.**—Yes; send name and address. **Cabin-Boy.**—What you call the language of postage stamps is mere sentimental rubbish. **H. Keyworth.**—Send another and try your luck again. It's so far back that I can't remember your picture. **W. M. C. Yates** (New Zealand).—We waft you greetings. **O. R.** tells me that there are *five* Old Rossallians in the new House of Commons—not three, as stated by "Plebeian." **W. B. Huntly.**—Smart boy! **G. A. Harris.**—You must consult a doctor. **Ira Turkington and Non-Collector.**—Your Kruger coins are of no great value at present; but some day they will be worth a lot. Keep them. **Puff-puff.**—(1) Chess, draughts, or stamp-collecting. (2) See above. **"Vivien."**—It is difficult to say who is the best organist in England, as one organ-player may excel another in various branches of his art; but it would be hard to find better all-round organists than Sir George Martin (St. Paul's) and Sir Frederick Bridge (Westminster Abbey). **"Scotty."**—Doves will eat any kind of pigeon mixture. At breeding time they should have extra hemp, and it is better mixed with sopped bread. **G. H. A. N.**—I am afraid there is no real cure for asthma in canaries; but if they are kept warm, and fed with good food, with extra linseed in it, they may pull round. A little liquorice put into their water will often give relief. **Douglas Smith.**—Hawks and falcons can be bought at any large bird-fancier's. If they have not got them in stock they will soon get them; but I don't think you will be very successful in training them, and, if you are, you will probably get into trouble with the Game Laws. **Gladys Warner.**—You can obtain back numbers from the publisher. **"G. K. R."**—Write to Messrs. Watkins & Doncaster, 36, Strand, London, W.C., for one of their catalogues, which will give you all the information you require. **"Natal."**—See foot of Contents to present number. Have "clubbed" you, and handed your letter to the Stamp Editor. **"Lincoln."**—(1) P—KR3. (2) Yes. **G. Dunderdale.**—Have added your name to list of club members. **Mercury.**—Yes. **"Good Old Yorkshire."**—No; I am not Mr. Keble Howard. **Louis Klingner.**—We occasionally have a special comp. for foreign and colonial readers. **L. C. D. Irvine.**—Yes. **"Inquirer."**—See conditions. **Bert Roberts.**—I have "clubbed" you with much pleasure. **R. E. C.** (Pullman, U.S.A.).—Binding cases for every volume may be obtained for 1s. 9d. each, post free, from the publisher.

Letters, etc., have also been received from:—W. B. Huntly, "Beatrice" (whom I have "clubbed"), E. T. Fairlie, "Q. E. F.," "Pip," "Kaffir," "Highland Brigade," Percival C. Marriott, "A Wearer of the Badge," "Cæsar's Grandfather," H. M. Handley, J. R. McDonald, J. B. Ramsey, Talbot Strange, "Kaymaca" (newspapers), Rotarian, and many others.

THE OLD FAG.

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Results of March Competitions.

No. 1.—"How Best to Make a Profit out of £1."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: FLORENCE M. MARDON, the Cottage, Hockerill, Bishop's Stortford.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: SIDNEY HERBERT DEWING, New Road, Wells, Norfolk.

HONOURABLE MENTION: E. A. Taylor.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: G. T. ATKINSON, Carteret House School, High Harrogate, Yorks.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: J. S. BAIRD, "The Lodge," Helensburgh, Scotland.

HONOURABLE MENTION: William Staves, R. B. Green, H. C. Randon Gilman.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fourteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: A. R. OVENS, 38, Ziegelhäuser Landstrasse, Heidelberg, Germany.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Alice Smith, G. E. Stanbridge, Charles C. Gover, Harry Mullett, S. G. Le Maistre.

No. II.—"Calendar Events."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF 7s.: GERTRUDE ARGYLE, Hawthorn Lodge, Tamworth, Staffs.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: RICHARD L. BRIDGNELL, 2, Hartington Place, Edinburgh.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Christabel Wood, Gordon McVoy, Frederick C. Coar, John B. Edgar.

CLASS II.—(Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF 7s.: J. C. F. HOOD, St. John's School, Leatherhead, Surrey.

HONOURABLE MENTION: P. G. Hurst, Evelyn J. Clark, Charles Murray.

No. III.—"Idiosyncrasy."

CLASS I.—(Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF 7s.: VIOLET HADDEN, Binghill, Murtle, Aberdeenshire.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: CONSTANCE GREAVES, 15, Powis Square, Brighton.

HONOURABLE MENTION: M. E. Cock, Minna Viasto, P. Lewis, H. Rabbets, H. M. Simmons, Kate Rushton.

CLASS II.—(Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF 7s.: LIONEL D. SAUNDERS, 42, Bath Road Exeter.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: MADGE PORTER, Brownhill, Dobcross, near Oldham; and ARTHUR W. MORRISON, 431, Victoria Street, Glasgow.

HONOURABLE MENTION: T. B. Carpenter, Hylda Franklyn, A. G. Peace, Gladys Parkinson, Frank E. Russell, J. Harold Monson, James M. Gittins.

CLASS III.—(Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF 7s.: IRENE DIBLE, "The Oaks," Bitterne Park, Southampton, Hants.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: HELENA NORLEDGE, 42, Bridge Street, Evesham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Ronald Turner, Sydney Deacon, Ronald Gardner, Cedric Stokes, B. S. Homer, C. Baynham, C. H. Cork.

No. IV.—"Names of Dogs."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-two.)

WINNER OF ALBUM: ETHEL DAY, South Molton, N. Devon.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Florence Yates, John Richardson, Edgar W. Stiles.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF ALBUM: LOUISE POMFRET, 30, High Street, Tunbridge Wells.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: H. R. TOOLEY, 43, Oxford Street, Unthank Road, Norwich.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Marjorie Bimney, Florrie Dutton, Mary Findlay, Madge Still, Lily Manning.

CLASS III.—(Age limit: Fourteen.)

WINNER OF ALBUM: FRANK BEST, 3, Headstone Villas, Harrow-on-the-Hill.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: JACK DEARING, the Vicarage, Long Ashton, Bristol.

HONOURABLE MENTION: George Gray, Vera Keniston, P. Denny, Albert Hoy, Leonard Cadoux, Gertie Grineau S. S. Crosse, Daisy Godding, P. H. Burr.

No. V.—"Curious Photographs."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF 7s.: J. F. CLARKE, 8, Wiltshire Road, Brixton, S.W.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF 7s.: MARGARET A. LANGLEY, Marlborough House, 7, Warwick Place, Leamington Spa.

HONOURABLE MENTION: William Rae, Sidney H. Dewing, D. M. Strath, H. F. Penman, K. T. Macdonald, Ernest D. Holmes, Basil Schom, A. J. Simmons.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF 7s.: HAROLD ARMSTRONG, 20, Balmoral Terrace, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

HONOURABLE MENTION: L. A. Williams, J. R. Clark, Joseph E. Purser, Harold Crowther, G. G. Hall, H. Grinter, H. D. Ashby, Frank Rudge, A. H. Moncrief, Charlton Ford, J. D. Maddox, Alice F. Korchliu, R. P. Dowling, G. Anagnostopulo.

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of the "Captain," "Strand," "Sunday Strand," or "Wide World."

COMMENTS ON MARCH COMPETITIONS.

No. I.—Business capacity appears to be strongly developed in some of our readers, and if they act up to their suggestions on making a profit out of £1 they ought to be "flush" in a remarkably short time. Sweet-making, gardening, stamp-dealing, fret-work, investing in chocolate and retailing it at an enormous profit to one's sisters, are among the suggestions.

No. II.—The subject was a difficult one, but some very careful papers were sent in.

No. III.—In Class I. the prize-winner made 325 words out of "Idiosyncrasy"; in Class II. 420 words; and in Class III. 281, the winner of the first prize being not quite twelve years old.

No. IV.—The winning list of dogs' names, decided by vote out of nearly a hundred different names, is as follows: Rover, Bobs, Spot, Captain, Prince, Carlo, Jack, Toby, Dash, Gyp, Nero, Tim. The nearest list to the prize one had nine right. The entries for this competition were very numerous.

No. V.—Curious indeed were the pictures submitted for this competition—some the fault of the photographer, others of the camera, and others the peculiar objects operated on. We hope to publish the best photographs in a future issue.

THE COMPETITION EDITOR.

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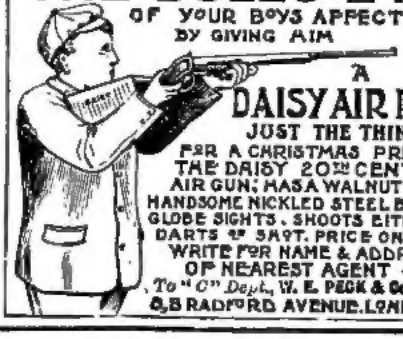

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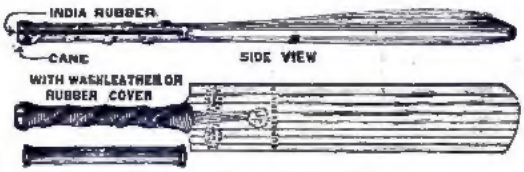

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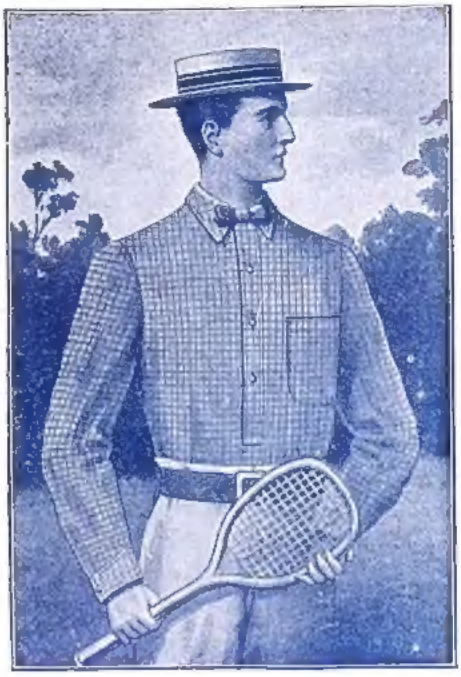

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